



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.



ENGLISHWOMAN'S
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

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Practical Information, Instruction, & Amusement.

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PREFACE.

SEVEN years since (this mode of calculation makes us think that our first grey hair may not be far off) we addressed the public—or, at least, *our public*, the women of the British Isles—in No. 1 of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

Seven has always been held to be a mysterious figure. It is supposed to exercise a singularly powerful influence on the animal system. It has been used—and misused, probably—in all kinds of aldacadabraic combinations; and seven times seven, and seventy times seven years, were favourite periods with those who lived in times of yore.

Possibly, then, having passed through the first seven years of its existence, our child, whose initials are E. D. M., may feel the potent spell working on its destiny. And verily do we think it is so; for it seems to us that it possesses a strength beyond its years, and a comeliness beyond its compeers and companions, and we shouldn't be surprised if future editors, who have yet to learn how to "square at existence," will, in seventy-times seven years, still serve the interests of the representatives of those for whom now it is *our* chiefest pleasure to labour.

"Well, sir," we fancy we hear some of our fair readers say, "we own you have hitherto done your *devoir*, you have performed your promises (and that is something in these days), you have also told us a little, just a little, of what we didn't know before—but this latter remark, mind, Mr. Editor, is in *perfect* confidence;—but what are we to expect for the future?"

Undoubtedly, Ladies, it is quite fair to ask the question, and we will, with your permission, trace out a few of our arrangements for the Eighth Volume of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

L.

"MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER." A Tale from the French of M. J. T. de Saint Germain, Author of the "Story of a Pin," &c. Illustrated.

II.

A series of life-like Stories, called "AUNT MARGARET AND I." By the Author of "Four Days at Violet Cottage," &c. Illustrated.

III.

"THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON." Being a Lady's account of various scenes of interest in the metropolis of which she has been a witness. Illustrated.

IV.

"TALES OF THE OPERAS," including "Satanella; or, the Power of Love," "The Crown Diamonds," "Masaniello," "Der Freischutz," "Il Puritani," "Norma," &c.

V.

"POETS: THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES." Showing where they lived, how they lived, and what they wrote, with Illustrations of their Homes and Dwellings.

VI.

"WHAT WE THINK OF IT; or, a Woman's Opinions on the Topics of the Day."

VII.

"AMONGST THE AMERICANS; or, Mississippi Sketches." By Friedrich Gerstäcker. Illustrated.

VIII.

"POESY OF THE PASSIONS; or, Quotations from the Poets on the Feelings and Affections."

IX.

"FASHIONS AND WORK-TABLE," including all the new Dresses and new Bonnets, with Diagrams and Patterns for making Dresses, &c., and all the new Patterns for Fancy Work.

X.

"DOMESTIC RECIPES, AND THINGS WORTH KNOWING." Tried and tested, gathered from all parts of Great Britain. We shall be exceedingly obliged to any lady who will spare a few moments to write out for us some of her choice recipes, and thus make the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE a means whereby her knowledge and skill may be communicated to the world for the benefit of all.

Here, then, have we sketched out some of the contents which we propose for the forthcoming Volume, and make bold to hope that the good wishes and valuable support of our thousands of fair patronesses will not be wanting during the further progress of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

INDEX.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—

Anna Seward	153
Valentina Visconti, the First Duchess of Orleans	19, 42

COOKERY, PICKLING, & PRESERVING—

Apple Cream	316
Apple Custard	251
Apple Jam	123
Apple Jelly	123
Apples, To Preserve in Quarters, in Imitation of Ginger	376
Arrowroot Drops or Biscuits	348
Asparagus, To Cook	376
Baked Custard	316
Baked Pudding	316
Baker's Yeast	348
Blanc Mange	251
Block Biscuits	348
Bread and Butter Pudding	251
Boiled Plum Pudding	284
Brilla Soup	348
Cabinet Pudding, To make a	63
Cakes, Rock	348
Cheap Dish, A	187
Cheap Preserve, A	123
Cherry Jelly	316
Christmas Pudding, A rich	284
Cocoa-nut Macaroons, Very fine	123
Common Gingerbread	31
Cream à la Crook	250
Crème à la Mode	123
Cucumbers, Keeping	348
Cucumber Vinegar	159
Curing Hams and Bacon in the Devonshire Way	63
Custard Cream	348
Diet Cake	376
Egg Cheesecake	216
Egg Puddings	251
Eve's Pudding	220
Excellent Swiss Cream, An	31
Exeter Pudding	251
Ginger Bread	250
Ginger Pudding	252
Ginger Wine	31
Good Plain Cake, A	123
Good Soup, A	376
Gooseberry Fool	123
Green Gooseberry Jam	123
Ground Rice Pudding	187
Half-pay Pudding	31
Hams and Fish, To Smoke	251
Haradotna Pudding	316

COOKERY, PICKLING, & PRESERVING—

Hilton Pudding	159
Ice Pudding	251
Irish Stew, An	187
Jaumange	123
Lemon Cheesecake	252
"	31
Lemon Cream	63
"	159
Lemon Peel, To Candy	63
Lemon Pudding	252
Lemon Solid	31
Lemon Syrup, To make	252
Light Buns	376
Mangold Wurtzel Wine	92
Manna Kroup Pudding	123
Marmalade Pudding	123
Minced Rolls	250
Mock Ice	251
Mock Turtle Soup	284
Mother Eve's Pudding	251
Old-fashioned Boiled Custard	316
Orange Cream	123
Orange Jelly	252
Orange Marmalade	31
Orange Peel, To Candy	251
Orange Sponge	187
Orange Tart	52
Ormskirk Gingerbread	220
Ostend Rabbits, Stewed	220
Another way	220
"	220
Parasip Pudding	63
Pig's Fry	31
Plain Pudding, A	220
Portugal Cake	316
Posset	187
Potato Cakes	375
Another sort, for Frying	375
Another way, to Boil	375
Potato Cheesecakes	123
Potato Soup	375
Rabbit Roasted	251
Gravy for ditto	251
Red Cabbage, To Pickle	376
Rhubarb Jam	316
Rhubarb Tart	348
Rock Biscuits	376
Rock Cakes	348
Sago Pudding	187
Seed Biscuits	250
Seed Cake, Excellent	187
Short Crust for Sweet Pastry, Excellent	376
Snow Balls	63

	PAGE.		PAGE.
COOKERY, PICKLING, & PRESERVING—		RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD—	
Soda Biscuits	251	Babylon	1
Soda Cake	316	China	134
Soup à la Minute	375	Druidism	278
Soup, Brilla	348	Egypt	65
Sponge Buns	123	Greece	208
Sponge Cake	348	India	118
Sweet Ham, To Cure	92	Judaism	286
Syllabubs, Whipt	348	Mahometanism	356
Tomatoes, to Cook as a Vegetable	376	Nineveh	39
Treacle Pudding	316	Pagan Rome	232
Veal and Parsley Pie	187	Persia	176
Vegetable Soup	31	Scandinavia	359
Very rich Short Crust for Tarts	316		
Walnut Catsup, Excellent	159		
Wine Jelly	123		
Yeast, Baker's	348		
ESSAYS—		SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS—	
Can we Live on £300 a-Year?	363	Baths and Fomentations	372
Great Men and their Mothers	328	Bruises, Lacerations, and Cuts	371
Literary Women of the 19th Century	341	Bleeding from the Nose	371
Sister Sally	200	Chicken-pox, or Glass-pox	271
What we used to Wear	15	Convulsions, or Infantile Fits	268
" " "	48	Treatment	268
" " "	78	Cow-pox	313
What we Wear now	103	Croup	369
		Diarrhoea	370
		Food and its Preparation	207
		Hooping Cough	369
		Infant, The	115
		Lungs, The—Respiration	90
		Measles	346
		Milk Fever	243
		Milk, The	149
		On the Rearing, Management, and Dis-	
		cases of Children	89
		Rearing by Hand	205
		Scalds and Burns	371
		Scarlatina or Scarlet Fever	368
		Small-pox	313
		Stomach, The—Digestion	91
		Teething	246
		Teething. Concluded	208
		Thrush	269
FASHIONS, THE, AND PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR—		TALES—	
29, 30, 61, 62,		Fatal Century. The; or, the Double	
93, 94, 124, 125, 126, 156, 157, 158,		Duel. Part I.	51
187, 188, 189, 190, 220, 221, 222, 252,		" Part II.	82
253, 254, 284, 285, 286, 317, 318, 319,		Four Days with the Family at Violet	
349, 350		Cottage. First Day	304
		" " Second Day	309
		" " Third Day	331
		" " Fourth Day	353
		Inside an Asylum; or, Method and	
		Madness	161
		Little White House, The, 129, 180, 193, 225, 262,	
		Masquerade, The	70
		Story of a Pin, The, 83, 73, 97, 140, 169, 212,	
		237, 257, 289	
		Tribune's Daughter, The. A Tale of the	
		Fall of Pompeii	4
		Velled Bride, The. A Story of the Days	
		of Charles II.	107
LITERARY NOTICE—		THE OPERAS—	
White Doe of Rylstone, The	272		
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES—			
Aphis, or Plant Louse, The	47		
Collision with the Comet	230		
Dangerous Ornaments	250		
Economy of Dress, The	28		
" " "	92		
Flower Party, A	293		
Golden Rule, The	122		
Hints on Dress. By Alexander Ross	11		
Iceland's Welcome, An	236		
Is Woman Superior to Man?	11		
Management of Children	26		
Pretty way of Training a Creeping Plant	95		
Rise of the Dutch Republic, The	58		
Sea Weeds	247		
Unlucky Days	115		
Very much Wanted	186		
Word on being Settled, A	82		
POESY OF THE PASSIONS—			
Hate	343		
Hope	59		
Jealousy	218		
Love	282		
Revenge	138		
POETRY—			
Baby Dead, The	14		
Lament, A	359		
Showroom Upstairs, A	78		

THINGS WORTH KNOWING—

Capital Pomade, Inexpensive and easily made	63
Castor Oil Pomade	95
Chapped Hands	319
Ermine Victorines, To Clean	127
Flies, To Kill	319
For Renovating Old Black or Drab Silks or Satinets	281
Gargle for Sore Throats, An excellent	319
Lemonade	95
Lemonade Powders	95
Liquid Sherbet	63
Noyeau equal to Martinique, To Make	127
Parsnip Wine	127
Pleasant Drink for Warm Weather	127
Pomade, A receipt for	127
Raspberry Vinegar	95
Raspberry Wine	127
Sherbet	95
Soda Water Powders	95
Stains from the Hands, To Remove	63
White Furs and Ermines, How to Clean	95

WORK-TABLE, THE—

Baby's Christmas Cap	287
Bag in Velvet and Silk Embroidery	351
Book or Writing-Folio Cover	223
Collar in Frivolité or Tatting	31
Curious Pincushion	191
Cushion in Beads and Wool-work	372
Daisy Mat	223
Darned Netted Curtains	64
Embroidery Border	374
Embroidery—Point de la Poste	159
Fancy Embroidery	127
German Watch-Hanger, The	94
Gulpure Handkerchief Border	191
Hanging Bead Basket	375
Honiton Lace Sleeve	319
Honiton Lace Sprig	191
Medallion for Collars and Cuff in Embroidery	374
New Collar, The	255
New Style of Embroidery in Scarlet and Lace	255
Ornaments for the Hair	127
Pretty Bead Mat	191
Sea-Weeds, Arrangement of	223

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
Frontispiece (the Village Church) and Title-page.	
Anna Seward	153
Ark, The	296
Astronomer's Tower	1
At Prayer	136
Baby's Christmas Cap in Embroidery	288
Bag in Velvet and Silk Embroidery	352
Bolton Priory	272
Book or Writing-Folio Cover	224
Caaba at Mecca, The	337
Calashes, 1788	80
Chateau de Burey	129
Chinese Idols	137
Church of St. Germain	289
Collar in Frivolité or Tatting	32
Corner for Handkerchief	223
Costume of Gentleman. End of Charles II. 1670	16
Costumes of Beaux	48
Crochet Edging	319
Cushion in Beads and Wool-work	373
Darned Netted Curtains	64
Doctor Barnabé	132
Dress Body	124
Diagram do.	126
Dress of General. Time of William III.	16
Druidical Ornaments	281
Duchess of Orleans, The	25
Elegant Evening Dress	253
Diagram do.	254
Elegant Summer Mantle	61
Diagram do.	62
Embroidery in Scarlet and White	255
Embroidery Border	374
Eruption of Vesuvius	9
Eva's Son discovered to be an Idiot	225
Eva intreating her Son to speak	229
Evening Costume for the Autumn Season	157
Diagram do.	158

Fancy Embroidery	128
Fashionable Bonnet and Cap, The	93
Fashionable Head-dress	252
Garrick as Macbeth	80
George Entering Jeanne's Apartment	169
George Sticking the Pin on his Sleeve	33
German Watch Hanger, The	96
Great Sphinx, The, from Denon	65
Guipure Handkerchief Border	192
Gulf of Finland	321
Head-dress. 1766	81
Head-dress under William and Mary	17
Head of Olympian Jupiter, from the Antique	208
Heads of Juno and Minerva, from the Antique	233
Holy Island of Philæ, The	69
Honiton Lace Sleeve	320
Honiton Lace Sprig	191
Indian Idol	121
Insertion	223
Isis and Horus	70
Lady's Dress	349
Diagram do.	350
Lord Kysington Listening to the Doctor's Story	193
Mabel Osborne at the Altar	113
Madame Blanchemain's Cottage	241
Maison de Santé	161
Marie Antoinette Fichu	188
Medallion for Collar and Cuff in Embroidery	374
Medina	336
Meeting in the Church between George and Jeanne	145
New Collar, The	256
Old-fashioned Servant and Modern Maid	201
Persian Attitudes of Prayer	176, 177
Point de la Poste Embroidery	159, 160
Pretty way of Training a Creeping Plant for a Window	95
Priest or King Worshipping towards the Sun with Altar and Sacred Fire	177
Priest or Magician with Gazelle	41
Promenade Dress	317
Diagram do.	318
Raphael Dress, The	285
Diagram do.	286
Ribbon Head dress	125
Ride Home, The	257
Round Hoop and Apron. 1735	49
Sacrificial Procession from the Panathenaic Frieze, Elgin Marbles	209
Scarabæi, or Sacred Beetles	68
Sleeve	95
Square Hoop. 1735	49
Stonehenge, from a Photograph	280
Su-Ove-Taurilia; or, Sacrifice of Sow, Sheep, and Bull to the Lares or Household Gods	233
Tabernacle, The	297
Temple of Elephanta	120
Temptation in the Winter Garden	97
Three Ladies. From a View of Hampton Court	17
Thor, the Idol	360
Tragedy in Hoops	81
Velvet Plait	287
Victoria Pardessus, The	221
Diagram do.	222
Village, The	305
Village Church, The	353
What we Wear now	104,
White Doe, The	213
Wide Jacket	29
Diagram do.	30
William Meredith Embracing his Dead Mother	285
Winged Lion	40
Yggdrasil, the Mundane Tree	361
Young Lady's Dress	189



THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

"BABYLON."

"The world by wisdom knew not God."

IN commencing a series of papers on some of the various forms of religious belief held by the "world's grey fathers," we have selected as the subject for our first examination the idolatry of the most ancient city of which we have any authentic record, for Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, laid in the plains of Shinar, and upon the banks of the Euphrates—that ancient river, the river Euphrates—the foundation of "the daughter of the Chaldeans," "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms."

Nimrod and his deeds carry us back to the days of the flood—to the dispersion of mankind from the mountainous regions of Armenia—to the settlement of the sons of Cush (under the conduct of Nimrod himself) in the country of Shinar, who, coming

from a land of mountains, and from the very shadow of Ararat itself, were dismayed at the apparently boundless plains stretched before their gaze at Shinar, and, dreading a second dispersion, commenced building a city for centralization, and a lofty tower, which might serve as a rallying point for the various members of their family, scattered over the vast sea of sand which surrounded them on every side. The confusion of tongues, which marked the anger of God, at their attempted disobedience, their dispersion, and the final destruction of their city and tower, are matters of history, into whose details we need not now enter, further than to remark that the learned Bochart informs us that the profane tradition concerning the tower is, that it was overturned by tem-

pestuous whirlwinds,* that Nimrod the projector was buried in its ruins, but that, in after years, it was completed by Belus, who was not at all influenced by "the judgment of the lip," for he raised upon the ruins left at the confusion of tongues, that famous tower of Belus, so long accounted one of the wonders of the world, and of which the Greek historians have left us such glowing accounts. Around this tower gradually arose the city, which was, for so many generations, the "glory of kingdoms," and which eventually was so greatly indebted to the Assyrian Queen Semiramis—to Nebuchadnezzar and his daughter Nitocris—for so much of its magnificence.

Babylon, or Babel, is supposed to have derived its name from having had its principal temple dedicated to the god Bel—the *deified personification of the sun*—for the word Babel means, literally, "the gate or city of Bel."

This tower of Belus, then, was a temple and high altar to the sun, a great solar temple, built to front the four cardinal points, having zodiacal figures sculptured on the wall.

Herodotus, who visited Babylon about 400 years before the Christian era, saw this tower standing in decaying glory. He tells us that, in the centre of each division of the city, there was a circular space surrounded by a wall, in one of which stood the royal palace; the temple of Jupiter Belus occupying the other, its huge gates of brass still remaining. It was a square building, each side of which was two furlongs; in the middle of this square a tower rose, of the solid depth and height of one furlong—that is, twenty feet higher than the great pyramid of Memphis—upon which, resting as a base, rose seven other turrets, built in regular succession. The ascent was on the outside, winding from the ground to the highest tower, in which was a large temple, and in the temple was a bed well furnished, and near it a golden table; but there was no image within, nor did any one remain there by night, only a native female—one whom the god had chosen in preference to all others, as said

the Chaldeans, who were priests of the god.

Lower down was another temple or shrine, where stood a large golden* image of the god, and near it was placed a large golden table, and a pedestal and a throne of the same precious metal, worth, according to Chaldean computation, 800 talents of gold; and out of the shrine was a golden altar, and, besides this, there was another altar on which sheep were offered, for it was not permitted to sacrifice on the golden altar, *except sucklings only*. (Mark that latter clause in connexion with the merciful arrangements of the Levitical law—"Whether it be a cow or a she-goat, ye shall not kill it and her young both in one day.")

And upon the greater altars the Chaldeans offered every year a thousand talents' worth of frankincense at the time when they celebrated the festival of their god. There were also in it many private offerings made by individuals, consisting of statues, censers, cups, and sacred vessels of massive gold, constituting property of immense value. On the top, Semiramis placed three golden statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea. The first was forty feet high, and weighed 1,000 Babylonish talents. The statue of Rhea was of the same weight; the goddess was seated on a golden throne with lions at each knee, and two serpents of silver. The statue of Juno was erect like that of Jupiter, weighing 800 talents. She grasped a serpent by the head with her right hand, and held in her left a sceptre enriched with gems. A table of beaten gold was common to these three divinities, weighing 500 talents. On the table were two goblets of thirty talents, and two censers of 500 talents each, and three vases of prodigious magnitude. The total value of the precious articles and treasures contained in this monument of idolatry has been computed to exceed one hundred and twenty millions sterling.

The purposes to which this building was appropriated have, of course, varied in some degree with the changes in opinions and manners of successive generations. It seems, indeed, to have always existed in derogation of the Divine glory. Conse-

* It is a very significant fact that the ruins of this tower of Belus are called to this very day, by the natives, *Mujeliba*, i.e., the overturned.

* Diodorus also mentions a colossal gold statue of this god.

crated at first to the immoderate ambition of the children of the Deluge, its first priests made it a temple of the sun and the host of Heaven; and at last, in the natural progress of corruption, it became a shrine of the grossest idolatry, and was polluted by the vices which generally accompanied the observances of heathen superstition.

Archbishop Tennyson supposes that the tower of Babel was dedicated by its builders to the sun, as the most probable cause of the drying of the waters—at any rate, it was a temple within and an observatory without, the seven turrets of which we have already spoken as rising so gradually one above the other, marking the seven planetary deities worshipped therein—while the resting-place in the centre was the chosen spot for the profound and unwearied philosophical investigations.

The two leading Babylonian deities were the sun and fire, and the great difference between their worship and the worship of the Persians appears to have been, that the latter used no images in their adoration (unless the delineation of the sun and fire on the walls of their caverns can be so considered), but the Assyrians used them perpetually, profusely, and in vast variety.

At Babylon the observation of the stars which led to astrology was confined to the priests, who were the Chaldeans—a caste celebrated in that city as priests and astronomers. Being also rulers, they occupied, with regard to that nation, the same relation as the Brahmins do to India. In Scripture they are called Chasdim; and we conceive them to have been a foreign tribe which came from the North at some unknown period, and conquered Babylon.

Whether the Chaldeans or the Egyptians were the most ancient race of astronomers has been a subject of warm debate among the learned in all ages. The former boast for the patron of their order, Belus, the founder of the mighty fabric that bears his name.

Indeed, to suppose that our antediluvian ancestors were indifferent to the study of that exalted science which is the source of such sublime delight to so many of their posterity, that for 1,600 years they could be uninterested spectators of the celestial bodies performing, with undeviating regularity, their vast revolutions, would be an

insult to their memories; but more than this, the diligent observation of the periods of rising and setting of the heavenly bodies was absolutely necessary to them in their agricultural pursuits; and it was most important to them in travelling over the vast sandy and level plains of their own country and Arabia, to have a celestial guide to direct their way over those pathless deserts.

Unhappily these great men were dazzled and deluded by the beauty and lustre of the heavenly host; they adored instead of observing, and paid their devotions to the orb of created light instead of the Creator of light Himself.

From this central region of Chaldea, from this contaminated plain of Shinar, gradually flowed out that torrent of idolatrous worship which, in a short time, inundated nearly all the nations of the earth. The names of the deities indeed were changed, for there were Gods many, and Lords many, but the objects were still the same. In whatever region of the earth this infatuated race of igniclists took up their abode, the sacred fire began immediately to burn, and the obelisk and the pyramid shot up to the honour of the solar deity and the queen of heaven.

But although the Chaldeans paid external homage to the sun, moon, and stars, which they believed to be eternal, their devotion was not wholly directed to the material orbs, for they supposed them to be animated by intelligent beings of various rank and power in the universe, who made these shining spheres their habitation, governed their motions, and guided their influences.

It appears that, like other nations of antiquity, they deified all their deceased sovereigns who had in any degree distinguished themselves. The founder of Babel was, after his death, changed into the constellation Orion, and worshipped as such, and Semiramis was worshipped at Babylon as Mylitta, and changed into the constellation Succoth-Benoth,* *i. e.*, the Pleiades of the Greeks. But Pul, or Bel, or Belus, to whom Tiglathpileser of Sacred Writ, or Ninus of profane writers, erected an image, was evidently their tutelary

* Mentioned II Kings, xvii., 30, as the "Tabernacles of the Daughters."

divinity. Other Babylonian deities were Nebo, supposed to have been the same with Chemosh or Baal-peor of the Moabites, called by some the planet Mercury; but little more is known of him than that he is understood to have been consulted as an oracle: to which may be added Rach, Nego or Nergal Merodrach, who were objects of worship in this capricious city, which appears to have been the resort of all idols. This latter deity is thus alluded to by the prophet Isaiah, who cries—"Publish and conceal not; say, Babylon is taken, Bell is confounded, Merodrach is broken in pieces, her idols are confounded, her images are broken in pieces."

The epistle of Jeremy the prophet, appended to the book of Baruck, contains a view of their ceremonies, their temples, and their priests, which gives a very revolting picture of grossness and depravity. Not only was immorality encouraged by example, but human victims were sacrificed in order to appease the imaginary deities of a barbarous people.

The Chaldeans divided the zodiac into twelve spaces, each being distinguished by a sign, and throughout which the several planets performed their revolutions. These bodies were six in number, enumerated according to their respective share of influence, as follows:—The Sun, Saturn, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter; and they were denominated interpreters, as portending, by their motions and aspect, the will of the gods.

Under the planets they ranged thirty stars, which they called counselling gods, half of whom took cognizance of what was done under the earth, the other half of what was done by men or in the Heavens; and they taught that, once in ten days, one of the superior stars descended as a messenger to the inferior, and *vice versa*, by which a regular correspondence was kept up. Of these deities there were twelve chief, one of whom was assigned to each month of the year and section of the zodiac. Out of the inferior stars, again, they selected twenty-four, placing twelve towards the north pole and twelve to the south. All these luminaries were believed to exercise great power over the fortunes of men, and, from their aspects and position with reference to each other, they predicted all of good or evil that should befall the

individual born under their sway, "and with whose beauty being delighted, they took them to be gods;" therefore Babylon is now no more the "Lady of Kingdoms," nor the "Beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," for God, even our God, has overthrown her, and made her like unto Sodom and Gomorrah, and all the graven images of her gods hath He broken unto the ground.

For 2,000 years has the "cry of doleful creatures" re-echoed through the solitary plains of Shinar; the owls dwell and the satyrs dance there; the wild beasts of the islands cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces; and nearly all that remains to mark the site of the first and grandest monarchy is a huge mountainous mass of ruins on the west of the Euphrates, bearing the name of Birs Nimrud, *i. e.*, the tower of Nimrod, rent from the top nearly half way to the bottom, and at whose foot lie several unshapen masses of fine brickwork, still bearing traces of a violent fire, which has given the whole a vitrified appearance, and apparently having undergone the action of its fiercest heat. "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness; they set up the towers thereof; they raised the palaces thereof; but He brought it to ruin! so let all thine enemies perish, O Lord!" M. S. R.

THE TRIBUNE'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF POMPEII.

NEARLY two thousand years ago, and about the time of the vintage, the broad, down-pouring sun tinted gorgeously the pine-crested Apennines, and danced on the green slopes of the Campania.

Standing in the Via Appia, as it led from Pompeii, round the lower side of the mountain, and branched off, in one direction over the Sebetus, towards Neapolis, the other towards Nola, the spectator beheld to the north, majestically springing up, the vine-clad sides of Vesuvius, standing in bold relief against the blue depth of heaven beyond. Far past appeared the mountains of Samnium, their snow-covered tops cleaving the distant sky. Over the Campi Phlegara, westward the eye roamed

with delight, as houses, villages, and pasture-lands met the glance. Further still were the waters of the bay of Cumæ—the marble mansions of Neapolis—and Baiæ, the city of baths, lay slumbering on the shore of the tranquil sea.

Beneath, nestling in the odorous air, lay Herculaneum; and eastward, down the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea, stood its neighbour city, Retinæ. Some ninety stadii beyond that, again, were upreared the stately proportions of Pompeii—a miniature Rome. On a curve of the southern waters stood the rich city of Stabizæ, while beyond the Campanian promontory was the fair island of Caprea, like a rich gem within a dazzling and flashing setting.

The lovely and animated scene—with shepherds in the distance, vine-dressers at hand, and galleys of every kind and size dotting the blue waters—had an admiring witness in the person of a young patrician, who had evidently driven in his biga from the Immortal City on a visit to its smaller rival, Pompeii. He had stopped his beautiful steeds in the very midst of their wild haste, and fixed them, for a moment, in an attitude inexpressibly graceful and striking.

His biga, elaborately carved, was of the usual size and construction. The wheels were bound with bronze tires, elegantly wrought. The harnessing was of silver, and the bells which adorned the furniture of his steeds jingled sweetly with every motion of the faultlessly formed animals.

The patrician was a youth of about five-and-twenty, of a tall, commanding figure, and with a face bold in outline and strikingly handsome in its features. His rich attire bespoke rank as well as wealth; and leaning over the head of his car was a richly chased hunting spear.

His eyes kindled as they roved over the wide expanse, and his passionate rapture burst forth.

"It is beautiful, by Spor!" he exclaimed. "I have seen naught in the virgin loveliness of barbaric lands to surpass the picture; and the glorious old mountain rises heavenwards, as though reeling beneath its weight of purple berries. But I must not tarry, for Theseis, my beautiful betrothed, will expect me. First to the baths, to gather the news, and then to the house

of the tribune. On, my good steeds, on! The starry giant will soon be high in the heavens, and the shade will be the more grateful;" and shaking the reins, his horses bounded onwards towards Pompeii, leaving a cloud of dust behind them.

As he advanced to the city the road became more crowded. People were going to and fro. Here and there the biga of some fashionable Pompeian dashed by, while, in the distance, a squadron of Roman cavalry was seen to rush past in full gallop—the tribune's crimson tunic hoisted on a tall spear, and the golden eagle carried by a stalwart bearer, and surrounded by gleaming axes. Rude wains, bearing amphoræ of wine, fruits, vegetables, or other produce for the market, went groaning on. In short, all exhibited the suburban bustle of a Roman city two thousand years ago.

Presently the biga of the patrician dashed through the gate of Nola, before which stood the sentinel, and bearing on his shoulders his ponderous axe. The car was now threading the city streets, when suddenly the horses stumbled—fell—but instantly regained their feet. The evil omen called up a slight pallor into the cheeks of the Roman, as he muttered "Avertit;" but the next moment he halted in the street of Fortune, in front of the baths of Antoninus, the broad portico of which was already crowded with the gay youths of the city, discoursing of the games preparing in the circus—of a fresh Numidian lion—of the new sect of Christians, already establishing itself in despite of the fiercest persecutions—of an appalling rumour foretelling a dreadful eruption of Vesuvius, to be expected daily—of the loveliness of Theseis, daughter of the renowned tribune Medon—and of matters still more trivial or general. As the patrician, whose name was Labeo, descended from his biga, and gave his horses in charge to slaves attending the bath, his quick ears caught the sound of the beloved name, spoken by one whose voice made the quick blood tingle hotly at his heart.

Turning, he beheld a richly garmented, highly-scented gallant of the city, whom he recognized with a haughty and negligent bend of the head, murmuring, as he went forward through the crowd—

"So, so! Eumolpus here, when I

deemed him in Sicily; and with *her* name on his vile lips, too! He, who worships Mercury and a pair of dice! For three nights in succession have I dreamt of evil, coupled with him; but I am here now, and that shall be protection sufficient."

In his turn, Eumolpus muttered between his teeth—

"So, Labeo hath arrived, then; and, as I hear, betrothed to Medon's daughter. To avenge an insulting rejection, and to bear off the prize, it is necessary no time were lost. This very night be it, then! Now to my familiars, and next to the feast—and then—then—" and, so muttering, the *roué* went his way.

Meantime, Labeo had threaded his way through the *curiæ* or assembly-rooms of the baths, and, calling for the assistants, was led to the *hypocaustum*, or hot rooms of the bath, whence, the indispensable duties of this much-prized luxury being over, his garments re-arranged, with some slight change of form, once more over his Antinous limbs, he emerged, again remounted his biga, and, winding now by the palaces north of the Amphitheatre—among which were the Villa of Julia Felix and the Forum Boarium—he went forth by the gate leading to the Sarnus, and, winding through groves of olives and myrtles, approached at last a small but elegant villa, whose gilded dome arose out of a mass of foliage, and which was built on a picturesque peninsula formed by the course of the river, and not many furlongs from the sea itself. Entering at the gate, and descending at the door, he found a frank and hearty soldier's welcome at the hands of the tribune Medon, and the next moment stood in the presence of Theseis, whose loveliness he admitted to himself, though of a grand and stately order, had not been overdrawn.

She was seated beside a frame filled with a curious network glowing with colours, and so engaged with this tapestry, that she had not remarked the entrance of her father and the youth, who gazed upon her in quiet rapture. The majesty of beautiful woman was struggling for mastery, as it were, with those charms which form the rich graces of girlhood. Her affluent hair was gathered into a net and fastened by a kind of fillet. The long, flexible fingers, as she plied her task, moved to and fro

with a practised dexterity, which proved the employment to be familiar. At a distance from her sat her attendant, a dark-haired girl from Rhegium.

"Welcome, noble Labeo! thou art welcome by the head of Numa!" cried the soldier, frankly clasping his guest's hand once more. "How, now, Theseis, hast thou no welcome here? Methinks those cheeks tell a different tale. Aha, I thought so!"

As she rose and advanced, a rich carnation suffused her cheeks, but, with unmonstrative dignity, she held forth her hand and bid her betrothed welcome.

"Happiness and health wait on the fair Theseis!" said Labeo.

"I thank you, I am well," she replied.

"The household gods have a rival in their worship, eh, my Labeo!" said the tribune laughing; "but come, it draws nigh the hour of dinner, and I must hence to Gaeta ere the eve sets in. Ho, there!" and he clapped his hands, "bid the slaves to turnish the tables. Let us hasten; ye will have time enough to exchange thoughts and words when I am on my way. The moon-shine and the myrtle groves, they say, aid lovers when they're dumb; but come, lead in, Labeo, lead in, and let's to our repast."

The reader will have judged by this that the young patrician and the tribune's daughter were by no means strangers to each other—that they had met, and loved, and were betrothed to each other. It is not here essential to enter into the story of their earlier attachment. Labeo had distinguished himself in the wars under the eye of the tribune, and the latter held the young man in respect. That the profligate Eumolpus had sued for the hand of Theseis and been repulsed, may be easily guessed; how he succeeded in the base designs he had formed will presently be seen. Leaving our friends for the present to their repast, we will now change the scene.

At the house of the *roué* Eumolpus, in the southern suburb, were also assembled his guests, crowned with flowers, and clad in festal garments. The dinner was already over, and the rich and ruddy Falernian was passing rapidly around. Gushes of melody from unseen musicians filled up the pause in the conversation, which just now began to flag. The guests

were severally enjoying the sweet strains that fell upon the ear, while an enervating atmosphere filled the chamber, owing to incense that stole subtly out of the lighted lamps, and the wine was rapidly coursing in their veins.

After having poured out a libation to Bacchus, and re-crowned his locks afresh, Eumolpus spoke to one who was reclining near to him.

"Come, my brave 'Cretan," said he, "pledge me a health to all. Ah, here's the true philosophy of life, where all its fears and its doubts resolve themselves into but one sentiment."

"And what is that?" asked Statius the poet, with an eye that was beginning to swim somewhat mistily.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the 'Cretan, holding up his goblet, "a poet, and not know that!"

"Truly," answered Statius, "the philosophy of life, with its doubts and its fears, sounds well enough over the bowl, but, when examined, these are but so many words."

"It is what Epicurus has pronounced," broke in Eumolpus; "the present and its enjoyments, and the future for itself!"

"And how are we to reconcile this truest of all creeds, since the divine institutes of Bacchus, with the teachings of these Nazarenes?" demanded a handsome Arcadian from the banks of the flowery Alphæus. "Those gloomy vestibules beyond death and the tomb, leading to other than the Elysian fields, through which they say the souls wander to judgment to come, have made the very augurs shudder. Pan, they say, is dead, and the great cry rang from Hellas through the world."

"Nay, the oracles have been dumb since they were questioned as to the awful forebodings which doom the fire-mountain to destroy the city," and the speaker turned pale as his hand relaxed on his chased beaker.

"What, alarmed at mere words!" cried Eumolpus with a daring laugh. "Don't heed these Cynics that, with Zeus, would prefer pain to pleasure, and cherish asceticism to the sacrifice of enjoyment. The old mountain will ripen our vineyards for us, do not fear; and as for the city, it is safe, Cereus and all, for some sport when the Consul casts them to the lions. Ho, there! more music—and, friends, try this

fresh wine, cooled near the snows of Etna." And again music arose, and Sicilian wine was borne about by slaves, and again the feast renewed.

"What delicious fruits! and, oh, Lyæus, what wine is this?" softly sighed a youth of most effeminate appearance, as he reclined languidly back upon his couch.

"I'm glad thou likest it, Nauplius," said his host gaily.

"But," exclaimed Nauplius, "to whose starry eyes shall I devote this cup! Canst thou not name some bright Eoan, some dreamy Circe to claim our libations?"

"Aye," shouted Eumolpus, with a strange fire in his flashing eyes. "To the daughter of the tribune Medon—to the blushing, the divine Thescis. Give me another chaplet, slave, I'll crown my locks afresh, in honour of the name."

The goblets clanked and rang as the toast went round in the midst of a triumphant and thrilling burst of melody.

"The lovely Thescis!" sighed the Aristippian, "oh, Venus! how beautiful she is," and he leaned back, with half-closed eyes, to dream over the ideal thus summoned.

"What glorious eyes she hath!" added a second.

"Her cheeks shame the autumn peaches," continued a third.

"Her mouth is like an opening rose—odorous and dewy," said a fourth.

"And her wit is as keen as a Parthian dart," remarked a fifth.

"She smiled upon Eumolpus at the theatre the other day," said a parasite, casting a glance upon the dashing prodigal.

"I beheld Labeo, accompanied by Hessas, descend at the villa of the tribune," said one who had come in later. "I hear that they are betrothed."

"Hah!" cried Eumolpus, his face fiercely darkening, "then, by the infernal gods, 'tis time to strike the blow—nay, do not heed me, friends," he hurriedly added, seeing the surprise his words caused, and then he excused himself on the plea of long attachment, and even of former encouragement, and skillfully changing the subject, he led the discourse into another channel, and for another hour the revellers remained with him.

The guests had gone, and Eumolpus sat

moodily alone. The lights were waning, and his eye wandered over the vacant seats, and ever and anon he swept away a dark cloud gathering on his brows. Suddenly he started as a dusky figure glided in and stood before him, clad in the wild and striking garb peculiar to those who followed the sea. On his swarthy face was an expression of mingled daring, hardihood, and ferocity, indicating a life of violence. He was, in fact, a free-trader, a pirate, a wretch ready for any atrocity. Eumolpus had known him before to-day.

"Well," said Eumolpus laconically.

"Well, noble Eumolpus, I have my score of fellows in hiding, and the galley is at hand. The tribune hath gone to Gaeta, and only the patrician, Labeo, is left with Theseis, save the slaves at the villa, and they go for naught."

"Well, well, but how then?" demanded Eumolpus with impatience; "but we cannot storm the villa—how then?"

"Labeo will, doubtless, be wandering with the maiden in the laurel-grove of the tribune's gardens on the Sarnus; there is some festal by the shore, and she may be drawn away."

"Leave a dozen men on board, and moor the galley under the cork trees at the river's mouth. Be you at hand with six of your fellows—I will take four—hide within reach of my signal if it be necessary. Are your fellows to be trusted?"

"To the very jaws of death," replied the pirate leader.

"Tis well," said Eumolpus; "I doubt not of success. If requisite, we must secure Labeo too; I can drop him on some island far enough away. Once at Caprea, I shall find ready a trireme bound for Syracuse or Crète. Is the moon yet up?"

"There will be light enough for all we want," replied the pirate.

"Tis well; I will but take my mantle, my helm and sword, and follow to the spot where we are all like to meet with those I seek;" and presently the two men, muffled and armed, took, by an unfrequented path, the way to the Sarnus.

The groves grew thick and dense, and through the foliage, in which no longer the cool sea-breeze was playing, the flashing of lights coming from where some

semi-rustic festival was being held, exhibited a scene of Pagan revelry such as we now find handed down in old paintings, dug out of the wreck of the fair city, after the lapse of so many generations.

But avoiding these groups, and having come upon a number of men hidden in ambush, whom, at the direction of Eumolpus, the rover divided into two parties—the one remaining with the latter, while the former hurried on, and leaping over a low wall, which was washed by the waters of the Sarnus, as the mouth of the galley lay close to the shore, he suddenly became aware of the presence of two forms walking together in that loving confidence of an affection requited and mutual, which made his traitorous heart black with envy.

He scarcely gave himself time to listen to their words, though the few he heard made him grind his teeth. He was in the gardens of the tribune, and his coveted prize before him; while the man whom he hated and envied was also within his grasp.

A hasty whisper—a hurried rush—the striking down of Labeo, who, dreamless of danger, carried no weapon, and who fell with a groan, the enveloping of both in the mantles ready prepared for them, the carrying of Labeo by a couple of sturdy rowers, and the lifting up of the fainting Theseis, who had swooned through fear—was all the work of a moment.

"They will believe she hath fled with her lover," muttered Eumolpus with a baleful smile, "and, while I am on the seas, Medon will seek his daughter at Rome. On—on—forward there! One of you bid your leader hail the galley, and let us aboard." And away they hurried with their prizes.

Stretching down to the shores of a beautiful bay, and where an umbrageous cork-tree sheltered the light galley, they followed the pathway bordering the river, and having now rejoined the pirate and his myrmidons, at the pirate's whistle the galley drew near the shore, whence, with a little wading, the ravishers bore their prize and prisoner on board, and presently, under the stout arms of the rowers, the galley made seaward, stretching towards Caprea, with all the speed that sail and oars could make.

We now leave the Roman maiden to recover

herself from her fright and alarm, in a small cabin where a female slave attended her, and Labeo to find his hurt roughly washed and bound, in the foremost part of the flying galley, where he had been consigned

to the custody of a couple of the pirates. Let us now approach that appalling catastrophe which, for more than fifteen hundred years, buried two of the most beautiful cities of the Roman world, to-



gether with their inhabitants, in an impenetrable tomb—we mean the earthquake and the eruption of Vesuvius, which occurred, according to the best approved computations, on the night of the 24th of August, A.D. 63.

The evening had already darkened into night, but so much had the profligate

Eumolpus and the pirate leader been engaged in their design, that not until they were traversing the half-deck of the galley—a species of planking running from end to end between the rowers—was their attention called to the startling aspect which the skies were wearing.

The outline of the city, reaching to Her-

culaneum, was defined by the lights which began at the Mole, and fought for a time with lurid shadows obscuring the purple tints of evening.

The mountain, looming grim and grey, began to wear a strange and spectral aspect. A fierce tongue of fire leaped with snake-like undulation from its cone, and occasionally broadened and grew dense like a flaming crown, while around its rugged head there grew and gathered a threatening cincture of vapours changing into hues and forms half of shadows, and half of fire, with alternating glitter and obscurity.

There was a troubled sound over the sea—a growling as though from deeps far beneath it. There was a hot, sulphureous oppressiveness in the atmosphere that made the rowers gasp for breath, and there was, as the background to all, the huge far-stretching sable pall of the heavens, having in them a strange transparency, tinted with the hues of fire and blood, and lurid gleamings and dardings to and fro, against which were the towering mountain—the cities and the sloping hills up to the far Appenines.

"What does this mean?" demanded Eumolpus, as the galley still tore forward; "why this heaving and swell of the sea—this unnatural calm in the air, and, above all, the look of yonder mountain? Are we going to have a tempest?"

"Noble sir," answered the rover, "I know the Mediterranean from Spain to the shores of Phœnicia, and from the Libyan coast to that of Genoa—every current and every wind that blows—but this baffles me. There is no storm; and yet there must be something. Lo! what's here?"

As he spoke there fell around them a thick, solid, blinding darkness, as of dust and ashes; and a long, tremulous, melancholy sound ran beneath the sea, making the hearts of the boldest sink within them, and blanching the bronzed faces of the astonished pirate horde.

"It is a shower of ashes," said Eumolpus, with some show of courage; "it will pass away. The mountain is in a momentary throes. It is nothing—nothing;" but his looks belied his words.

"I hear that these Christians have been invoking woe and wrath against their persecutions," returned the pirate. "Who

knows if there be not one more powerful than Jove?" and the two began to pace the deck again, whilst the rowers bent to their oars.

It was yet early night. The inhabitants were in the streets, in the wine-shops—dining—feasting—in the temples—in the gardens—in the circus—everywhere—Pompeii was astir with life and motion, and the bustle of every amusement and distraction.

Bat, in the midst of their feasting and revelry, and utter oblivion, the awful hour of Doom was marching upon them—had already overtaken them. Suddenly the cloud of ashes drifted away as by the breath of a whirlwind. Sounds and crashings, and reverberating thunders, more horrible and discordant than any that had fallen upon human ears, began to fill the firmament. The mountain belched forth, from its vast interior, huge masses of fires and molten lava, and drove it down its steepes in exterminating rivers, and the seas rose and receded, as if affrighted, to rush back upon the shores in tumultuous tides and destroying cataracts. The appalling splendour, the ineffable terrors of the scene, became visible to those on board, and to the shuddering spectators fleeing away, or who, from some place of security on the shore, beheld the overwhelming sight—by the blinding fires of the mountain, now casting forth itself, as it were, in blazing torrents against the sky. Some faint idea of the dreadful spectacle may be gathered from the pages of Pliny, who has, with a simplicity allied to the sublime, recorded the catastrophe which entirely buried two noble cities and the whole of the surrounding country, so that, literally, not a vestige of them was left.

Meanwhile the pirate's galley, through imminent danger, and as by a mere miracle, reached the island of Caprea, where Eumolpus—though the awful visitation he had witnessed had cowed his heart, while present success seemed to encourage his audacity—engaged a trireme, in order to embark with Theseis for Crete. He succeeded, and the Roman maiden, overwhelmed with grief and terror, was borne on board more dead than alive. Leaving Labeco faint and wounded behind him, contrary to his first intention, and discharging his obligation to the pirate leader in good

Roman gold, he set forth on his voyage, beginning now to exult in earnest in the success of his vile stratagems.

A day or two after, while the news of this frightful disaster had filled the whole region with dismay and horror, and the smoke of the devastated cities rose up a sullen and lowering cloud, and obscuring the heavens as with a pall, the tribune was hastening for Gaeta in a large Roman galley with a company of soldiers; and, filled with apprehension on account of his daughter and her betrothed, put in at Caprea, whither many who had been enabled to escape by sea fled for present refuge. Fortunately he met Labeo, wandering upon the shore, from whom he learnt the story of the abduction of Theseis, which filled Medon's heart with more fear than even the knowledge of her death might have done.

As Labeo had heard the place of destination named to which Eumolpus was intending to make his way, the tribune lost no time in putting forth to sea after the ravishers; and his three-decked galley, being strongly manned with soldiers and rowers, by the eve of the second day after their starting they came up with Eumolpus and his hirelings, who, in their desperation, at first made a stout resistance. After a brief and fierce conflict, however, the latter yielded, and Labeo, being the first to leap on board, had the satisfaction of passing his sword through the heart of the reckless profligate, and of restoring his beloved Theseis unharmed to her father's arms.

Years after, when both had long been wedded, and children grew about them in their pleasant home beyond the Piscari Hill, they would relate, in awe and trembling, the story of the fall of Pompeii, and the night of peril they had passed, when the once lovely land was a scorched and blasted plain, the fiery traces of which were yet distinctly visible, and thank Heaven that had protected them in their fearful vicissitude, and suffered them to reach together a calm and happy old age.

When the face and neck are plump, the hair should be worn short, particularly if the eye be full and the forehead high. The hair should be worn long and full when the features are sharp, or the neck long and thin.—*Hints on Dress, by Alex. Ross.*

IS WOMAN SUPERIOR TO MAN?

IN the last number of the ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE appeared an article on "The Superiority of Woman over Man," being a brief summary of a treatise bearing that title, written in 1509, by Cornelius Agrippa, a German Doctor of Divinity. In the conclusion of that article, the present "lords of the creation" are invited to bring forward what they have to urge against the reasons and arguments of the said D.D.

Now, I will at once frankly and freely confess, that I am not a "lord of the creation;" and I do so the more willingly, as the confession will at once erase from the minds of my readers the idea (which they might otherwise form) that I am writing from self-interest, or from an undue desire to magnify and exalt the privileges of the stronger sex. But we have heard so much recently on a subject so popular among our novelty-loving American friends, viz., "Woman's Rights" and "Woman's Mission," that it may, perhaps, be beneficial for my sister Englishwomen to examine and consider on what basis this theory of the learned Cornelius Agrippa is founded, and to endeavour to ascertain what is the right meaning of the hackneyed terms above quoted, when they are taken in their true sense. Some of our learned doctor's far-fetched arguments lose much of their convincing power when we remember that they were written with the view of inducing one of the much-lauded sex to bestow upon him her patronage, and may therefore be regarded in the light of extravagant compliments. The doctor, in addition to his other attainments, evidently perfectly understood the art of flattery.

Some peculiarities which have generally been considered as defects in woman, Agrippa, by an ingenious system of contortion, adduces as merits. For instance, it is commonly said that women talk faster than men, an assertion which I have always regarded as a mere ungrounded fallacy, never having met with more than one woman who at all answered to the commonly received idea of a fast talker. At the same time, I must in justice remark that I have met with men whose powers of loquacity and of uttering nonsense

more than equalled those of any woman I ever experienced. But this oft-condemned facility of speech is cited by Agrippa as a proof of the predominance of woman over man, as being the means by which she more readily communicates to her offspring the noble faculty of speech. He then goes on to prove the strength of mind possessed by women, as shown by their power over men, and cites such instances as Adam, Lot, Samson, David, and Solomon, all of whom were led into sin by women; and should any one object that these instances redound rather to their shame than to their credit, he justifies them by laying the blame rather on the men for being led into error, than upon the women for so leading them. He then brings forward a most singular doctrine, viz., that the sin of women is better than the righteousness of men. In support of this hypothesis, he affirms that, whereas in Scripture men are often blamed for actions which are good, or which are performed with a good intent, women are praised and blessed for wicked and deceitful deeds. Thus, Rahab is praised and rewarded for her deceit and lying respecting the spies, whom she assisted to escape. But we must remember that Rahab was only an instrument in the hands of God, to facilitate the entrance of his chosen people into the promised land. Again, we do not find that Rachel is blamed for deceiving her father; but Rachel, after her marriage, doubtless became a worshipper of the God of her husband; and her theft may, therefore, be considered as a praiseworthy removal of the means of her father's idolatry. Jael, also, was blessed for the committal of a cruel and treacherous act. But we must consider Jael (under God) as the means of removing a cruel oppressor of the children of Israel. Again, we find no blame assigned to Rebecca for the deceit and fraud she practised upon her husband. But we cannot fail to remark, when reading the Scriptures, that very frequently only the simple facts are given, without praise for good actions or blame for bad ones. It is impossible for us to draw the inference that, because Rebecca's deceit is not censured, therefore praise is intended; on the contrary, I think that, when we remember how bitter was her

punishment, in the entire and lasting separation from that beloved son for whose sake she had sinned so deeply, we may infer that God, by this punishment, intended to mark his displeasure at the sin she had committed, in striving, by her own feeble means, to accomplish that which God had declared should surely come to pass. Then, taking an apocryphal instance, the doctor asks, "What could be more iniquitous than the counsel of Judith? what more cruel than her wiles? what worse than her perfidy?" True, she is blessed and praised for the means which she took to deliver her nation, not only from its enemies, but from sinning, in transgressing the commands of God, when they were reduced by hunger to the point of eating such food as was (to them) unclean. This she accomplished, at the imminent risk of her own purity and life, by the death of one profligate and intemperate man.

Again, Agrippa asks, "Was not Cain's a good act when he offered his best fruits in sacrifice? and yet he was reprov'd for it. Did not Esau well, when he hunted to get venison for his old father? and in the meantime he was deprived of his birth-right." True, Cain's was a good act, and had his heart also been right, doubtless his sacrifice would have been accepted; but it was merely an act of outward obedience; had it been otherwise, he would have accepted the reproof in a proper spirit, instead of revenging himself upon the unoffending Abel, because the Divine favour was bestowed upon him. Esau truly did well when he went to seek venison for his aged father; and because the fixed and declared purpose of God was in the meantime accomplished, we are not, therefore, to take it as an example of God's displeasure at this act of duty.

Let us now take a few examples of men who have been urged on to deeper sin by women. Ahab, cruel and rapacious as he was, was not sufficiently so as to resort to murder in order to attain his wishes. It was Jezebel who planned and put into execution that infamous scheme. Herod, though reprov'd by John, was not so wholly deaf to the voice of conscience as to desire to put him to death, until forced to do so by the cruel and vindictive Herodias. When Lot was about to leave

the guilty cities of the plain, it was his wife's heart which clung to the pleasures and allurements of those cities; and turning back to look with regretful eye, she was transformed into a monument of Divine anger and woman's weakness. When Miriam and Aaron murmured against Moses, it was Miriam who was punished with leprosy, while Aaron escaped unpunished. The answer will be that it was not that his sin was not as great as Miriam's, but, as he was a priest, any such punishment would have incapacitated him for his holy duty. True, and I think we may gather therefrom another confutation of Agrippa's theory. Had women been superior to men, would not the Almighty have chosen them for the offices of priests, of judges, of prophets, and of kingly rulers? Yet for all these offices (with a very few exceptions) we find men were selected. Again, would not our Saviour have selected them from among his followers to be apostles and preachers? Yet for these offices he chose men; and we find woman coming in, in what is without doubt her proper place, as the sympathizing friend, the tender nurse, the faithful companion. When man's stronger and more passionate nature is worn out, when there is left no energy for the gentler offices of love, woman, with her all-enduring patience, steps in, to perform those duties for which her disposition more peculiarly fits her. Many men, who could face suffering and death upon the battlefield, would shrink from seeing it stretched before them upon the bed of sickness: it is there that woman, whose gentle spirit recoils in horror from the warlike fray, is strengthened and supported by the sympathy so deeply implanted in her nature, to become, not only the tender and affectionate nurse, but often the gentle and unconscious teacher who leads the proud and rebellious heart a humble penitent to the foot of the cross.

And where is the woman who, for the sake of an acknowledged superiority, would willingly and deliberately reverse the present order of things? or would resign the sweet offices of comforter and nurse, to assume the position of superior? Let women consider, ere they so readily adopt a theory of this kind, how much is therein involved. Would the respect paid

to them as superiors be half so agreeable as the reverence and consideration now accorded to their weakness? Would the privilege of choosing and asking for themselves a partner in life, be half so sweet as the mingled emotions, perhaps half surprise—half delight—which are awakened by the avowal, often scarce thought of or hoped for, but yet so indescribably pleasing? Is it not far pleasanter to mark the delight with which the most trifling mark of preference or attachment is received, than it would be to express that attachment in the passionate language which the man is privileged to use? Believe me, the happiest position of woman is where she is the sought for not the suitor; the friend and comforter, not the ruler; the revered and loved, not the feared and obeyed one.

I shall perhaps be asked, "Are you, then, satisfied with the present social position of women in England?" My answer is, "Not entirely." Woman should be, though not the superior, at least as nearly as possible the equal of man; and should have, in a social point of view, as nearly as possible the same privileges. A man, even if he has no great genius, may, by study and perseverance, become qualified for almost any of the liberal professions, but a woman, if she has not sufficient genius to become a *great* writer, a *great* painter, or a *great* actress, has scarcely any choice but to become a governess; a choice in itself, perhaps, more noble and more useful than any other; but if undertaken with an indifference, or perhaps a positive repugnance to its duties, it were better never undertaken at all. Enough has been said and written on the folly—I had almost said the *sin*—of assuming so important a responsibility, with a dislike for the task. I quite agree with other writers that accomplishments, or even great talents, will never atone for a want of interest in the task; but let those who so write endeavour to use their influence to open to women some other legitimate way of employing her talents and gaining a living. Even the occupations above named are scarcely deemed legitimate ones for a woman, and in any of them her genius *must* be *great*, or it will not be acknowledged. Mediocrity will not do: she must possess gifts which will startle, and force from

others their meed of praise. And on how few is this great genius bestowed, and how seldom is it a source of happiness to its possessor! On this point, at least, the Americans are wiser than we. They begin to see that woman may take her position side by side with man, without robbing him of his power or place. In America, women are beginning to assume the position of preachers, public speakers, and lecturers (surely, if what is said about their superior facility of speech be true, women are peculiarly fitted for this calling), and, better still, of medical practitioners. For this calling, in many instances, women are surely better suited than men; and on this point I certainly agree with Agrippa, when he says, "Does not the old nurse often beat the doctor?" I appeal to you, women of England, especially wives and mothers, would not the visit of a gentle, sympathising lady physician be more soothing to the nerves, and altogether more conducive to health, than the hurried, startling call of some rough man animal?

How can he know, O poor little suffering wife and mother! that the cause of the extra rapidity of your pulse this morning is, that William's shirt was found buttonless, and his breakfast not ready; and, though he is the dearest and most patient husband in the wide world, still, when he came to give her his farewell kiss, there was a slight shade of annoyance on his face, and the least touch of impatience in the tone in which he told you to "make haste and get well?" Or perhaps the baby has been crying all morning, and you heard sounds suspiciously like little Jessie falling down stairs, and being surreptitiously conveyed to the back kitchen, to drown her cries for mamma. But of all this your doctor knows and guesses nothing, and accordingly observes that "you are slightly more feverish this morning," which announcement is, in due time, followed by some nauseous draught. Now, a woman would have an intuitive perception of the state of things, and would be able, by a few soothing and cheerful words, and a few gentle and well-timed hints below stairs, to do more good than fifty bottles of fever mixture, "to be taken as before." I hope, ere many more years elapse, to see that some town, more enterprising than others,

has opened an establishment, called "A College of Female Physicians."

The subject of female education has been, and I believe will still continue to be, so admirably treated in these pages, that it is superfluous for me to advert to it. I will only remark that it is my deep impression, that were the education of girls conducted less on the principle of *show*—if the mind were more cultivated, and deeper reading and more useful acquirements introduced—the world would be spared the painful instances of ruin and disgrace, among mercantile and professional men, now of daily occurrence. I have heard men of experience remark, that never were the instances of failure and fraud so frequent as they are now. How much of this is attributable to female vanity and extravagance let the women of England ask themselves.

And let them, by their influence and example, endeavour to dissuade those with whom they are closely connected from the dangerous paths of temptation, rather than covet to assume for themselves those reins of government which stronger hands than theirs find it so hard to guide aright.

MARIE.

THE BABY DEAD.

Poor little baby! darling little baby!

Pale, pretty piece of unoffending clay;
His dumb and dainty mouth all smiling
His silken curls astray. [lovely,

Poor little baby! harmless little baby!

What stony heart could see his innocent eyes

A-shining sweet, and do him harm so cruel?
Complaints and bitter cries

He knew not how to make, poor little baby!

Poor, poor dead dove! but with a trustful grace

Made tenderest appeals for help and mercy,
Nestling to Death his face.

White, guiltless lamb! still, sleeping little baby—

Snow out of heav'n, the brightest ever fell;
No lily, brodered in a ground of darkness,
Sheweth so fair and well.

Poor little baby! clothed with woful silence,
Dear mortal image of an angel's look—
Most precious rose! inclosed a little season
Within a gloomy book. A. C.

WHAT WE USED TO WEAR.

"Rich apparel has strange virtues: It makes him that hath it without means esteemed for an excellent wit; he that enjoys it with means puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of Nature, gives lustre to her beauties, and makes perpetual holiday where it shines."
—BEN JONSON.

No subject has ever called forth the same degree of scorn from satirists in all generations as the subservency with which English people have copied the costume of their Continental neighbours, and it is surprising to remember for how many years Englishmen and women have been under the thrall of French *modistes* and *tailleurs*.

Listen to Evelyn. We quote from his amusing Diary, where, alluding to this mania, he says: "I have frequently wondered that a nation so well conceited of themselves, as I take our countrymen to be, should so generally submit to the mode of another, of whom they speak with so little kindness. For myself, though I love the French well (and I have reasons for it), yet I would be glad to pay my respects in anything rather than my clothes, because I conceive it so great a diminution to our native country; for," he continues to add, "when the freak takes our *Monsieurs* to appear like so many farces or Jack-puddings, all the world alters shape, and plays pantomime with them. Methinks a French tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks like the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into so many forms." And he declares "that he knew a French woman (famous for her dexterity and invention) protest that the English so tormented her for fashions, still jealous that she should not have brought over the newest, that she was in the habit every month of devising new fancies, which were never worn in France, to pacify her customers!"

For a little while, indeed, Charles II. took farewell of the French mode, and, on the 18th of October, 1666, solemnly put himself into the Eastern fashion of vest, which was long, close, and of a dark cloth, after the Persian mode, with girdle and straps and shoestrings and garters, resolving never to alter it. But this determination Charles never kept any more than he kept fifty other determinations of a graver and

far more important nature; nevertheless he then gave the death-blow to the prevailing exaggeration in male costume; and we can trace in this "long, dark vest" the original of the long-skirted angular coats of the reign of William III., and which have descended to us, though not without some variations.

Patches and paint were, during the reign of the "Merrie Monarch," much admired, and ladies never considered themselves *comme il faut* when not following these fashions, and Lord Sandwich thought it a point of commendation in the Queen Catherine of Braganza "that she painted well;" but Lady Wortley Montague, no bad judge of such matters, says that the French women of her day who were addicted to this practice "looked monstrously unnatural in their paints." We remember reading somewhere a laughable story of a lady who, having adorned her person and painted her face, attended a fashionable lecture on chemistry. "Fools, it is said, rush in where angels fear to tread," and we may venture to add, generally pay the penalty of their foolhardiness. The "painted lady" changed, not like her namesake the *Vanessa Cardui*, from the chrysalis to a gorgeous butterfly, but from the apparently fair, fresh glories of youth, to the blue, yellow, and many coloured hues of some loathsome reptile. The lecturer, ignorant of the presence of any other chemical preparations beyond those in his own crucible, had produced, by his experiments, this lamentable result.

Honest Stubbs, of course, is very indignant about this folly, and ends his tirade on the subject by saying, "The French have a good litany:—'From beef without mustard, a servant which overrates himself, and from a woman which painteth, good Heaven deliver us!'"

During the reign of James II. the coats of the gentlemen had immensely wide cuffs, and beneath them appeared the shirt sleeves, with their full, deep ruffles; the hats were broad-brimmed, and the wigs perfectly preposterous. The ladies wore hoods tied under the chin, but afterwards straw hats were adopted, feathers also being much worn.

But dress, with the exception of coiffures, continued much the same during the reign of Charles and William and Mary, as

during the reign of Charles II., which has been already described. These head-dresses caused great scandal in the churches, and the following is a part of a sermon preached against them by John Edwards, a divine of the day:—

"This is the pride which reigns amongst



COSTUME OF GENTLEMAN. END OF CHARLES II. 1670

our very ordinary women at this day, they think themselves highly advanced by this climbing foretop. All their rigging is nothing worth without this wagging top-sail; and, in defiance of our Saviour's words, they endeavour, as it were, to add a *cubit* to their stature! With their exalted heads, they do, as it were, attempt a superiority over mankind; nay, these Babel builders seem, with their lofty towers, to threaten the skies, and even to defy Heaven itself."

Another writer of the same period says, "Within my own memory I have known a lady's head-dress rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that we

appeared as grasshoppers before them; and it is as certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble."

Those who are anxious to master the little variations continually taking place in matters of costume during the reign of Charles II. and James II., cannot do better than study the amusing Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, from the latter of whom we quote the following rich *morceau*, hoping that our fair readers will lay the lesson it contains to heart, and meekly bear the imputation of vanity on a 12*l.* note, while their husbands solace their manliness on 55*l.*

"To my great sorrow find myself 43*l.* worse than I was last month, which was then 760*l.*, and now it is but 717*l.* But it hath chiefly arisen for my layings out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about 12*l.*, and for myself 55*l.*, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak,



DRESS OF GENERAL. TIME OF WILLIAM III.

two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforth to go like myself. And

also two periwigs, one whereof cost me 3*l*., and the other 40*s*."

The court of William III. was not remarkable for either gaiety or glitter. The figures here engraved give us the costume of the nobility and gentry of the day. The hat of the gentleman is edged with gold lace, and the low crown concealed by the feathers which surround it; the coat, which

about with them elegant combs for that purpose, and the theatre, coffee-house, and park were the chosen spots for this elegant performance.

Of course all sorts of arguments were used to prove "there's wisdom in a wig," and a zealous *peruquier* of those days, anxious to uphold even their utility, hired his sign-painter to depict with due pathos and expression, of attitude and of face, Absalom hanging by his hair on a tree, and David weeping beneath, exclaiming—

Oh, Absalom, oh, Absalom,
Oh! Absalom, my son;
If thou hadst worn a perwig
Thou hadst not been undone!

One of the ladies in our engraving wears a remarkably heavy head-dress; the hair is combed upward from the forehead, and surmounted by rows of lace and ribands, a kerchief or lace scarf being thrown over all, and hanging nearly to the waist. Stiff stays, tightly laced over the stomach, and very long in the waist, now became



HEAD-DRESSES. UNDER WILLIAM AND MARY

was generally decorated with lace and embroidery down the edges and seams, and round the pockets, has sleeves ending in enormous cuffs ornamented with stripes; the favourite tint for the coat being claret colour. His neckcloth is worn very long, having pendent ends of rich Brussels lace; an enormous peruke (the most extravagant feature of male costume of this time) flowing over his shoulders. These mountains of hair were worn by all who could afford them; and a gentleman endeavoured to distinguish himself by the largeness of his wig, in the same way that a Chinese lady displays caste by the smallness of her foot. To comb these monstrous perukes in public was the delight of the dandies, who carried



THREE LADIES. FROM A VIEW OF HAMPTON COURT WILLIAM AND MARY.

fashionable, and to so great an extent was this pernicious fashion carried, that a lady's body, from the shoulder to the hip, looked like the letter V; and this becomes very

apparent, when figures of that period are drawn on a small scale. Here are three ladies copied in fac-simile from Sutton Nicholl's View of Hampton Court. During the early part of this reign, ladies wore short sleeves; indeed, they reached but a few inches below the shoulder, but they were edged with lace beneath, which puffed forth the full rich lawn sleeve of the under garment, also edged with lace. These sleeves were sometimes still further ornamented with jewelled brooches, which, during this reign, were much worn by the richer classes, to secure the central opening of the gown at the waist.

The accompanying cuts will give some idea of the prevailing style of head-dress, the tower of the first being well worthy of notice; and we must not omit telling our readers that about 1683-4, gentlemen were not ashamed to keep their hands warm by means of muffs, which were hung round their necks by ribands, and ornamented by a bunch of them of various colours! In a ballad, describing the fair upon the Thames during the great frost of 1683-4, mention is made of

A spark of the bar, with his cane and his muff,
and no dandy of those days appeared in winter without such an article.

The Spanish leather boots, introduced during the reign of Charles I., still continued fashionable; but the immense ribands and roses on the shoes disappeared during the reign of William and Mary, and were superseded by small buckles, so small, indeed, that at first it was not unlike a bean in size and shape.

Since that period buckles have undergone every variety of form and dimension, till, in the year 1777, they became so enormous, that they gave birth to many ludicrous caricatures.

The accession of a Queen to the throne of England, on the death of William, did not very materially affect the national costume; but, though Anne was indifferent about dress, as far as she was individually concerned, like her predecessor, the first James, she was very strict in enjoining a proper decorum in the dress of her household and officers; and an anecdote is told of Lord Bolingbroke, who appeared before her Majesty, in answer to a hasty summons, in a *ramillie*, or tie, instead

of a full-bottomed wig, which so offended the Queen that she exclaimed, "she supposed his lordship would come to Court next time in his night-cap!"

Laced aprons were very fashionable in this reign, and were worn over flounced petticoats, for the display of which the dress was gathered in folds behind. The "Spectator" abounds in notices of the variations in fashion from 1710 to 1714. Addison says, "To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full-bottomed wigs, with several other encumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and overrun with the luxuriancy of their habits."

We shall conclude our paper with the following extract from No. 129 of the "Spectator," which is called an adventure, in a country church upon the frontiers of Cornwall:—"As we were in the midst of service," writes the "Spectator," "a lady, who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed the winter at London with her husband, entered the congregation with her husband in a little head-dress and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious bottom and some at the little top of this strange dress. In the meantime, the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to the pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispers, conjectures, and astonishment of the whole congregation;" but even this astounding fact, if fact it be, is almost surpassed by the following advertisement copied from No. 172 of the same periodical, and dated from the parish vestry, Jan. 9th, 1711:—"All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation."

Bishop Burnet wrote a history of these times; so did Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., when he noted these sinful weaknesses of our great-grandmothers; and we know which of these histories is the most like nature! and conveys the deepest moral too, and—
and so, we believe, do most other folks!

M. S. R.

VALENTINA VISCONTI, THE FIRST DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

WHILST the fortunes of the Orleans family are at present in a state of apparent decay, or at any rate involved in much of doubt and uncertainty, it may not be uninteresting to read something of the family and character of her who first bore the title of Duchess of Orleans.

The retrospect will carry us back to stirring times, and make us acquainted with the virtues and sufferings, as well as the crimes, which mark the family history of the great European houses. The story of Valentina Visconti links the history of Milan with that of Paris, and imparts an Italian grace and tenderness to the French annals. Herself one of the most gentle of women, she was sprung from the fiercest of men. The history of the rise and progress of the family of Visconti is, in truth, one of the most characteristic that the Lombardic annalists have preserved.

The Sforzias, called Visconti from their hereditary office of *Viccomes*, or temporal vicars of the Emperor, were a marked and peculiar race. With the most ferocious qualities, they combined high intellectual refinements and an elegant and cultivated taste in all that was excellent in art, architecture, poetry, and classical learning. The founder of the family was Otho, Archbishop of Milan at the close of the 13th century. He extended his vicarial authority into a virtual sovereignty of the Lombard towns, acknowledging only the German Emperor as his feudal lord. This self-constituted authority he transmitted to his nephew, Matteo, "Il grande." In the powerful hands of Matteo the Magnificent, Milan became the capital of a virtual Lombardic kingdom. Three of the sons of Matteo were successively "tyrants" of Milan, the designation being probably used in its classical rather than its modern sense. Galeazzo, the eldest, was succeeded by his son Azzo, the only one of the male representatives of the Visconti who exhibited any of the milder characteristics befitting the character of a virtuous prince. Luchino, his uncle and successor, was, however, a patron of learning, and has had the good fortune to transmit his name to us in illustrious company. At his court, in other respects contaminated by vice, and

made infamous by cruelty, the poet Petrarch found a home and a munificent patron. Luchino cultivated his friendship. The poet was not above repaying attentions so acceptable by a no less acceptable flattery. Petrarch's epistle, eulogizing the virtues and recounting the glory of the tyrant, remains a humiliating record of the power of wealth and greatness, and the pliability of genius.

Luchino's fate was characteristic. His wife, Isabella of Fieschi, had frequently suffered from his caprice and jealousy; at length she learned that he had resolved on putting her to death. Forced to anticipate his cruel intent, she poisoned him with the very drugs he had designed for her destruction.

Luchino was succeeded by his brother Giovanni, Archbishop of Milan, the ablest of the sons of Matteo. Under his unscrupulous administration the Milanese territory was extended, until almost the whole of Lombardy was brought under the yoke of the vigorous and subtle tyrant. Although an ecclesiastic, he was as prompt to use the temporal as the spiritual sword. On his accession to power, Pope Clement the Sixth, then resident at Avignon, summoned him to appear at his tribunal to answer certain charges of heresy and schism. The papal legate sent with this commission had a further demand to make on behalf of the Pontiff—the restitution of Bologna, a fief of the church, which had been seized by the Milanese prelate, Giovanni Visconti, as well as the cession, by the latter, of either his temporal or spiritual authority, which the legate declared could not be lawfully united in the person of an archbishop. Giovanni insisted that the legate should repeat the propositions with which he was charged at church on the following Sunday: as prince and bishop he could only receive such a message in the presence of his subjects and the clergy of his province. On the appointed day, the archbishop having celebrated high-mass with unusual splendour, the legate announced the message with which he was charged by his Holiness. The people listened in silence, expecting a great discussion. But their astonishment was not greater than that of the legate, when Archbishop Giovanni stepped forth, with his crucifix in one hand, while with

the other he drew from beneath his sacerdotal robes a naked sword, and exclaimed, "Behold the spiritual and temporal arms of Giovanni Visconti! By the help of God, with the one I will defend the other."

The legate could obtain no other answer, save that the archbishop declared that he had no intention of disobeying the pontiff's citation to appear at Avignon. He accordingly prepared, indeed, to enter such an appearance as would prevent citations of that kind in future.

He sent, as his precursor, a confidential secretary, with orders to make suitable preparations for his reception. Thus commissioned, the secretary proceeded to hire every vacant house in the city and surrounding neighbourhood, within a circuit of several miles; and made enormous contracts for the supply of furniture and provisions for the use of the archbishop and his suite. These astounding preparations soon reached the ears of Clement. He sent for the secretary, and demanded the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings. The secretary replied, that he had instructions from his master, the Archbishop of Milan, to provide for the reception of 12,000 knights and 6,000 foot soldiers, exclusive of the Milanese gentlemen who would accompany their lord when he appeared at Avignon, in compliance with his Holiness's summons. Clement, quite unprepared for such a visit, only thought how he should extricate himself from so great a dilemma. He wrote to the haughty Visconti, begging that he would not put himself to the inconvenience of such a journey: and lest this should not be sufficient to deter him, proposed to grant him the investiture of Bologna—the matter in dispute between them—for a sum of money: a proposal readily assented to by the wealthy archbishop.

Giovanni Visconti bequeathed to the three sons of his brother Stephano a well-consolidated power; and, for that age, an enormous accumulation of wealth. The Visconti were the most skilful of financiers. Without over-burthening their subjects, they had ever a well-filled treasury—frequently recruited, it is true, by the plunder of their enemies, or replenished by the contributions they levied on neighbouring cities. The uniform success which attended their negotiations in these re-

spects encouraged them in the intermeddling policy they so often pursued. We can scarcely read without a smile the proclamations of their generals to the inoffensive cities, of whose affairs they so kindly undertook the unsolicited management.

"It is no unworthy design which has brought us hither," the general would say to the citizens of the towns selected for these disinterested interventions; "we are here to re-establish order, to destroy the dissensions and secret animosities which divide the people (say) of Tuscany. We have formed the unalterable resolution to reform the abuses which abound in all the Tuscan cities. If we cannot attain our object by mild persuasions, we will succeed by the strong hand of power. Our chief has commanded us to conduct his armies to the gates of your city, to attack you at our swords' point, and to deliver over your property to be pillaged, unless (solely for your own advantage) you show yourselves pliant in conforming to his benevolent advice."

Giovanni Visconti, as we have intimated, was succeeded by his nephews. The two younger evinced the daring military talent which distinguished their race. Matteo, the eldest, on the contrary, abandoned himself to effeminate indulgences. His brothers, Bernabos and Galeazzo, would have been well pleased that he should remain a mere cipher, leaving the management of affairs in their hands; but they soon found that his unrestrained licentiousness endangered the sovereignty of all. On one occasion a complaint was carried to the younger brothers by an influential citizen. Matteo Visconti, having heard that this citizen's wife was possessed of great personal attractions, sent for her husband, and informed him that he designed her for an inmate of his palace, commanding him, upon pain of death, to fetch her immediately. The indignant burgher, in his perplexity, claimed the protection of Bernabos and Galeazzo. The brothers perceived that inconvenient consequences were likely to ensue. A dose of poison, that very day, terminated the brief career of Matteo the Voluptuous.

Of the three brothers, Bernabos was the most warlike and the most cruel—Galeazzo the most subtle and politic. Labour-

ing to cement his power by foreign alliances, he purchased from John, King of France, his daughter, Isabelle de Valois, as the bride of his young son and heir, and procured the hand of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III. of England, for his daughter Violante. While Galeazzo pursued these peaceful modes of aggrandizement, Bernabos waged successful war on his neighbours, subjecting to the most refined cruelties all who questioned his authority. It was he who first reduced the practice of the torture to a perfect system, extending over a period of forty-one days. During this period, every alternate day, the miserable victim suffered the loss of some of his members—an eye, a finger, an ear—until at last his torments ended on the fatal wheel. Pope after pope struggled in vain against these powerful tyrants. They laughed at excommunication, or only marked the fulfilment of a papal bull by some fresh act of oppression on the clergy subject to their authority. On one occasion Urban the Fifth sent Bernabos his bull of excommunication by two legates. Bernabos received the pontifical message unmoved. He manifested no irritation—no resentment—but courteously escorted the legates, on their return, as far as one of the principal bridges in Milan. Here he paused, about to take leave of them. "It would be inhospitable to permit you to depart," he said, addressing the legates, "without some refreshment; choose—will you eat or drink?" The legates, terrified at the tone in which the compliment was conveyed, declined his proffered civility. "Not so," he exclaimed, with a terrible oath: "you shall not leave my city without some remembrance of me; say, will you eat or drink?" The affrighted legates, perceiving themselves surrounded by the guards of the tyrant, and in immediate proximity to the river, felt no taste for drinking. "We had rather eat," said they; "the sight of so much water is sufficient to quench our thirst." "Well, then," rejoined Bernabos, "here are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought to me; you shall not pass this bridge until you have eaten, in my presence, the parchments on which they are written, the leaden seals affixed to them, and the silken cords by which they are attached." The legates urged in

vain the sacred character of their offices of ambassador and priest—Bernabos kept his word, and they were left to digest the insult as best they might. Bernabos and his brother, after having disposed of Matteo, became, as companions in crime usually do, suspicious of one another. Thus, each fearing that the other would poison him, those banquets and entertainments to which they treated one another must have been scenes of magnificent discomfort.

Galeazzo died first. His son, Giovanni-Galeazzo, succeeded, and matched the unscrupulous ambition of his uncle with a subtlety equal to his own. Not satisfied with a divided sway, he manœuvred unceasingly until he made himself master of the persons of Bernabos and his two sons. The former he kept a close prisoner for seven months, and afterwards put to death by poison. The cruelty and pride of Bernabos had rendered him so odious to his subjects, that they made no effort on his behalf, but submitted, without opposition, to the milder government of Giovanni-Galeazzo. He was no less successful in obtaining another object of his ambition. He received from the Emperor Wenceslaus the investiture and dukedom of Milan, for which he paid the sum of 100,000 florins, and now saw himself undisputed master of Lombardy.

The Court of Milan, during such a period, seems a strange theatre for the display of graceful and feminine virtues; yet it was here, and under the immediate eye of her father, this Giovanni-Galeazzo, that Valentina Visconti, one of the most amiable female characters of history, passed the early days of her eventful life. As the naturalist culls a wild flower from the brink of the volcano, the historian of the dynasty of Milan pauses to contemplate her pure and graceful character, presenting itself among the tyrants, poisoners, murderers, and infidels, who founded the power and amassed the wealth of her family. It would be sad to think that the families of the wicked men of history partook of the crimes of their parents. But we must remember that virtue has little charm for the annalist; he records what is most calculated to excite surprise or awake horror, but takes no notice of the unobtrusive ongoing of those who live and die

in peace and quietness. We may be sure that among the patrons of Petrarch there was no want of refinement, or of the domestic amenities with which a youthful princess, and only child, ought to be surrounded. In fact, we have been left the most permanent and practical evidences of the capacity of these tyrants for the enjoyment of the beautiful. The majestic cathedral of Milan is a monument of the noble architectural taste of Valentina's father. In the midst of donjons and fortress-palaces it rose, an embodiment of the refining influence of religion; bearing, in many respects, a likeness to the fair and innocent being whose fortunes we are about to narrate, and who assisted at its foundation. The progress of the building was slow; it was not till a more magnificent usurper than any of the Visconti assumed the iron crown of Lombardy, in our own generation, that the general design of the Duomo of Milan was completed. Many of the details still remain unfinished; many statues to be placed on their pinnacles: some to be replaced on the marble stands from which they were overthrown by the cannon of Radetski. Of the old castle of the Visconti two circular towers and a curtain wall alone remain. Its courtyard is converted into a barrack, its moats filled up, its terraced gardens laid down as an esplanade for the troops of the Austrian garrison. The family of the Visconti have perished. Milan, so long the scene of their glory and afterwards the battle-ground of contending claimants, whose title was derived through them, has ceased to be the capital of a free and powerful Italian State; but the Cathedral, after a growth of nearly four centuries, is still growing, and the name of the gentle Valentina, so early associated with the majestic Gothic edifice, "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

The year after the foundation of the Duomo, Valentina Visconti became the bride of Louis Duke of Orleans, only brother to the reigning monarch of France, Charles VI. Their politic father, the wise King Charles, had repaired the disasters occasioned by the successful English invasion, and the long captivity of John the Second. The marriage of Valentina and Louis was considered highly desirable by all parties. The important town of Asti,

with an immense marriage portion in money, was bestowed by Giovanni-Galeazzo on his daughter. A brilliant escort of the Lombard chivalry accompanied the "promessa sposa" to the French frontier.

Charles VI. made the most magnificent preparations for the reception of his destined sister-in-law. The weak but amiable monarch, ever delighting in *fêtes* and entertainments, could gratify his childish taste, while displaying a delicate consideration and brotherly regard for Louis of Orleans. The marriage was to be celebrated at Melun. Fountains of milk and choice wine played, to the astonishment and delight of the bourgeois. There were jousts and tournaments, masks and banquets, welcoming the richly-dowered daughter of Milan. All promised a life of secured happiness; she was wedded to the brave and chivalrous Louis of Orleans, the pride and darling of France. He was eminently handsome; and his gay, graceful, and affable manners gained for him the strong personal attachment of all who surrounded him. But, alas! for Valentina and her dream of happiness, Louis was a profligate; she found herself, from the first moment of her marriage, a neglected wife: her modest charms and gentle deportment had little attraction for her volatile husband. The early years of her wedded life were passed in solitude and uncomplaining sorrow. She bore her wrongs in dignified silence. Her quiet endurance, her pensive gentleness, never for a moment yielded; nor was she ever heard to express an angry or bitter sentiment. Still she was not without some consolation; she became the mother of promising children, on whom she could bestow the treasures of love and tenderness, of the value of which the dissolute Louis was insensible. Affliction now began to visit the French palace. Charles VI. had long shown evidence of a weak intellect. The events of his youth had shaken a mind never robust: indeed they were such as one cannot read of even now without emotion.

During his long minority, the country, which, under the prudent administration of his father, had well-nigh recovered the defeats of Cressy and Poitiers, had been torn by intestine commotions. The regency was in the hands of the young King's uncles, the Dukes of Anjou and Burgundy.

The latter inheriting by his wife, who was heiress of Flanders, the rich provinces bordering France on the north-east, in addition to his province of Burgundy, found himself, in some respects, more powerful than his sovereign. The commercial prosperity of the Low Countries filled his coffers with money, and the hardy Burgundian population gave him, at command, a bold and intrepid soldiery.

From his earliest years Charles had manifested a passion for the chase. When about twelve years old, in the forest of Senlis, he had encountered a stag, bearing a collar with the inscription, "*Cæsar hoc mihi donavit.*" This wonderful stag appeared to him in a dream a few years afterwards, as he lay in his tent before Roogebeke, in Flanders, whither he had been led by his uncle of Burgundy, to quell an insurrection of the citizens of Ghent, headed by the famous Philip van Artevelde. Great had been the preparations of the turbulent burghers. Protected by their massive armour, they formed themselves into a solid square bristling with pikes. The French cavalry, armed with lances, eagerly waited for the signal of attack. The signal was to be the unfurling of the *oriflamme*, the sacred banner of France, which had never before been displayed but when battling against infidels. It had been determined, on this occasion, to use it against the Flemings because they rejected the authority of Pope Clement, calling themselves Urbanists, and were consequently looked on by the French as excluded from the pale of the church. As the young King unfurled this formidable banner, the sun, which had for days been obscured by a lurid fog, suddenly shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. A dove, which had long hovered over the King's battalion, at the same time settled on the flag-staff.

Now, by the lips of those you love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!

The French chivalry did indeed execute a memorable charge on these burghers of Ghent. Their lance-points reached a yard beyond the heads of the Flemish pikes. The Flemings, unable to return or parry their thrusts, fell back on all sides. The immense central mass of human beings

thus forcibly compressed, shrieked and struggled in vain. Gasping for breath, they perished *en masse*, suffocated by the compression, and crushed under the weight of their heavy armour. A reward had been offered for the body of Philip van Artevelde: it was found amid a heap of slain, and brought to the King's pavilion. The young monarch gazed on the mortal remains of his foe, but no wound could be discovered on the body of the Flemish leader—he had perished from suffocation. The corpse was afterwards hanged on the nearest tree. When the King surveyed this horrible yet bloodless field, the appalling spectacle of this mass of dead, amounting, it is said, to 34,000 corpses, was more than his mind could bear. From this period unmistakable evidences of his malady became apparent. The marvellous stag took possession of his fancy; it seemed to him the emblem of victory, and he caused it to be introduced among the heraldic insignia of the kingdom.

In his sixteenth year the King selected, as the partner of his throne, the beautiful Isabeau of Bavaria. She also was a Visconti by the mother's side, her father having wedded one of the daughters of Bernabos. In her honour various costly *fêtes* had been given. On one of these occasions the royal bridegroom displayed his eccentricity in a characteristic manner. The chroniclers of the time have given us very detailed accounts of these entertainments. The costumes were extravagantly fantastic: ladies carried on their heads an enormous *kennin*, a very cumbersome kind of head-dress, surmounted by horns of such dimensions that their exit or entrance into an apartment was a work of considerable difficulty. The shoes were equally absurd and inconvenient; their pointed extremities, half a yard in length, were turned up and fastened to the knees in various grotesque forms. The robes, the long open sleeves of which swept the ground, were emblazoned with strange devices. Among the personal effects of one of the royal princes we find an inventory of about a thousand pearls used in embroidering on a robe the words and music of a popular song.

The chronicle of the *Religieux de St. Denis* describes one of these masked balls, which was held in the courtyard of that

venerable abbey, temporarily roofed over with tapestries for the occasion. The sons of the Duke of Anjou, cousins of the King, were prepared to invade Naples, in right of their father, to whom Joanna of Naples had devised that inheritance. Previous to their departure, their royal cousin resolved to confer on them the order of knighthood. An immense concourse of guests were invited to witness the splendid ceremonial, and take part in the jousts and tournaments which were to follow. The King had selected a strange scene for these gay doings. The Abbey of St. Denis was the last resting-place of the kings of France. Here mouldered the mortal remains of his predecessors, and here were to repose his bones when he, too, should be "gathered to his fathers." The celebrated "Captain of the Companies," the famous Du Guesclin, the saviour of France in the reign of his father, had paid the debt of Nature many years before, and reposed there among the mortal remains of those whose throne he had guarded so well. The astonishment of the guests was extreme when it appeared that the exhumation and reinterment of Du Guesclin formed part of the programme of the revels. The old warrior was taken up, the funeral rites gone solemnly through, three hundred lives appropriated to the pious use of masses for his soul, and the revellers dismissed to meditate on the royal eccentricities.

The murder of the Constable of France, Oliver de Clisson, followed soon after, and quite completed the break-down of poor Charles's mind. This powerful officer of the crown had long been feared and hated by the great feudal lords, especially by the Duke of Brittany, who entertained an absurd jealousy of the one-eyed hero. Although Clisson, by his decisive victory at Auray, had secured to him the contested dukedom of Brittany, the jealous duke treacherously arrested his benefactor and guest, whom he kept prisoner in the dungeons of his castle of La Motte. In the first transports of his fury the duke had given orders that De Clisson should be put to death; but his servants, fearing the consequences of so audacious an act, left his commands unexecuted. Eventually the Constable was permitted by his captor to purchase his freedom—a condition which

duke repented having allowed his foe to escape from his hands. He now suborned Pierre de Craon, a personal enemy of De Clisson, to be the executioner of his vengeance. The Constable was returning to his hotel, having spent a festive evening with his sovereign, when he was set on by his assassins. He fell, covered with wounds, and was left for dead. To increase his torments, the murderer announced to him, as he fell, his name and motives. But, though severely injured, Clisson was yet alive. The noise of the conflict reached the King, who was just retiring to rest. He hastened to the spot. His bleeding Minister clung to his robe, and implored him to swear that he should be avenged.

"My fidelity to your Majesty has raised up for me powerful enemies. This is my only crime. Whether I recover or perish from my wounds, swear to me that I shall not be unavenged."

"I shall never rest, so help me God," replied the excited monarch, "until the authors of this audacious crime shall be brought to justice."

Charles kept his word. Although suffering from fever, the result of this night's alarm and exposure, he collected a considerable army, and marched for Brittany. His impatient eagerness knew no bounds. Through the sultry noonday heat, over the arid plains and dense forests of Brittany, he pursued the assassin of his Constable. He rode the foremost of his host; often silently alone. One day, having undergone great personal fatigue, he had closed his eyes, still riding forward, when he was aroused by the violent curvetting of his steed, whose bridle had been seized by a wild-looking man, singularly clad.

"Turn back, turn back, noble King," cried he; "to proceed further is certain death—you are betrayed!" Having uttered these words, the stranger disappeared in the recesses of the forest before any one could advance to arrest him.

The army now traversed a sandy plain, which reflected the intensity of the solar rays. The King wore a black velvet jerkin, and a cap of crimson velvet, ornamented with a chaplet of pearls. This ill-selected costume rendered the heat insufferable. While musing on the strange occurrence



THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

ing of steel around him. The page who bore his lance had yielded to the drowsy influences of the oppressive noonday heat, and as he slumbered his lance had fallen with a ringing sound on the casque of the page before him. The succession of these alarms quite damaged Charles's intellect. He turned, in a paroxysm of madness, crying, "Down with the traitors!" and attacked his own body-guard. All made way as the mad King assailed them. Several fell victims to his wildly-aimed thrusts, before he sank at length, exhausted by his efforts: a fit of total insensibility followed. His brother of Orleans and kinsman of Burgundy had him conveyed by slow stages to Paris.

Charles's recovery was very tedious. Many remedies were tried—charms and incantations, as well as medicines—but, to the great joy of the people, who had always loved him, his reason was at length pronounced to be restored, and his physicians recommended him to seek amusement and diversion in festive entertainments.

Another shock, and Charles VI. became a confirmed lunatic. This tragical termination of an absurd frolic occurred as follows:—

On a gala occasion the monarch and five knights of his household conceived the design of **disguising themselves as satyrs**. Close-fitting linen dresses, covered with some bituminous substance, to which was attached fine flax resembling hair, were stitched to their persons. Their grotesque figures excited much merriment. The Dukes of Orleans and Bar, who had been supping elsewhere, entered the hall somewhat affected by their night's dissipation. With inconceivable folly, one of these tipsy noblemen applied a torch to the covering of one of the satyrs. The miserable wretch, burning frightfully and hopelessly, rushed through the hall in horrible torments, shrieking in the agonies of despair. The fire was rapidly communicated. To those of the satyrs whose hairy garments were thus ignited, escape was hopeless. To detach the flaming pitch was impossible; they writhed and rolled about, but in vain: their tortures only ended with their lives. One alone beside the King escaped. Recollecting that the buttery was near, he ran and plunged himself in the large tub

of water provided for washing the plates and dishes. Even so he did not escape without serious injuries. The King had been conversing in his disguise with the young bride of the Duke of Berri. She had recognized him, and, with admirable presence of mind and devotion, she held him fast, covering him with her robe lest a spark should descend on him. To her care and energy he owed his preservation from so horrible a fate; but, alas! only to linger for years a miserable maniac. The terrible spectacle of his companions in harmless frolic perishing in this dreadful manner before his eyes, completed the wreck of his already broken intellect. His reason returned but partially. Even these slight amendments were at rare intervals. He became a squalid and pitiable object; his person utterly neglected, for his garments could only be changed by force. His heartless and faithless wife deserted him—indeed, in his insane fits, his detestation of her was excessive—and neglected their children. One human being only could soothe and soften him, his sister-in-law, *Valentine Visconti*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

WITHOUT intending the slightest compliment to our lady readers, but speaking with that sincerity which the subject requires, and the gravity demanded by our profession, we are bound to admit that there are some subjects of which women seem intuitively to acquire a knowledge, and in which their aptitude to gather information over men is a fact no less remarkable than true. Without studying to be gallant, or even remotely wishing to propitiate the fair subscribers of this magazine, by statements that might be supposed gratifying to the sex, we could record many parables and studies wherein this greater aptitude of the female over the masculine mind, to unriddle difficulties, and catch with facility the tone and tenor of a system, might be instanced as proof of our assertion.

But as we have rather to do with the realities of life than its ornamentation, and with truth more than compliment, we shall leave those points as granted, and

proceed to a theme upon which there can be no difference of belief or diversity of opinion.

The infantine management of children, like the mother's love for her offspring, seems to be born with the child, and to be a direct intelligence of Nature. And it may at first sight appear as inconsistent and presumptuous to tell a woman how to rear her infant, as to instruct her in the manner of loving it. Yet, though Nature is unquestionably the best nurse, art makes so admirable a foster-mother, that no sensible mother, in her novitiate of parent, would refuse the admonitions of art, or the teachings of experience, to consummate her duties of nurse. It is true that, in a civilised state of society, few young wives reach the epoch that makes them mothers without some insight—traditional or practical—into the management of infants: consequently the cases wherein a woman is left to her own unaided intelligence—or what, in such a case, may be called instinct—and is left to trust to the promptings of Nature alone for the well-being of her child, are very rare indeed. Again, every woman is not gifted with the same physical ability for the harassing duties of a mother; and though Nature, as a general rule, has endowed all female creation with the attributes necessary to that most beautiful, and at the same time, holiest function—the healthy rearing of their offspring—the cases are sufficiently numerous to establish the exception, where the mother is either physically or socially incapacitated from undertaking these most pleasing duties herself, and where, consequently, she is compelled to trust to adventitious aid for those natural benefits to her child, which are at once the mother's pride and delight to render.

In these cases, when obliged to call in the services of hired assistance, she must trust the dearest obligation of her life to one who, from her social sphere, has probably notions of rearing children diametrically opposed to the pre-conceived ideas of the mother, and at enmity with all her sentiments of right and prejudices of position.

It has been justly said—we think by Hood—that the children of the poor are not brought up, but dragged up. However facetious this remark may seem, there

is much truth in it; and that children, reared in the reeking dens of squalor and poverty, live at all, is an apparent anomaly in the course of things that, at first sight, would seem to set the laws of sanitary provision at defiance, and make it appear a perfect waste of time to insist on pure air and exercise as an indispensable necessary of life, and especially so as regards infantine life.

We see elaborate care bestowed on a family of children, everything studied that can tend to their personal comfort, pure air, pure water, regular ablution, a dietary prescribed by art, and every precaution adopted that medical judgment and maternal love can dictate, for the well-being of the parents' hope, and find, in despite of all this care and vigilance, disease and death invading this guarded treasure. We turn to the fœtor and darkness that, in some obscure court, attend the robust brood who, coated in dirt, and with mud and refuse for playthings, live and thrive, and grow into manhood, and, in contrast to the pale face and flabby flesh of the aristocratic child, exhibit strength, vigour, and well-developed frames, and our belief in the potency of the life-giving elements of air, light, and cleanliness, receives a shock that, at first sight, would appear fatal to the implied benefits of these, in reality, all-sufficient attributes of health and life.

Startling as this apparent immunity to the physical laws may appear, a moment's reflection will show that the exemption of the "bairns of the puir" from sickness and emaciation is no marvel whatever, and that, though some of the imperative requirements of a sanitary system are disobeyed or totally abrogated, other functional obligations, to constitute health, are fully regarded, and even carried to an excess; and thus the mortal hurt of fœtor and uncleanness is counteracted by an unrestrained liberty of limb and mind, and by a species of wild and unfettered exercise, which, in developing the muscular body, gives impetus to the blood, enlarges the sustaining power of the heart, and develops a condition of lung every way conducive to length of life and health.

But as we must enter more largely on this subject hereafter, we shall leave its consideration for the present, and return to

what we were about to say respecting trusting to others' aid in the rearing of children. Here it is that the young and probably inexperienced mother may find our remarks not only an assistance but a comfort to her; in as far as, knowing the simplest and best system to adopt, she may be able to instruct another, and see that her directions are fully carried out. While wanting this knowledge, she is obliged to depend entirely on a nurse's prudence, and trust the health and comfort of her child to the opiniated obstinacy of the person in charge, without the least check or guarantee that the rearing of her infant will be conducted with any regard to its strength, constitution, or those physical peculiarities that so frequently develop themselves in the system and disposition of a child.

The subject on which we have to treat naturally divides itself into two heads—the rearing of children in the natural way on the breast, or wet nursing, and the artificial dry nursing, or, as it is called, bringing up by hand.

Before, however, entering on either branch of our theme, there are many points, both instructive and suggestive, that must be first considered as regards the mother and the infant; while, at the same time, we shall endeavour to render our subsequent remarks as clear and intelligible as possible, that they may convey a perfect confidence to the parent, in employing the advice and information contained in the following pages, our object being first to appeal to the common-sense and intelligence of our readers, by making everything clear and self-evident, and then, carrying their fancy with us, leave it to the reader's own judgment to acquiesce in the instruction we shall lay down.

In addition to this, that every point may be fully illustrated and distinctly understood, we purpose giving a brief description of human life as it depends upon perfect organization and the healthy performance of the several functions of the different organs, the whole constituting that sublime mystery which is called life.

Having briefly explained the phenomena on which this grand chain of causes depends, we shall apply the intelligence gained to the illustration of infantine life, and, merely glancing at the economy of

Nature from the critical epoch of primal existence, show how, and for what purpose, the organization of the infant differs from the man; trace the development and use of the several organs; show the mother that there is a language in the progress and growth of her child, "which, though it hath no tongue, speaketh with most marvellous organ;" and that there is an intelligence and wisdom in the growth of human life that only wants a key to open up a fund of deep information to the willing and capable reader.

THE ECONOMY OF DRESS.

A correspondent writes:—"Would it not be a good plan to devote one page of your magazine to ladies' dress? I do not mean merely to state the fashion for the time, but hints for the whole economy of dress, derived from actual experience, for which communications from writers should be sought. At one time the best description of *petticoats* might be the topic, so as to combine *fullness* with decency, which the *steel* do not; they are not fit, also, for any but hot weather, for, unless more than the ordinary petticoat is worn under them, rheumatism is sure to follow, and a thousand other complaints. Papers might be devoted to expenditure on clothing. There are many books about household expenses, but I have never seen one on the expenses of dress. Statements from experience might be given of the amount which should be spent on the different articles of female dress, such as we have in housekeeping books under the heads meat, bread, vegetables, &c. It should be stated what *must* be spent in under-clothing and shoes, and what remains for the more showy parts, which are too often thought of first. Then tables might be adopted for those who could only afford (the sum many young persons who must look respectable are limited to) £12 per annum, £16, £20, and upwards. Of course, it is most desirable that a girl of sixteen or seventeen should have money under her control, as no one who has not had the spending of money can tell how soon it goes; and it is well to learn how to lay out your money economically and to advantage under the parent's eye, and before larger sums come into their hands. It is part of my idea to state how long a certain number of articles may be expected to last, and how important the "stitch in time" is to those who have to study economy.

"A paper on mourning would be useful, stating the time mourning should be worn for different relatives, and the materials suitable for each. The dressmakers in the country are so foolish, they make up for summer and winter paramatta for deep mourning. I think it a most disagreeable fabric, heavy, and yet not warm. For summer, I prefer a material called *crêpe balzarine* for deep mourning, or for slight mourning double *barège*."



THE FASHIONS
AND
PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

The Fashion we give this present month is of a wide jacket to be worn with any coloured dress. It is generally made of Carmelite cloth of any colour but the trimmings must always be darker than the colour of the cloth, and may be of either ribbon or alpaca, with stripes of velvet and flat buttons. If the colour of the cloth is grey, then the alpaca or ribbon should be violet, the velvet

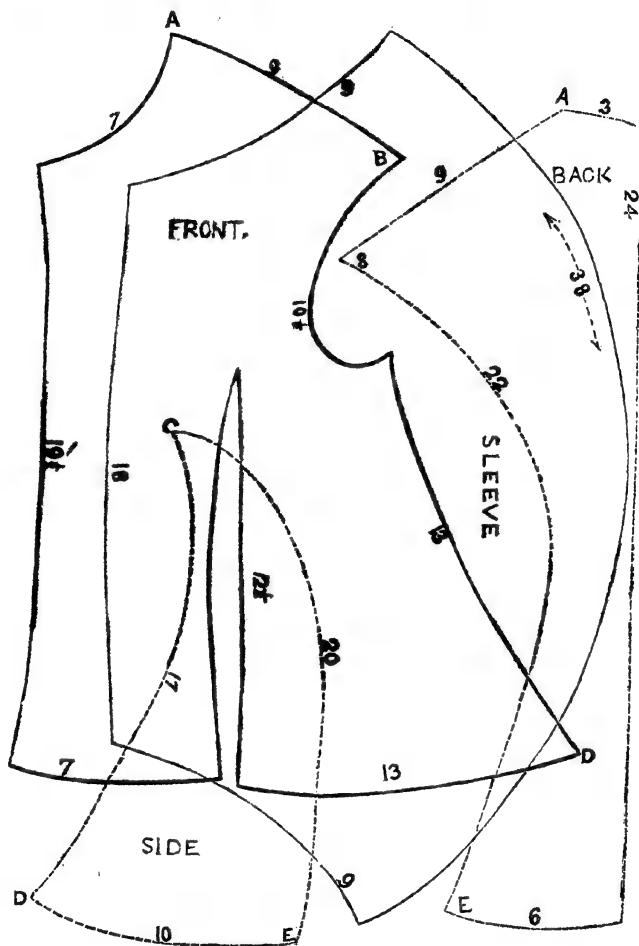


DIAGRAM OF JACKET.

and buttons dark blue. The shape is made not to fit tight to the body, but to be easy and loose.

We have also chosen this to please several of our subscribers, who wish one for braiding. In this case, the braiding should be rich, and instead of going

the length of the sleeve, it should run round, and should be deeper in the front or upper part than behind. The front of the body should be braided deeply at the point, and reach quite to the pockets, and a narrow border must go round the throat.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

LEMON SOLID.—Put a quart of milk into a stewpan with a few bitter almonds pounded, a little cinnamon, an ounce of gelatine, the rind of three lemons, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar. Boil for five minutes. Beat up the yolks of six eggs; strain the milk into a jug, add the yolks, pouring all back and forward a few times. When pretty cold, add the juice of three lemons, then pour it up and down a few times, and put it into the shape.

AN EXCELLENT SWISS CREAM.—Take one pint of cream sweetened to the taste, and the peel of a lemon; set it over a slow fire until it boils; mix a teaspoonful of flour with a little cold cream. When quite smooth, add the juice of a lemon; then put it to the hot cream. Let it boil again for a minute or two, lay eight penny sponge cakes (more or less as you please) at the bottom of your dish, soak them well with white wine, then pour the hot cream from the saucepan over it, and when cold ornament it with citron or orange-peel.

HALF-PAY Pudding.—Suet, currants, raisins, flour, and bread crumbs, of each four ounces; two tablespoonfuls of treacle, half a pint of milk, all of which must be well mixed together and boiled in a mould for three hours.

LEMON CHRESCAKES.—Three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar pounded, six eggs, leaving out three whites, the juice of three lemons and the rind of three grated. Put the ingredients into a pipkin, and simmer over a slow fire till as thick as good cream. Bottle it down.

GINGER WINE.—Take ten gallons of water to twenty-seven pounds of Lisbon sugar, one pound of race ginger, well bruised, the rinds of ten lemons, and a few sprigs of isinglass. Boil it half an hour. Keep skimming it. Take it out of the copper, and put it into a tub; when lukewarm, put a toast with a tablespoonful of yeast on it. Let it stand twenty-four hours, then squeeze in the juice of your ten lemons, put it in your cask, and let it stand six weeks; then rack it off, wash your cask well out from the dregs, put in your wine again with one quart of brandy, let it be bunged down for a month, then bottle it off.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Seven ounces of carrot, ten ounces of parsnip, and ten ounces of potato, cut into slices; put into a saucepan with plenty of water over them. Boil two hours and a half. Stir it often; if the water boils away too quickly, add more, as there should be two quarts of soup when done. Mix up in a basin one ounce and a quarter of butter, five teaspoonfuls of flour, a little made mustard, salt, and pepper, with a teaspoonful of cold water; stir in and boil ten minutes. Have ready two yolks of eggs in the soup tureen, pour on, stir well, and serve. The two whites of the eggs that are left will make a nice baked batter pudding, well beaten in with a pound and a half of flour, and a quart of skim milk.

Pie's FRY.—Not at all a despicable dish when nicely cooked. The best method is to roast it rolled up in the apron, with plenty of cut sage, marjoram, or any other herb, pepper, salt, nutmeg, and tie it round with string; shake flour over it. If it cannot be roasted, let it be baked; and if the apron cannot be had, it can be baked very well

without. Put plenty of water over, and let it be well cooked. When nearly done, take off most of the fat, as it will do to spread on bread for children. For sauce, boiled onions mixed with a little melted butter. What is left will be very nice the next day, cut into small pieces, and to every pound of meat add a pint and a quart of water. Fry slices of carrot and potato which have been previously cooked with a piece of fat left for the purpose the day before; put them into the saucepan with the fry, add salt, pepper, and a little thickening, also onions if approved of. Simmer slowly half an hour, and boil ten minutes.

COMMON GINGERBREAD.—One pound of treacle, two ounces of coarse sugar, two ounces and a quarter of mutton dripping, a quarter of an ounce of butter, one-third of an ounce of ground ginger, a quarter of an ounce of beaten cloves; treacle, fat, and sugar, melted together. Mix sufficient flour with two teaspoonfuls of soda to roll and cut out into cakes.

TO CANDY ORANGE PEEL.—Soak the peels in cold water and change frequently to remove their bitterness; then put them into syrup of sugar till they become soft and transparent; lastly, take them out and drain them for use.

THE WORK-TABLE.

COLLAR IN FRIVOLITE OR TATTING.

MATERIALS.—Royal tatting cotton, No. 3, and Mecklenburgh thread, No. 60, of Messrs. W. Evans and Co., of Derby.

Begin by making the wheels, each of which must be complete in itself. Eight will suffice for a small collar, or nine for a larger one. The centre of the wheel has ten picots, each of which is made thus:—4 double, loop, x 2 double, picot, x 4 times, 4 double. Draw it up rather closer than for a straight edge. This is the first. In the after ones, you will join, instead of making, the first picot. For the outer part of the wheel, twenty small loops are to be made, the alternate ones joined to those already done. 3 double, picot, 2 double, join to centre of one of the large loops, 2 double, picot, 3 double. Draw it up tightly. Leave a space of a quarter of an inch. Do another, but with a picot instead of a join; another space, and a third small loop, to be joined to the next large. So on all round. Tie the two ends together in a firm knot.

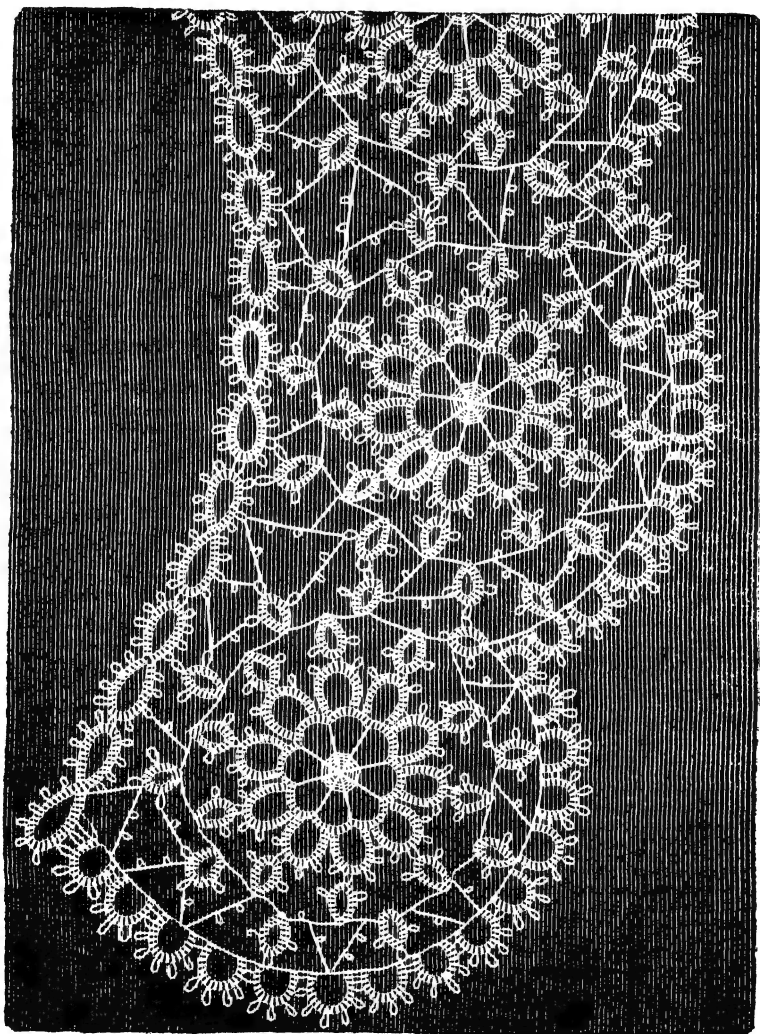
For the line of double loops at the neck—2 double, x 1, picot, 2 double, x 9 times. Draw it up tightly, and make a second close to it, then tie the ends together and cut off. Begin a second pair, but in the middle of the first loop (after making 4 picots), join to the middle of one of the first pair, and connect with the centre picot of one of the small loops of the wheel, as seen in the engraving, instead of the last picot of second loop.

For the scalloped edging—2 double, join to 1st picot of the end neck loop, 2 more, join to next, 2 double, x 1, picot, 2 double, x 5 times more. Draw it up. Do four loops, and before the fifth join to the centre of the third small loop of wheel, from the one already connected with the neck. Do three more loops, drawing them rather tightly, and join to next of wheel. Repeat, until five loops of the wheel are so joined. This forms the

outer scallop. The others must be the same, but without the four first loops. The last scallop must correspond with the first.

When all the tatting is done, tack the work on a coloured paper, cut in a nice collar shape; work a rosette with the Mecklenburgh in each wheel,

and button-hole the inner line, also the thread of the outer scallop, and add a few Raleigh bars to connect the parts requiring it, as seen in the engraving, which we recommend should be referred to at every stage of the work, which will greatly facilitate its accomplishment.



COLLAR IN FRIVOLITE OR TATTING



THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

PREFACE.

A PIN, perhaps, more frequently than any other object, is present at the most important as well as the most trifling events of which life is made up; and, doubtless, could a pin speak, it might make many curious revelations. For my part, I have met with many singular, I think I may say, very interesting, adventures, so much so, indeed, that I have begged an intimate friend to put in proper form for the printer the story of A PIN.

MY BIRTH.

God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Poor mortals! so proud in your position here on earth, how great a number of you must unite your efforts in order to make one No. 2, Vol. VII.

pin! Let us consider—1st, The brass wire, which eventually becomes the pin, is made in a large manufactory of wondrous machinery, worked by steam power; 2nd, the wire is bent and cut in pieces; 3rd, one end of the wire is shaped on the grindstone for the point of the pin; 4th, it is then made of the right length; 5th, the wire is twisted to form the heads; 6th, and then fixed; 7th, the heads are heated to harden them; 8th, made into a pretty shape; 9th, they undergo a first cleaning; 10th, they are tin-plated for an outside covering; 11th, they are placed in cold water; 12th, they are burnished by friction with bran; 13th, they are carefully removed from it; 14th, small holes are made in paper; and 15th, the pins are stuck thereon in rows. A great many

people are employed at each of these operations, and I have to pass through more than a hundred hands before becoming a saleable article.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE.

I was sent off with several millions of my companions on a rapid journey, to be sold like slaves, for the use of the ladies of Paris. The box in which we were imprisoned was opened in an elegant shop, and we were tastefully arranged in glass vases. At this establishment perfumes, gloves, ribbons, and pins were sold. A lady's-maid, after a long conversation with the shopman, smilingly took me in her fingers and placed me in her neckerchief, and thus was I conveyed to a splendid mansion in the neighbourhood of the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

MY RISE AND FALL.

What luxury and display! Whilst traversing the court-yard, and examining the beauty of the paintings, the gilded walls, and the splendid decorations of the house, the magnificence of the drawing-rooms, and the valuable furniture, I thought of the hundreds of miserable workmen whose combined efforts had enabled me to make my triumphal entry into these brilliant saloons on a lady's-maid's bosom.

"Quick, Julie," cried a piercing voice from the depths of a boudoir hung with silk. "The ribbon—have you got it for me?"

"Here it is, madame; if you only knew how much trouble I had to match it!"

"Hold your tongue, and give me a pin."

Julie, in a great hurry, unpinned me from her neckerchief and gave me to her mistress, who turned quickly towards the glass. I was now used with great care to fasten a bow of ribbon on my mistress's neck. She went out immediately, for the carriage was waiting. What a delightful destiny for one just come to town! and what curious things I was going to see and hear!

The footman opened the door, and off we drove. But, alas! alas! in the middle of the court-yard my mistress bent forward to give some direction to one of her servants, and behold me fallen! yes, fallen between two paving stones. There were a great many people going to and fro, and, from what I could guess, large offices, where numbers of clerks were working,

receiving and paying money; for all those who went in appeared to have large bags of money, or well-furnished pocket-books.

My head was resting on the edge of the pavement, and I could just see a modest-looking young man, with a grave but pleasant face, who was coming into the courtyard; he then appeared to reflect for a moment, retired a few steps, and finally summoned up courage to advance towards a large glass door, which bore the inscription, "Office and Counting-house." His manner interested me; I should have liked to be near him, that I might know him better, for I possessed a remarkable gift of guessing the person's character and disposition who carried me.

"If he would but pick me up, I think I should become very fond of him," said I to myself; but his thoughts were elsewhere, and the ungrateful man never perceived me.

I soon saw him come out of the office, and the person who accompanied him explained that he could not give him what he appeared so much to wish for. However, by the young man's continued intreaties, the head clerk showed him the principal's apartment, and allowed a boy to conduct him to the master of the house, and I soon saw them both in conversation behind the middle window. Try, the young man appeared to say, with a modest and persuasive countenance.

I really cannot, the master seemed to answer, by gestures not less expressive, and he spoke in the tone of a man who had much to attend to, and who was dismissing the speaker. I saw the young man put his handkerchief to his eyes, and bow to him with a sorrowful smile. He slowly descended the three marble steps, and still more slowly traversed the large court-yard, his eyes fixed on the ground. A ray of the sun lit up my head at the moment he was passing; his eyes rested on me, and I never before experienced so much pleasure; I saw him stoop and pick me up, and stick me with great care on the sleeve of his coat, which was rather tight and somewhat worn. At the same moment I heard a window open, and a loud voice cry out:—

"Baptiste, tell the young man to come up to me directly, as I wish to speak with him."

A servant dressed in livery now begged

us politely to go up again to the first storey, which he had just left, he so sorrowful, and I so joyful. The principal appeared to be an intelligent man, with a high and open forehead, black eyebrows and beard, slightly grey hair and penetrating eyes; he looked at the new comer for a few seconds, and then said to him in a short, quick manner:—

"Monsieur, you just stopped in the court-yard, you stooped down, you appeared to have found a precious object, you picked it up, I believe. Could you tell me what that was which seemed of so much importance to you?"

The poor young man was confused. Possibly he did not remember that it was poor little me he had picked up, or, if he did, had not the courage to say so small a matter had stopped him; however, his eyes were bent on his sleeve, he saw me bravely raising my head, and, unpinning me, he showed me to the rich banker.

"I beg of you to excuse a very childish habit," said he; "my poor father, whom I have lost, always taught me to pick up a pin, and I do it in remembrance of him, and as a following out of those orderly habits which he wished to inculcate;" and he once more placed me on his sleeve.

"My good fellow," said the banker, "you have no need to blush, neither must you believe it a small advantage to know how to pick up a pin. It is on account of what I have just now seen you do, that I, who but a few moments since regretted to tell you I could not employ you, now wish to put your abilities to the test."

He wrote a few words, and rang for one of the office boys. "Take monsieur to the principal of the correspondence office;" and he took leave of the new comer, shaking him by the hand.

The banker was M. le Baron Wolff; he was a man whose intelligence had given him a high standing in financial circles; the ramifications of his business extended to both hemispheres, and he possessed an unblemished reputation, with a great knowledge of the world, and an accurate acquaintance with the characters of those with whom he came in contact. Much of his large fortune was spent in encouraging the arts and useful undertakings, and in relieving the unfortunate. What a blessing are riches, and what a bountiful power gold has when it falls into

the hands of a liberal and good man! The baron, following his young protégé to the door with his eyes, sincerely wished for the success of his future life, which at present only rested on my pin's head.

THE TRIAL.

We again open the large glazed door which leads into the office. We are conducted to the principal corresponding clerk, who is reading his master's orders, and looks at the new comer with surprise, as if the work, which he was about to give him, was decidedly above his powers. He took him, himself, to the large room of the office. This large space was divided into compartments, as a map divides the world into different countries. We passed by England, Germany, Russia, the East Indies, and at last arrived at an office bearing the inscription of "Canada."

The head clerk offered us a chair, and said to a book-keeper, "Bring monsieur the letters from Canada. You have two hours, monsieur, to make an abstract, to sort all these orders, and you will take them when finished to M. Wolff."

I felt, by instinct, the impressions of my worthy bearer, and I was pleased with him. Expressing his thanks, he took his place with modesty, and at the same time with confidence. His first thought was for the poor little pin, which had been of so much service to him. His memory now went back to his father, and he recollected the good advice which he had given him; now he thought of his mother, who was still very anxious about his future welfare; then his thoughts were directed to Providence, which was now giving him an opportunity of being useful to those who much needed assistance.

After collecting his thoughts, and comforting himself with these reflections, he opened the bundle of Canada papers. Canada, as I have since heard from a pin of that country, is a land full of life and vigour, in which civilization is making rapid strides, and where the richest productions of nature abound. There towns are formed, and rapidly grow to importance, on the ancient territory of the Iroquois Indians, before even the geographers of our country have time to deliver an official certificate of their birth. My friendly pin told me of a town of forty

thousand inhabitants. This venerable old place had actually reached the age of sixteen years and a half! So much activity causes many wants, and a ceaseless call for articles produced in countries boasting a more advanced state of civilization. They require in exchange for their natural productions the industrial manufactures of the old world, necessitating an immense trade and large correspondence: we mortals are in such a hurry to live and to enjoy ourselves! The orders must be executed as fast as the wind which fills the sails, or the steam which hurries the steamboat along. The new clerk knew something of all this when he opened the large packet of that day's correspondence. He classified and put his letters in order: on one side he put bills and remittances, on another disputed claims, on another orders, for M. Wolff had an agency office as well as a banking-house, in which he employed a number of persons. He looked over his orders again, analysed the disputed claims, made a memorandum of the bills, and hastened to M. Wolff.

"Come already?" said the banker smiling, and he threw a rapid glance over the nice writing and neat figures of the new comer.

"You speak English?" And they continued their conversation in that language.

Although Canada did at one time belong to the French, and although many French customs are still retained in some parts of Lower Canada, yet English is the language of the country, correspondence is carried on in that language, and the knowledge of it is indispensable to those who wish to get through their work successfully.

"Have you been in England?" said M. Wolff, astonished at his young clerk's good accent.

"No, sir; but my mother, who was very well informed, and could speak English fluently, taught us the rudiments; I availed myself of every opportunity to speak English, and I have often attended an English church, where I had the pleasure of hearing a good sermon and good pronunciation."

"Shake hands," said the banker, "you are one of us. Now, my dear sir, tell me your name, and whence you come, for I am anxious to learn all about you, although

you only picked up a pin which I should have overlooked."

A SHORT AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Much encouraged by the baron's kind manner, he continued the conversation in English, as he saw the baron took so much pleasure in conversing in that language, which is used by the commercial world throughout Europe, whilst French is the language of the court and the best society.

"My name is George, I am twenty-three years old, I belong to a family of artists; my father died from overwork; my mother, who lives in the country, was left a widow with several children, and she had the greatest difficulty in giving us a good education. She dissuaded me, and that rightly, from following the difficult career of an artist, and I looked eagerly forward to the time when I should be able to make myself useful, and in my turn help to support my family. After finishing my studies, I learnt foreign languages, and something of trade, with a relation in Germany; since my return, I have sought in vain for employment, every door being closed against me for want of an introduction. Without this pin, which I shall always keep as a precious talisman, I——"

The banker had listened with so much attention, that it would have embarrassed a less candid nature. Beautiful, indeed, is original nature as it comes from God's hand, before the pure flame of life is disguised or extinguished by evil passions! M. Wolff, after he had examined the work that he had done, looked at George with pleasure, and calculated, as the Americans say, how much honesty and integrity his frank and open countenance promised.

"Very well," said he; "I don't desire any further security than yourself: you will be head clerk in the Canadian department, and do all the correspondence; I like your writing, and that I think of great importance. Strangers judge of the care we take of their business by the neatness of the letters we send them. I lost one of my best correspondents because your predecessor's writing was not sufficiently clear, and because he reversed his d's, making them look like weeping willows. Speak little, hear everything, and only answer on subjects with which you are well acquainted. Keep out of bad company, and don't form

any friendship here without first telling me of it; often think of your mother; this thought will support you in your labours, for this is a terrible place for work, and it is necessary for us all to be most indefatigable. As you have no relatives in Paris, I shall give you two thousand francs a-year, and allow you to live in the house. You can leave me now, and we will speak of other matters soon."

All this was said briefly and precisely in English, for it was M. Wolff's custom so to speak. But he did not tell George how well, in so short a time, he had got through the work which had been given him. "He is the man I want," said M. Wolff to himself; "earnest and quick, clever but modest; he has simplicity yet confidence; how many people we see pass us before finding such a lad as this; he will be certain to make his way!"

GETTING ON.

What M. Wolff said was true; the house was a terrible place for work. This delightful man, who visited a great deal, who went into society every day, who took a great delight in the fine arts, who was very zealous in public business, and busied himself in charitable duties, was in the office, always in the office. Before day-break, he had written several letters, gone the round of the establishment, glancing at each department of his house, judging the character of the absentees by the state of their papers and pen: irregularity of any kind he would not allow—a minute's unpunctuality he would visit with great severity. In one of his morning rounds, M. Wolff found George at his desk, sitting by a lamp which appeared to be going out. George was so absorbed in his work, that he did not hear his principal come in.

"This house is well taken care of," said the banker; "how did you get in, as I have only just opened the safety lock?"

"I must beg of you to excuse me," said George; "but it was necessary to finish some business of great importance with Montreal by this morning, and I could find no other means of being in time. Thank goodness, it is done, and I think by writing this morning to Havre, your concern will not suffer." He then gave the banker some papers showing an important trans-

action, which would have resulted in a great loss had any delay taken place.

"George, I ought to reprimand you," said M. Wolff, "for what you have done sets a bad example, besides compromising your responsibility. Are you, then, the master here? Is there no occasion to consult me? How tired your eyes look! go and rest yourself for a few hours, and sin no more." Then kindly calling him back again, after looking rapidly over the document, "George," said he, "you are a good child; your mother is blessed in having such a son; take care of yourself for her sake. I much wished to get this Montreal business finished, for these debtors of ours cause me much uneasiness, and the affair looks serious; I came to see precisely where you were in the accounts, as any delay would have been fatal. You have done exceedingly well for me, and perhaps for yourself also."

In spite of his esteem, he often came to George to scold him for working at such late hours, but George always excused himself on the plea of urgent business, and asked forgiveness in such a candid manner, that M. Wolff was more and more charmed with his young assistant's abilities and talent.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

M. Wolff remarked one day that George was always very simply and sometimes negligently dressed.

"George," said he to him one day, "a careful man like you ought to take care of his money; would you have any objection to show me an account of your receipts and expenses? Do not feel annoyed, as I am asking you the question for your own interest. I am afraid your salary is not sufficient for your requirements."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," said George, "owing to your liberality, I am able to save a little."

He then showed M. Wolff a memorandum-book. M. Wolff looked over it, and returned it without saying anything, for he did not wish him to see the emotion which he felt. George had sent more than half his salary to his poor mother, besides having disposed of a considerable sum in charitable purposes.

The following day M. Wolff said to George,

"You must do me the honour of paying me a visit; I have a great number of Americans come to see me, who do not understand French, and your assistance will be of great use to us; I shall expect you to dinner, and any expense that you may be put to, I shall be happy to defray. You will receive three thousand francs for your salary, of which the first quarter is now due."

At seven o'clock, poor George was sitting at a sumptuous table, not feeling in the least embarrassed, and surrounded by people whose position differed widely from those with whom he had lately been living. It certainly would not be proper for so young a man to attempt to lead the conversation in such a circle; he ought to be like the harp, which only yields harmonious sounds when struck by competent fingers. I made sure of his success, for George had not forgotten his faithful friend: he took me with great care from his everyday coat, and stuck me on the sleeve of his new one, which, with the simplicity of good taste, set off his figure and improved his person. M. Wolff, austere and stern in his office, was at table and in the drawing-room one of the most charming of companions, and a brilliant talker. He had the rare talent of explaining his notions according to the understanding of his listener: like the rod of Moses, when it drew water from the rock, or as the electric chain produces a spark at a distance. On topics relating to horse racing, theatres, trifles of the day, George was silent as became him, and appeared to listen with interest. But he was soon questioned about his travels in Germany. He had observed a great deal; the arts, monuments, and objects of antiquity, were well known to him, and he was able to give his opinion with a modest decision which no one could find fault with.

Madame Wolff was an elegant woman, very affable, but somewhat frivolous; she looked with curiosity at this grave person, twenty years of age, who was ably discussing Teutonic archæology, and who left the golden Rhine wines untasted in his glass, which example his companions certainly did not follow.

"Pray tell us, Monsieur George," said she, in the high and drawling tone of voice which fashionable ladies sometimes affect, "the history of the marvellous pin, of which

I have heard so much, and which I believe you have at this moment on your sleeve. Is it, indeed, a very precious talisman?"

Everybody's attention was now fixed on the poor young man and on my little head, which shone brilliantly on his new cuff.

George, who was always full of confidence when he was studying or engaged in matters of business, was nervous when he was questioned about himself, and particularly at this time, when a lady, whom he thought particularly charming, questioned him before so many people.

"Madame," said he in a subdued tone of voice, "pardon me, but I look upon this pin as a talisman that has enabled me to change my position, which caused much uneasiness to those who are very dear to me, and, thanks to M. Wolff's kindness, has admitted me to your house. I am aware of the obligation I am under for such a favour, and always wish to keep this precious pin, that I may be reminded of the debt of gratitude I owe, in case I might happen to forget it."

A murmur of approbation followed this answer. The story of the pin was then related, and remarked upon by curious ladies in a low tone of voice, who diligently scrutinized the hero of the adventure. To screen himself from their observation, George continued a conversation with his neighbour on the Dusseldorf school of painting, the principal masters of which he was well acquainted with.

We adjourned to the drawing-room; a lady sat down at the piano; she was gifted with a talent of fixing the attention of her listeners, and touching their hearts. There were no difficulties conquered which make music like a battle, or the performance like St. George contending with the dragon. It was a flow of harmony, of such sweet and touching strains, that one felt quite enchanted and engrossed by the sound.

"Encore! encore!" every one said.

"But this pretty nocturne of Schubert," said M. Wolff, "over which you nearly made us all weep, will you not play it again?"

"I have not four hands," said the lady; "can you assist me?"

There was a dead silence.

"What a pity!" said Madame Wolff; "can't any one here accompany you?"

"If I might be allowed, madame," said George, "I would endeavour; I have often heard this air, which is liked so much by the Germans, and I believe I can recollect it."

The company applauded the good-natured young man, and the piece made a great sensation. They asked for the last part over again, which was played with still more expression, and the lady was very much astonished at the execution and good playing of her young companion.

M. Wolff, who was passionately fond of music, was charmed beyond measure. "You know how to do other things besides figures, Mr. Dissembler," said he, pinching him familiarly on the ear.

"Has your pin also taught you to charm us all so much?" said Madame Wolff. "You will, I am sure, lend it me."

George bowed, overcome with confusion which rendered him the more interesting, and joined a group of people engaged in conversation.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

NINEVEH.

"Woe to the bloody city! it is full of lies and robbery."—iii Nahum, 1.

WHEN we remember that, for the last 2,000 years, Nineveh has been buried in the sandy earth of a half-desert Turkish province, little surprise will be felt when we say that it is only fragments of her idolatrous practices we can gather and collect for the edification of our readers.

Alas! that a city, whose name alone suggested the idea of an ancient capital of fabulous splendour and magnitude—that "the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, and said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me"—alas! that even tradition should have forgotten the spot where her walls had once been reared. Nor was it till she had slept for twenty centuries, that Nineveh, the twin-sister of Babylon, that Nineveh, in which the captive tribes of Israel had laboured and wept, and concerning which so many prophecies had been uttered, was rescued from the bowels of the earth, through the exertions of a French *savant* and a wandering English scholar, to confirm all those sure words of prophecy spoken by the mouth of the

Most High God, and to reveal as a warning to existing nations the idolatrous practices which had been the cause of her destruction.

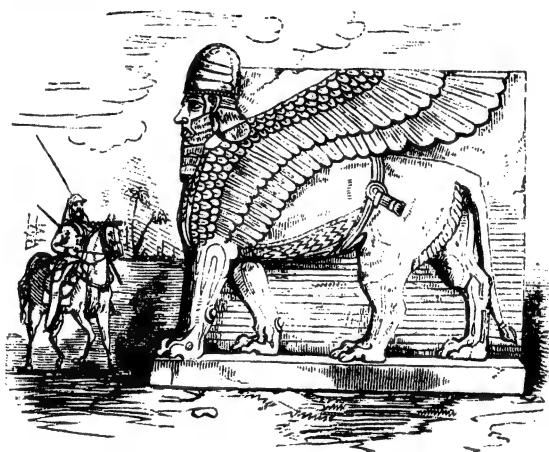
This city, which was built on the banks of the Tigris, in the plains of Atturia, was encircled by a wall 100 feet high, and forty-eight English miles round. Upon this wall stood, at certain intervals, 1,500 towers, each 200 feet high, and the whole was so strong as to have been deemed impregnable. Whether this city was founded by Nimrod or Ashur, the son of Shem, is a disputed point, and in reality not one of much consequence, as it is pretty certain that Nineveh was not a city of much importance till about 1230 B.C. It was greatly enlarged by Ninus, who may be called its second founder, when it became the residence of the Assyrian kings, a formidable rival of Babylon, and a place of great commercial importance; for Nahum (iii., 16) speaks of its merchants as more than the stars of Heaven. Its chief palaces were built during the reigns of Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon, and it was destroyed on the dissolution of the great Assyrian monarchy, in the eighth century B.C., being taken by the Medes under Arbaces, in the reign of Sardanapalus; and how complete that destruction must have been is shown from the facts that, though Alexander the Great marched along the banks of the Tigris, and must have stood on the very spot where the city had once dwelt, no mention is made even of her ruins. Herodotus speaks of Nineveh as of a city no longer in existence, and Xenophon knows nothing about it.

In examining Bonomi's excellent work on Nineveh, and in looking at the colossal remains of the ruins of this wonderful city preserved in the British Museum, we cannot but notice the frequent recurrence of figures in which the body of a bull, the wings of an eagle, and the head of a man all meet. What is the symbolical meaning of these creatures taken conjointly? It is true that, separately, they convey to the mind the ideas of power, ubiquity, and wisdom; but why such a combination should be found guarding not only the entrances to the various palaces and temples at Nineveh, but should also be found in so many other countries, and ex-

lified as objects of worship, has always been a matter of surprise to us.

A passage in the learned Faber's "Dissertation on the Origin of Pagan Worship," and which we have only lately been fortunate enough to see, throws a little light on that mysterious subject. He says, "There was ever among ancient idolaters an universal veneration paid to the bull, the lion, and the eagle; indeed, there is no part of the Gentile world where they were not highly revered and considered in the light of holy and mysterious symbols; sometimes appearing as attendants or vehicles of the principal god and goddess, and

sometimes were deemed forms or representations of the deities themselves. We find that whatever was deemed characteristic of the gods was likewise arbitrarily made characteristic of their animal representatives. Thus, the great father was, astronomically, the sun. Hence, the Egyptians of Heliopolis worshipped the bull Netos; the Hindoos, the Chaldeans, the Persians, and the Celts considered the lion as equally a symbol of the sun; and the eagle was thought universally to be sacred to the regent of day. It is, indeed, a curious inquiry, whence did this universality of worship arise? Was the common source the primeval society



which, during a certain period after the deluge, and previous to the final dispersion, comprehended within its bosom the whole human family? Did the first idolaters borrow their ideas from the pure religion of Adam and Eve? We are inclined to think they did; and, in all probability, they derived their notions from the garden cherubim stationed at the gate of Eden to preserve the tree of Life."

That the whole family of Noah would, until the flood, remain in the vicinity of Paradise and in the immediate neighbourhood of these holy symbols is, we think, as certain as the fact that the tabernacle in

the wilderness was the rallying point of the Church; nor could the flood erase from the minds of Noah's descendants the remembrance of the figures stationed at the gates of heaven.

That the Jews, as a nation, were not ignorant of the forms of the cherubim is quite clear; for, when directed to make them for the mercy-seat, they proceeded to execute the work without further instruction; and the presumption is, that the design and purport of the Paradisaical cherubim and those of the Levitical dispensation were precisely the same—the bright blaze of flickering fire, or, as it is more com-

monly called, the flaming sword, which attended the first, and the similar manifestation of ardent glory visible between the latter, being both emblematical and indicative of the presence of Jehovah. Ezekiel's description of the cherubim must not be overlooked, for these mysterious living creatures, that came with a whirlwind out of the north, with a great cloud, and a fire whose brightness was of the colour of amber, were after the likeness of a man, having each the face of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle. So, when we remember that this singular combination was once used in the worship of the true God, our surprise is considerably lessened when we discover that the demon gods of our idolatrous forefathers were fashioned in imitation of these sacred symbols.

In the cherubim these figures were all conjoined, so as to make one compound hieroglyphic—the Gentiles only joined them occasionally; and, perhaps, by no other idolatrous nation were they so compounded as by the Assyrians. Of this the accompanying figure will give an excellent idea; and, indeed, it quite answers Ezekiel's description of the cherubim:—"The first was like a lion, and had eagles' wings." It is a singular fact, that such creatures are never found in the Assyrian palaces except as guardians of their portals.

It is only from the ruined walls of Nimroud and Khorsabad that any authentic information can be derived concerning the idolatry of Nineveh. There has been discovered upon the walls of the latter palace a four-winged creature, supposed to typify the god Cronus, the Allah of the Arabians. Cronus is thus described:—"He had four eyes in the parts before and in the parts behind, two of them closing as in sleep; and upon the shoulders four wings, two in the act of flying, and two reposing as at rest. And the symbol was that Cronus, while he slept, was watching, and reposing while he was awake. And in like manner with respect to the wings, that he was flying while he rested, yet he rested while he flew. But for the other gods, there were two wings only on the shoulder, to intimate that they flew under the control of Cronus; and there were also two wings upon the head, the one as a symbol of the intellectual

part—the mind—and the other for the senses."

Another idol found upon the walls of Khorsabad was the Philistine divinity—half man, half fish—the Dagon of Scripture, who, according to an old fable of Besoruz, came out of that part of the sea which borders upon Babylonia, where he taught men the arts of life, such as constructing cities, founding temples, and compiling laws, and was deified in consequence.

An innumerable number of attendant priests are to be found on the various friezes, many of whom wear wreaths of roses, and hold in their left hand branches of trees, the termination of which consists of three pomegranates; while in one soli-



PRIEST OR MAGICIAN WITH GAZELLE.

tary instance a priest is seen carrying a gazelle, and is represented as if stepping out into the court with the sacrificial offering.

In the cavities of the courts, Botta found small images of baked clay of frightful aspect, some having the head of a lynx with a human body, and others with a human head, but the body of a lion: not unfrequently they have one arm crossed on the breast, and appear to hold a rod or

stick; there is a mitre encircled with a double pair of horns at the bottom, and the hair rolled in huge, ungainly curls. These images were chiefly discovered in cavities not far from the threshold of the doors of the various palaces: thus the sacred precincts were trebly guarded, by divinities, inscriptions (for incantations or prayers were found on the pavement of every door), and hidden gods, from the approach of any subtle enemy that might escape the vigilance of the guard.

One very singular piece of sculpture must not be forgotten, as it represents the god designated Kus, armed with flaming thunderbolts, pursuing a griffon, clearly embodying the doctrine of the contention of good and evil principles, which doctrine subsequently took root in Persia under the types of Ormazd (the eternal source of light) and the antagonistic Ahriman (the father of evil), who, in a continuous struggle, were represented as dividing the empire of the universe.

The history of Daniel reminds us of the superstitious custom of the Assyrian kings, of requiring the interpretation of dreams and other events, which the priests pretended to ascertain by an examination of the blood of the victims sacrificed, the position of the stars, by the invocation of their deities, or by the divination of cups or arrows; indeed, this idolatrous people never ventured on the slightest matter in war or politics, either at home or abroad, without having recourse to some superstitious rite.

We may reasonably suppose, also, that the figures of such men as had served their generation were preserved, and consequently deified; and the following extract from the "Chaldean Fragments" is curiously illustrative of this species of idolatry. "And the followers of this (Hellenism) began with the use of painting, making likenesses of those whom they had formerly honored, either kings or chiefs, or men who in their lives had performed actions which they deemed worthy of record, by strength or excellence of body. The Egyptians, Babylonians, Phrygians, and Phœnicians were the first propagators of this superstition of making images, and of the mysteries; so this land of traffic and city of merchants, this Nineveh which repented at the preaching of Jonah, again relapsed into her fatal

idolatry, the fire devoured her, the sword cut her off, and the stores of silver and gold, and the glory of her pleasant furniture was destroyed, and she is empty, and void, and waste! There is no healing of THY bruise, thy wound is grievous; all that hear the bruit of thee shall clap their hands over thee; for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually? Nineveh is indeed laid waste; who will bemoan her?"

M. S. R.

VALENTINA VISCONTI, THE FIRST DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

(Concluded from page 26.)

CHARLES had always manifested the truest friendship for the neglected wife of his brother. They were alike unhappy in their domestic relations; for the gallantries of the beautiful Queen were scarcely less notorious than those of Louis of Orleans; and if scandal spoke truly, Louis himself was one of the Queen's lovers. The brilliant and beautiful Isabeau was distinguished by the dazzlingly clear and fair complexion of her German fatherland, and the large lustrous eyes of the Italian. But Charles detested her, and delighted in the society of Valentina. He was never happy but when near her. In the violent paroxysms of his malady, she only could venture to approach him—she alone had influence over the poor maniac. He yielded to her wishes without opposition, and in his occasional glimpses of reason, touchingly thanked his "dear sister" for her watchful care and forbearance.

It must have been a dismal change, even from the barbaric court of Milan; but Valentina was not a stranger to the consolations which are ever the reward of those who prove themselves self-sacrificing in the performance of duty. She was eminently happy in her children. Charles, her eldest son, early evinced a delicate enthusiasm of mind—the sensitive organization of genius. He was afterwards to become, *par excellence*, the poet of France. In his childhood he was distinguished for his amiable disposition and handsome person. Possibly at the time of which we now write was laid the foundation of that sincere affection for his cousin Isabella, eldest daughter of the King, which many

years afterward resulted in their happy union.

We have said little of Louis of Orleans, the unfaithful husband of Valentina. This prince had many redeeming traits of character. He was generous, liberal, and gracious; adored by the French people, fondly loved even by his neglected wife. His tragical death, assassinated in cold blood by his cousin, Jean-sans-Peur of Burgundy, excited in his behalf universal pity. Let us review the causes which aroused the vindictive hostility of the Duke of Burgundy, only to be appeased by the death of his gay and unsuspecting kinsman.

Among the vain follies of Louis of Orleans, his picture-gallery may be reckoned the most offensive. Here were suspended the portraits of his various mistresses; among others he had the audacity to place there the likeness of the Bavarian princess, wife of Jean-sans-Peur. The resentment of the injured husband may readily be conceived. In addition to this very natural cause of dislike, these dukes had been rivals for the political power which his impeccability had placed within their grasp.

The unsamiable stem of the Duke of Burgundy was broken into active enmity in 1407. While Duke of Orleans was in the Moslem camp, the Duke of Burgundy, who was named "the Bastard," was the leader of the Christian army. What rendered this contest the more trying was, the boastful expectation of success proclaimed by the Christian army. "If the sky should fall, we could uphold it on our lances," they exclaimed but a few hours before their host was scattered, and its leaders prisoners to the Moslem. Jean-sans-Peur was detained in captivity until an enormous ransom was paid for his deliverance. Giovanni Galeazzo was suspected of connivance with Bajazet, both in bringing the Christians to fight at a disadvantage, and in putting the Turks in the way of obtaining the heaviest ransoms. The splenetic irritation of this disaster seems to have clung long after to the Duke of Burgundy. His character was quite the reverse of that of his confiding kinsman of Orleans. He was subtle, ambitious, designing, crafty—dishonourably resorting to guile where he dared not

venture on overt acts of hostility. For the various reasons we have mentioned, he bore a secret but intense hatred to his cousin Louis.

In the early winter of 1407, the Duke of Orleans, finding his health impaired, bade a temporary adieu to the capital, and secluded himself in his favourite chateau of Beauté. He seems to have been previously awakened to serious reflections. He had passed much of his time at the convent of the Celestines, who, among their most precious relics, still reckon the illuminated manuscript of the Holy Scriptures presented to them by Louis of Orleans, and bearing his autograph. To this order of monks he peculiarly attached himself, spending most of the time his approaching death accorded to him. A spectre, in the solitude of the cloisters, appeared to him, and bade him prepare to stand in the presence of his Maker. His friends in the convent, to whom he narrated the occurrence, contributed by their exhortations to deepen the serious convictions pressing on his mind. There now seemed a reasonable expectation that Louis of Orleans would return from his voluntary solitude at his chateau on the Marne, a wiser and a better man, cured, by timely reflection, of the only blemish which tarnished the lustre of his many virtues.

The aged Duke of Berri had long cherished the ill-feeling and hostility which separated his nephews of Orleans and Burgundy. It was his earnest desire to settle these discords, so injurious to their true interests and the well-being of the kingdom, ended by a cordial reconciliation. He addressed himself to Jean-sans-Peur, and met with unhopd-for success. The Duke of Burgundy professed his willingness to be reconciled, and acceded with alacrity to his uncle's proposition of a visit to the invalided Louis. The latter, ever-trusting and warm-hearted, cordially embraced his former enemy. They received the sacrament together, in token of peace and good-will: the Duke of Burgundy, accepting the proffered hospitality of his kinsman, promised to partake of a banquet to be given on this happy occasion by Louis of Orleans, a few days later.

During the interval the young duke returned to Paris. His sister-in-law, Queen Isabeau, was then residing at the Hotel

Barbette—a noble palace in a retired neighbourhood, with fine gardens, almost completely secluded. Louis of Orleans, almost unattended, visited the Queen, to condole with her on the loss of her infant, who had survived its birth but a few days. While they were supping together, Scas de Couterheuze, valet-de-chambre to Charles VI., arrived with a message to the duke: "My lord, the King sends for you, and you must instantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and to him, which he must communicate to you this night." Louis of Orleans, never doubting that this message came from his brother, hastened to obey the summons. His inconsiderable escort rendered him an easy prey to the ruffians who lay in wait for him. He was cruelly murdered; his skull cleft open, the brains scattered on the pavement; his hand so violently severed from the body, that it was thrown to a considerable distance; the other arm shattered in two places; and the body frightfully mangled.

About eighteen were concerned in the murder: Raoul d'Oquetonville and Scas de Couterheuze acted as leaders. They had long waited for an opportunity, and lodged at an hotel "having for sign the image of Our Lady," near the Porte Barbette, where, it was afterwards discovered, they had waited for several days for their victim. Thus perished, in the prime of life, the gay and handsome Louis of Orleans. The mutilated remains were collected, and removed to the Church of the Guillemins, the nearest place where they might be deposited. This confraternity were an order of hermits, who had succeeded to the church convent of the Blanc Manteaux, instituted by St. Louis.

The church of the Guillemins was soon crowded by the friends and relatives of the murdered prince. All concurred in execrating the author or authors of this horrid deed. Suspicion at first fell upon Sir Aubert de Canny, who had good reason for hating the deceased duke. Louis of Orleans, some years previously, had carried off his wife, Marietta D'Enghien, and kept her openly until she had borne him a son, afterwards the celebrated Dunois. Immediate orders were issued by the King for the arrest of the Knight of Canny. Great sympathy was felt for the widowed Valen-

tina and her young and fatherless children. No one expressed himself more strongly than the Duke of Burgundy. He sent a kind message to Valentina, begging her to look on him as a friend and protector. While contemplating the body of his victim, he said, "Never has there been committed in the realm of France a fouler murder." His show of regret did not end here: with the other immediate relatives of the deceased prince, he bore the pall at the funeral procession. When the body was removed to the church of the Celestines, there to be interred in a beautiful chapel Louis of Orleans had himself founded and built, Burgundy was observed by the spectators to shed tears. But he was destined soon to assume quite another character, by an almost involuntary act. The provost of Paris, having traced the flight of the assassins, had ascertained beyond doubt that they had taken refuge at the hotel of this very Duke of Burgundy. He presented himself at the council, and undertook to produce the criminals, if permitted to search the residences of the princes. Seized with a sudden panic, the Duke of Burgundy, to the astonishment of all present, became his own accuser. Pale and trembling, he avowed his guilt: "It was I," he faltered; "the devil tempted me!" The other members of the council shrank back in undisguised horror. Jean-sans-Peur, having made this astounding confession, left the council chamber, and started, without a moment's delay, for the Flemish frontier. He was hotly pursued by the friends of the murdered Louis; but his measures had been taken with too much prompt resolution to permit of a successful issue to his Orleanist pursuers. Once among his subjects of the Low Countries, he might dare the utmost malice of his opponents.

In the meantime, the will of the deceased duke was made public. His character, like Cæsar's, rose greatly in the estimation of the citizens when the provisions of his last testament were made known. He desired that he should be buried without pomp in the church of the Celestines, arrayed in the garb of that order. He was not unmindful of the interests of literature and science; nor did he forget to make the poor and suffering the recipients of his bounty. Lastly, he con-

fided his children to the guardianship of the Duke of Burgundy: thus evincing a spirit unmindful of injuries, generous and confiding. This document also proved that, even in his wild career, Louis of Orleans was at times visited by better and holier aspirations.

Valentina mourned over her husband long and deeply; she did not long survive him; she sank under her bereavement, and followed him to the grave ere her year of widowhood expired. At first the intelligence of his barbarous murder excited in her breast unwonted indignation. She exerted herself actively to have his death avenged. A few days after the murder, she entered Paris in "a litter covered with white cloth, and drawn by four white horses." All her retinue wore deep mourning. She had assumed for her device the despairing motto—

Rien ne m'est plus,
Plus ne m'est rien.

Proceeding to the Hôtel St. Pôl, accompanied by her children and the Princess Isabella, the affianced bride of Charles of Orleans, she threw herself at the King's knees, and, in a passion of tears, prayed for justice on the murderer of his brother, her lamented lord. Charles was deeply moved: he also wept aloud. He would gladly have granted her that justice which she demanded, had it been in his power to do so; but Burgundy was too powerful. The feeble monarch dared not offend his overgrown vassal. A process at law was all the remedy the King could offer.

Law was then, as now, a tedious and uncertain remedy, and a rich and powerful traverser could wear out his prosecutor with delays and quibbles equal to our own. Jean-sans-Peur returned in defiance to Paris to conduct the proceedings in his own defence. He had erected a strong tower of solid masonry in his hôtel; here he was secure in the midst of his formidable guards and soldiery. For his defence, he procured the services of Jean Petit, a distinguished member of the University of Paris, and a popular orator. The oration of Petit (which has rendered him infamous) was rather a philippic against Louis of Orleans than a defence of Jean-sans-Peur. He labours to prove that the prince deserved to die, having conspired against the King

and kingdom. One of the charges—that of having, by incantations, endeavoured to destroy the monarch—gives us a singular idea of the credulity of the times, when we reflect that these absurd allegations were seriously made and believed by a learned doctor, himself a distinguished member of the most learned body in France, the University of Paris. The Duke of Orleans conspired "to cause the King, our lord, to die of a disorder, so languishing and so slow, that no one should divine the cause of it; he, by dint of money, bribed four persons, an apostate monk, a knight, an esquire, and a varlet, to whom he gave his own sword, his dagger, and a ring, for them to consecrate to, or, more properly speaking, to make use of, in the name of the devil," &c. "The monk made several incantations. . . . And one grand invocation on a Sunday very early, and before sunrise, on a mountain near to the tower of Mont-joy. The monk performed many superstitious acts near a bush, with invocations to the devil; and while so doing he stripped himself naked to his shirt and knelt down: he then struck the points of the sword and dagger into the ground, and placed the ring near them. Having uttered many invocations to the devils, two of them appeared to him in the shape of two men, clothed in brownish-green, one of whom was called Hermias, and the other Estramain. He paid them such honours and reverence as were due to God our Saviour, after which he retired behind the bush. The devil who had come for the ring took it and vanished, but he who was come for the sword and dagger remained, but afterward, having seized them, he also vanished. The monk, shortly after, came to where the devils had been, and found the sword and dagger lying flat on the ground, the sword having the point broken—but he saw the point among some powder where the devil had laid it. Having waited half an hour, the devil returned and gave him the ring, which to the sight was of the colour of red, nearly scarlet, and said to him: 'Thou wilt put it into the mouth of a dead man in the manner thou knowest,' and then he vanished."

To this oration the advocate of the Duchess of Orleans replied at great length. Valentina's answer to the accusation we

have quoted was concise and simple. "The late duke, Louis of Orleans, was a prince of too great piety and virtue to tamper with sorceries and witchcraft."

The legal proceedings against Jean-sans-Peur seemed likely to last for an interminable period. Even should they be decided in favour of the family of Orleans, the feeble sovereign dared not carry the sentence of the law into execution against so powerful an offender as the Duke of Burgundy. Valentina knew this; she knew also that she could not find elsewhere one who could enforce her claims for justice—justice on the murderer of her husband—the slayer of the father of her defenceless children. Milan, the home of her girlhood, was a slaughter-house, reeking with the blood of her kindred. Five years previously her father, Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, had died of the plague which then desolated Italy. To avoid this terrible disorder he shut himself up in the town of Marignano, and amused himself during his seclusion by the study of judicial astrology, in which science he was an adept. A comet appeared in the sky. The haughty Visconti doubted not that this phenomenon was an announcement to him of his approaching death. "I thank God," he cried, "that this intimation of my dissolution will be evident to all men: my glorious life will be not ingloriously terminated." The event justified the omen.

By his second marriage with Katharina Visconti, daughter of his uncle Bernabos, Giovanni-Galeazzo left two sons, still very young, Giovanni-Maria and Philippo-Maria, among whom his dominions were divided, their mother acting as guardian and regent.

All the ferocious characteristics of the Visconti seemed to be centred in the step-mother of Valentina. The Duchess of Milan delighted in executions; she beheaded, on the slightest suspicions, the highest nobles of Lombardy. At length she provoked reprisals, and died the victim of poison. Giovanni-Maria, nurtured in blood, was the worthy son of such a mother. His thirst for blood was unquenchable; his favourite pursuit was to witness the torments of criminals delivered over to bloodhounds trained for the purpose, and fed only on human flesh. His huntsman and favourite, Squarcia-

Giramo, on one occasion, for the amusement of his master, threw to them a young boy only twelve years of age. The innocent child clung to the knees of the duke, and intreated that he might be preserved from so terrible a fate. The bloodhounds hung back. Squarcia Giramo, seizing the child, with his hunting-knife cut his throat, and then flung him to the dogs. More merciful than these human monsters, they refused to touch the innocent victim.

Facino Cane, one of the ablest generals of the late duke, compelled the young princes to admit him to their council, and submit to his management of their affairs; as he was childless himself, he permitted them to live, stripped of power, and in great penury. To the sorrow and dismay of the Milanese, they saw this salutary check on the ferocious Visconti about to be removed by the death of Facino Cane. Determined to prevent the return to power of the young tyrant, they attacked and massacred Giovanni-Maria in the streets of Milan. While this tragedy was enacting, Facino Cane breathed his last.

Philippo-Maria lost not a moment in causing himself to be proclaimed duke. To secure the fidelity of the soldiery, he married, without delay, the widow of their loved commander. Beatrice di Tenda, wife of Facino Cane, was an old woman, while her young bridegroom was scarcely twenty years of age: so ill-assorted a union could scarcely be a happy one. Philippo-Maria, the moment his power was firmly secured, resolved to free himself from a wife whose many virtues could not compensate for her want of youth and beauty. The means to which he resorted were atrocious: he accused the poor old duchess of having violated her marriage vow, and compelled, by fear of the torture, a young courtier, Michel Orombelli, to become her accuser. The duke, therefore, doomed them both to be beheaded. Before the fatal blow of the executioner made her his victim, Beatrice di Tenda eloquently defended herself from the calumnies of her husband and the base and trembling Orombelli. "I do not repine," said she, "for I am justly punished for having violated, by my second marriage, the respect due to the memory of my deceased husband; I submit to the chastisement of Heaven; I only pray

VALENTINA VISCONTI, THE FIRST DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

that my innocence may be made evident to all; and that my name may be transmitted to posterity pure and spotless."

Such were the sons of Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, the half-brothers of the gentle Valentina of Orleans. When she sank broken-hearted into an early grave—her husband unavenged, her children unprotected—she felt how hopeless it would be to look for succour or sympathy to her father's house; yet her last moments were passed in peace. Her maternal solicitude for her defenceless orphans was soothed by the conviction that they would be guarded and protected by one true and faithful friend. The magnanimous and high-minded mother had attached to them, by ties of affection and gratitude more strong, more enduring than those of blood, one well fitted by his chivalrous nature and heroic bravery to defend and shelter the children of his protectress. Dunois—"the young and brave Dunois" of "*Partant pour la Syrie*"—the bastard of Orleans, as he is generally styled, was the illegitimate son of her husband. Valentina, far from slighting the neglected boy, brought him home to her, nurtured and educated him with her children, cherishing him as if he had indeed been the son of her bosom. If the chronicles of the time are to be believed, she loved him more fondly than her own offspring. "My noble and gallant boy," she would say to him, "I have been robbed of thee; it is thou that art destined to be thy father's avenger; wilt thou not, for my sake, who have loved thee so well, protect and cherish these helpless little ones?"

Many years after the death of Valentina, the vengeance of Heaven fell upon Jean-sans-Peur of Burgundy: he fell the victim of treachery such as he had inflicted on Louis of Orleans; but the cruel retaliation was not accomplished through the instrumentality or connivance of the Orleanists. Dunois was destined to play a far nobler part. The able second of Joan of Arc—the brave defender of Orleans against the English host—he may rank next to his illustrious countrywoman, "*La Pucelle*," as the deliverer of his country from foreign foes. His bravery in war was not greater than his disinterested devotion to his half-brothers. Well and nobly did he repay to Valentina, by his unceasing devotion to her children, her tender care of his early

years. Charles of Orleans, taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, was detained for the greater part of his life in captivity. His infant children were unable to maintain their rights. Dunois reconquered for them their hereditary rights—the extensive appanages of the House of Orleans. They owed everything to his sincere and watchful attention. Valentina's short life was one of suffering and trial; but she seems to have issued from the furnace of affliction "*purified seven times*." In the midst of a licentious court and age she shines forth "*a pale, pure star*." Her spotless fame has never been assailed. Piety, purity, and goodness were her distinguishing characteristics. She was ever a self-sacrificing friend, a tender mother, and a loving and faithful wife. Her gentle endurance of her domestic trials recalls to mind the character of one who may be almost styled her contemporary—the "*patient Griselda*," so immortalized by Chaucer and Boccaccio. Valentina adds another example to the many which history presents for our contemplation to show that suffering virtue, sooner or later, meets with its recompense even in this life. The broken-hearted Duchess of Orleans became the ancestress of two lines of French sovereigns, and through her the Kings of France founded their claims to the Duchy of Milan. Her grandson, Louis XIII., the father of his people, was the son of the poet Duke of Orleans. On the extinction of male heirs to this elder branch, the descendant of her younger son, the Duke of Angoulême, ascended the throne as Francis I. Her great-granddaughter was the mother of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, the "*Magnanimo Alphonso*" of the poet Tasso. His younger sister, Leonora, will ever be remembered as the beloved one of the great epic poet of Italy—the ill-starred Torquato Tasso. The mortal remains of Valentina repose at Blois—her heart is buried with her husband in the church of the Celestines at Paris.

THE APRIS, OR PLANT-LOUSE.—This troublesome insect, so injurious to plants, may be effectually got rid of by a solution of quicklime being thoroughly washed over the leaves and buds with a large camel-hair brush. Tobacco-water, mixed with Scotch snuff, and the like, is often used, but nothing seems to be so efficacious as the quicklime.



COSTUMES OF "BRAUX," 1736-1745.

WHAT WE USED TO WEAR.

The gravest matron will confess
That she herself is fond of dress.
Old Ballad, 1732.

THE two great authorities on costume during the reign of the first George are Watteau and Walpole; the latter, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," informs us that "the habits of the times were shrunk into awkward coats and waistcoats for the men; and for the women, to tight-laced gowns, round hoops, and half-a-dozen squeezed plaits of linen, to which dangled behind two unmeaning pendants, called lappets, not half covering their strait drawn hair." To this not over-fascinating description, we may add small caps, which scarcely covered the top of the head, the frills of which, puffed into small plaits, lay upon the forehead. The high-heeled shoes remained; tight sleeves with full ruffs were worn; the dresses were very appropriately called *sacques*, and cloaks with hoods, named *cardinals*, were *la grande mode*. Behold the effects of influence. George I., a naturally heavy individual, had imported two excessively ugly German mistresses,

who were neither young nor gay, and one (the Countess of Platen, afterwards created Countess of Darlington) so unrestrained by form as never to encumber herself with stays! No wonder Noble records "that there was not much variation in dresses during this reign."

Wigs still remained fashionable, as Hogarth's prints may help to remind us, and in 1720 white hair for the manufacture of them bore a monstrous price: indeed, it is stated that the hair of an old woman, who lived to the age of 107, sold after her death for the enormous sum of £50.

Powder also became more general during this reign, though it was not yet worn by the military.

Black and white beaver hnts for ladies (who also wore masks) were advertised in 1719, faced with coloured silks and trimmed with gold or silver lace.

It was about this period that the fashions were first sent from Paris, as we believe

they are still sent now, *i.e.*, on dolls, and "the French baby, for the year 1712," was exhibited at the house of Mrs. Cross-stitch, King-street, Covent-garden. In the end of the year 1727 Lady Lansdowne, then at Paris, sent a doll to Mrs. Howard, to whom she writes "that she has sent a little lady dressed in the court dress, desiring that it may be shewn to the Queen, and after that forwarded to Mrs. Tempest," a celebrated milliner of that day, whose portrait, by the way, was taken by Kent, and painted on the staircase of Kensington Palace! Exalted and fortunate Tempest! It is in the same year that we find an entry in the *Whitehall Evening Post* recording the review of the Guards by George II., who was habited in grey cloth, faced with purple, with a purple feather in his hat; the three eldest princesses also went to Richmond in riding-



SQUARE HOOF. 1735.

habits, with hats and feathers and peri-wigs—ah! and those said riding-habits and hats made no little sensation among the beaux—they looked upon this innovation as a descent upon their territories, not to be tolerated; witness those chaffings of the dandies, printed, compiled, and perchance written, by Sylvanus Urban, gent.,

in his *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1731, and the following years. One Mr. Birch, writing in that magazine for 1732, says: "To be extremely fine now, is to be extremely ridiculous: 'tis to wear a French bag, wig, and clock stocking, or a Dutch head with a plain scarf. I'm out of all patience," says this patriotic man, "when



ROUND HOOF AND APRON. 1755.

I meet with an over-grown wretch stalking along with all the heaviness of the dullest Englishman in his dress, imitating the pert gaiety of a Frenchman. View him no higher than his shoulders, you would take him for a meal-man, who had just done his work, and had not had time to brush the flour off his coat. The hind part of his head resembles a *Mercury* with a pair of wings fastened to his cap. A waggish lady would not allow the name of wings, but called them asses' ears. To stop her railing, I led her to the glass and pointed out the horns she had made in her hair; but she told me when men were grown such idiots as to take a pride in sticking out asses' ears behind, no wonder the ladies made them before."

Sad to relate, the city 'prentices were inoculated with these new-fangled ways,

and many a prim young fellow was to be seen down Cheapside wearing a *Cue*, or an *Adonis* (as their wigs were then designated), plastered as well as powdered, and looking, to use the expressive words of the journalist, "like the twigs of a gooseberry bush in a deep snow;" his shoulders were also crusted or iced over with white, as thick as a twelfth cake, with a plaited shirt, ruffled at hands and bosom, a coat with a cape, reaching, like an old wife's tippet, half-way down his back, stockings milk white (oh, desperate sinner!), velvet breeches with silver buckles on the knees, and tassels hanging half-way down his legs. Spanish leather pumps without heels, and the burnished peaked toes, seeming to stare the wearer in the face; fine wrought buckles, nearly as large as those of a coach horse, covered his instep and half his foot; on his head a diminutive hat, hardly bigger than some we have seen of ginger-bread at a country fair, gallantly cocked, and adorned with a silver button and loop. In this manner, with white gloves upon his hands—if he has no rings—and a staff nearly as tall as himself, the London apprentice, of the pretty gentleman class, might be seen, A.D. 1734 to issue from his master's shop.

The following is a bill, bearing date 1719, which will give us a very fair idea of not only what a fashionable lady used to wear at that date, but will also enable us to notice the price of the various articles:

	£	s.	d.
A smock of cambric holland	...	2	2 0
Marseilles quilted petticoat	...	3	6 0
A hoop petticoat covered with tabb	...	2	15 0
A French silk quilted petticoat	...	10	0 0
A mantua and petticoat of French brocade	...	78	0 0
A French point, ruffles and tucker	...	80	0 0
Necklace	...	1	5 0
English stays covered with tabb	...	3	0 0
A Flanders lace handkerchief	...	10	0 0
An Italian fan	...	5	0 0
A black silk à la mode hood	...	0	15 0
A black lace ditto	...	5	5 0
French embroidered and bosom knot	...	2	2 0
Pockets of Marseilles quilting	...	1	5 0
Muff	...	5	0 0
Sable tippet	...	15	0 0
Lining of Italian lutestring	...	8	0 0
Turkey handkerchief	...	5	5 0
A hat of Leghorn	...	1	10 0
A beaver and feather for the forest	...	3	0 0
A riding suit, with embroidery of Paris	...	47	10 0
Three dresses for the masquerade, two from Venice	...	36	0 0
One from Paris of green velvet, à la Sultanesse, set with pearls and rubies	123	15	0

To which may be added such trifles as shoes, stockings, gloves, essences, pomatums, patches, powder and wire! It is to be hoped the lady possessed a trifle for pin money.

The beau of 1727 is represented as dressed in a fine shirt of linen, the ruffles and bosom of Mechlin lace; a small wig, with an enormous queue or tail; his coat well garnished with lace; black velvet breeches; red heels to his shoes, and gold clocks to his stockings; his hat beneath his arm, a sword by his side, and himself well scented.

The most odious piece of attire, introduced in the early part of the 18th century, was the large whalebone petticoat, which afterwards degenerated into the hoop, both articles of attire now so well known by experience to our fair readers.

Ornamental aprons were also much worn, and fans had lengthened to eighteen inches. Gay says:—

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.
For this shall elephants their ivory shed,
And polished sticks the waving engines spread.
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
Their pains shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show.
Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.

Spanish broad-cloth, trimmed with gold-lace, was used for ladies' dresses in the reign of George I., and furbelowed scarfs were worn equally by the duchess and the peasant.

Hoods of all colours and fashions were worn both on horseback and at the opera; the projecting frontage again appeared, pointed like a steeple, with long crape streamers, feathers piled up with flowers in stages; and even figures of four-wheeled carriages were head ornaments. Periwiges were also worn by the ladies, and the head was sometimes made up of pins, paste, and pomatum, so as to keep for a month!

The caps, which at the first part of the 18th century were small-frilled or puffed, afterwards changed to the French night-cap, which half covered the cheeks; this was succeeded by the Ranelagh mob-cap, copied from the head-kerchiefs of the market women. At one time a flat straw, or silk hat of small size, and trimmed with

ribbons, was worn upon the crown of the head. The bonnet, which in earlier times had been made exclusively of silk or velvet, was in this century changed for straw.

Gay mentions a new straw-hat lined with green, about 1724, as a comparatively rare article—for the simple art of plaiting straw for bonnets and hats, which now employs in this country alone more than 200,000 females, has not been practised to any considerable extent longer than seventy years.

It is said that during the reign of the second George, the ladies piqued themselves upon excessive simplicity; indeed, the whole taste of the day was mock pastoral; each beau was a Corydon, each lady a Sylvia, and the absurdities of a court masque, where milkmaids sported their diamonds and shepherds carried golden crooks, was borne into private life, and an external display of country innocence vainly endeavoured to gloss over London vice.

In the eighth number of the *Gray's Inn Journal* is the advertisement of the sale, by auction, of the whole stock of a coquette, leaving off trade, consisting of several valuable curiosities, among which are mentioned a transparent capuchin or hood, an elegant snuff-box with a looking glass within it, being a very good pocket companion for beauty, directions for painting and the use of cosmetics, and the secret of putting on patches in an artful manner, showing the effect of their different arrangements, with instructions how to place them about the eye in such a manner as to give disdain, an amorous languish, or a cunning glance.

The following is a receipt, translated from the French, for modern dress, published in 1753.

Hang a small bugle cap on, as big as a crown,
Spout it off with a flower, *vuigo dict.*, a pompoon.
Let your powder be grey, and braid up your hair,
Like the mane of a colt to be sold at a fair.
Your neck and your shoulders both naked should be,
Was it not for Vandyke, blown with *chevaux de frise*.
Let your gown be a sack, blue, yellow, or green,
And frizzle your elbows with ruffles sixteen.
Furl off your lawn apron with flounces in rows,
Puff and pucker up knots on your arms and your toes;
Make your petticoat short, that a hoop, eight yards wide,
May decently show how your garters are tied.

But mount on French heels when you go to a ball,
Tis the fashion to totter and show you can fall.
Throw modesty out from your manners and face,
A la mode de François, you're a bit for his grace.

This attack upon the ladies was, of course, followed by a reply, and as it gives an amusing and minute record of the male dandyism of that day, we shall conclude our paper with a short extract.

Take a creature that Nature has formed without brains,
Whose skull naught but nonsense and sonnets contains,
With a pretty black beaver tucked under his arm—

If placed on his head it might keep him too warm.
His hands must be covered with fine Brussels lace,
With a sparkling brilliant his finger to grace;
Next a coat of embroidery, from foreigners come—
'Twould be quite unpollite to have one wrought at home—

With cobweb silk stockings his legs to befriend—
Two pair underneath his lank calves to amend.
A pair of smart pumps, made up of grain'd leather,
So thin, he can't venture to tread on a feather;
His buckles like diamonds must glitter and shine.
Should they cost fifty pounds, they would not be too fine;

A mouchoir with musk his spirits to cheer,
Though he scents the whole room that no soul can come near;

A gold hilted sword with jewels inlaid,
So the scabbard's but cane, no matter for blade;
A sword-knot of riband to answer his dress,
Most completely tied up with tassels of lace.
Thus fully equipped and attired for show,
Observe, pray, ye belles, that famed thing called a beau.
M. S. R.

THE FATAL CENTURY; OR, THE DOUBLE DUEL. IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS, 1600.

"THIS, then, was the first Christian church in England! On this humble spot St. Augustine first promulgated the divine truths of our religion," observed Major Neville thoughtfully, as, leaning over the ruined framework of what had once been a lynch gate and the entrance to the lonely graveyard and quaint old fane of St. Martin's Church, in the ancient city of Canterbury. "Within this, then pagan, temple, thirteen centuries ago, that first missionary to our Saxon fathers divulged the humanizing precepts of the gospel to the heathen multitude, who, with their king, listened for the first time to the doctrine of peace and love," he continued, turning his head from the beautiful girl beside him, to address an elderly lady with a brother

officer, and the sister of his fair companion, who stood, a few steps removed, contemplating the venerable edifice before them.

"Even so, Major Neville; and these mournful yews, that give the place so solemn an aspect, are, no doubt, many centuries older," replied Mrs. Trenchard, the lady addressed, who, as guide and cicerone to the two officers, was explaining some of the antiquities and traditions of her native city, and, with her nieces, Matilda and Cicely Warren, had halted for a few minutes at the base of St. Martin's Hill, to contemplate, in the setting sun of a May evening, the most venerable and, at the same time, the most unpretending pile in England.

"The font is still preserved," she continued, "though sadly mutilated, at which Ethelbert and most of his warriors received their baptism."

"I know not how it is," remarked Neville, rising from his bent attitude, and displaying his well-set, manly figure to full advantage, as, equipped in the high military boots and deep-skirted coat of the infantry officer of the period, a large-hilted sword, of great length, hung by a cross-belt at his side, on the cross-buckle of which was engraved the cipher of his regiment, C; the facing of his scarlet coat was richly guarded with lace, while cords and bullion tassels, with tags of gold, crossed the breast and depended from the shoulder and either epaulette; "I know not how it is, but to-night my mind is full of solemn images, and, like the deposed Richard, I could talk—

Of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make sand my paper, and, with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

"Are you ill, Neville?" inquired the beautiful girl by his side, in a low and gentle voice, looking up with all the tenderness of her soft and loving eyes into the face of her companion with an expression of anxious wonder and surprise. Matilda Warren, the elder of the two sisters, seemed to possess more of the Italian than the English style of beauty. Her figure, tall and gracefully formed, was rounded off with exquisite symmetry, while her dark hair and lustrous eyes, that in their darkness seemed almost luminous when excited by any strong emotion, responded with a look of tenderness and love: occasionally

indeed, a flash from her large orbs would give an indication of a warmer spirit within; yet so much was her nature swayed by the softer emotions of the heart, and so dependent and loveable a creature was she, that, though the flash of passion was there—far down in the recesses of that gentle soul—it was so, tempered and chastened by the tenderer suasions of her heart, as to be in complete abeyance, leaving her the impressible and imaginative being which she usually was, and which had obtained for her the appellation of the "Loveable Warren."

Cicely, her sister, on the other hand, was a gay, laughing, blue-eyed blonde, with more mischief than love in her disposition, and more raillery than either; yet, beneath all her archness and frolic, she possessed a true woman's heart, and was open to all the influences that give mental beauty and moral excellence to the sex.

Cicely was ever the friend and benefactress of the poor, while Matilda was their adviser in misfortune and their comforter in distress. Such were the general characteristics of the two sisters, who, nearly of the same height and contour of figure, and only a year apart in age, were, in consequence of the absence of their parents abroad, residing with their aunt, Mrs. Colonel Trenchard, who, having no family of her own, had, for the last few years, had the entire education and care of the two beautiful girls.

"Pardon me," exclaimed Neville, shaking off the gloom that had oppressed him, and recovering his former tone and demeanour at the sound of the gentle monotony by his side, "this sombre humour is a flat violation of my heart, which was, and is, all joy and sunshine. Will you pardon me?" he asked, speaking low and with a look of tender meaning, as he encountered Matilda's trembling glance.

"Oh, never mind Neville, he's always *mal-apropos* with his blue devils," observed Captain Monk, his companion, and who, accoutred like himself, bore on his gorget and buckle the same deep-chased cipher. "Never mind Neville," he cried, laughing, as with Cicely he turned his back on the old church. "We know him of old, and I think no more of his megrims than of a cloud before the sun. But as the dew is falling with Mrs. Trenchard's permission

we will proceed, or the exhalation from these levels may leave unpleasant *souvenirs* of our stroll."

"A provident forethought, which Miss Warren will permit me, perhaps, to anticipate by the adjustment of her mantle," replied Neville, as he spread the laced mantilla over the neck and arms of his beautiful friend, while Matilda, with a grateful look and blush of thankful acknowledgment for the attention, accepted the Major's arm and followed Mrs. Trenchard, who led the way by a narrow footpath across the North Holmes, in a direction that would bring them out in the rear of what were at that time only temporary barracks. Taking his cue from Neville, Captain Monk, with equal courtesy, insisted upon taking the same precaution with his fair *tête-à-tête*, and though Cicely protested against it as unnecessary, the scarf was elaborately spread over the graceful shoulders, and, with the laughing girl on his arm, Monk turned to follow the party. As he passed the spot where Neville had lately stood, he picked up a strip of paper, and, supposing his friend had dropped it, and the few pencilled lines contained some regimental memoranda, he placed it in his glove, with the intention of restoring it to Neville the first opportunity.

As the route the party was pursuing is of consequence to the clear understanding of the following incidents, we must beg the reader's attention while we describe the locality with sufficient minuteness to be understood.

The path along which Mrs. Trenchard led the way was narrow and winding, leading from St. Martin's Hill to Northgate, across the fields and waste grounds known as the North Holmes, and was so narrow as barely to admit two persons walking abreast, and skirted on the city side by a high wall, composed of flint or Kentish rag, and which, in remote times, had no doubt been the barrier to the old palace and monastery, while a low pailing, with here and there a stile or gate, fenced the side next to the fields and the paths that intersected them beyond.

The party had traversed about half the distance from St. Martin's to the barracks, following the zig-zag direction of the footpath, and had just turned one of the angles

in the wall, where, from its sheltering nature, the spot was particularly lonely and sequestered, when Mrs. Trenchard abruptly paused, and, with a look of anxiety and irresolution, turned, as if to retrace her steps; at the same time Major Neville's attention was strongly attracted by a singular and remarkably shaped stone that appeared to have been built into the rag about five feet from the base of the wall.

The object that had by this time attracted the attention and scrutiny of the party, was a rude stone of an irregular square shape, on the upper half of which was cut the three succeeding words, in the following order:—



"Is this a tombstone, madam, that has, by some strange mutation of fortune, travelled from the neighbouring graveyard of St. Martin's, or a relic of some roadside murder?" asked Neville, clearing out some of the moss-grown letters with his gloved fingers.

"Alas! dear, dear, how could I have been so forgetful!" exclaimed Mrs. Trenchard in considerable anxiety, casting uneasy glances, first along the narrow footway, and then, in reply to the inquiring looks of the party, turning to the object of general curiosity.

"How could I have brought you to a

spot that, for nearly half a century, I have never dared to approach? Oh, gentlemen, this is a fatal spot to your regiment. Heaven grant it be not an ominous one!" she concluded with a degree of fervour that only increased the curiosity already evoked.

"As the spot seems associated with some unpleasant memories, pray let us at once return, madam," observed Neville. "All paths must be alike to us."

"No, Major Neville—no. Though I should not have volunteered the recital of the mournful tale connected with this spot, and of which that rude stone is both the record and epitaph, yet, having excited your curiosity so far, it is fit I should gratify it to the extent of revealing the brief but sad history of this lonely place," replied Mrs. Trenchard, after a moment's hesitation, and looking by turns at her nieces and the two handsome and dashing officers before her.

"Why, aunt," exclaimed Cicely, stepping forward and surveying the stone with considerable interest, "we never heard you allude to any story connected with this spot, and, save for the exploit of a foot-pad, the place seems sadly deficient in those elements of romance that usually attend traditions of interest."

"The war of human passions, Cicely, and the strife of man, can impart a fearful interest to places and things, in themselves common-place and repulsive," replied her aunt with a sigh.

"If I mistake not," cried Monk, as he rubbed some fungous growth off the letters, "here is a C, and, by all that's good, the very cipher of our regiment. Look, Neville, the numeral is distinct," he exclaimed, drawing his brother officer's attention to the coincidence.

"Did you say, madam, this stone was connected with your story?" he inquired.

"Intimately—and more: the cipher you have discovered is, indeed, the symbol of your own regiment, while the officers of that corps were at once the actors and the victims of the story, of which this stone, beside myself, is now the only earthly record!"

"Pray, madam, proceed," cried Neville. "You have excited our curiosity greatly. I was not aware that the 100th had ever before been quartered in your ancient city."

"Very possibly, major; but not the least remarkable part of this eventful history is the fact that the 100th Regiment first visited this city in the year 1600, as the stone testifies, and, after an absence of a hundred years, in the first year of the new century, your corps returns to its former rendezvous, in the year of grace 1700," replied Mrs. Trenchard, with rather elaborate precision. "But, not to keep you longer in suspense, I will, as briefly as possible, give you the general particulars of this painful adventure."

"Among the regiments that returned to England, after the suppression of the Irish rebellion, under Tyrone, was the 100th, which, in the month of April, in the year 1600, first entered the city of Canterbury, and took up its quarters, part in the old castle near the Dane John, the remaining companies where your head-quarters now are, in Hawk's-lane and Stour-street, these temporary barracks in Northgate not being at that time built," she added, pointing across the fields to a line of intrenched sheds, and where, about seventy years since, were built the extensive range of barracks for the three arms of the service that now extend along the upper end of Northgate-street.

"Fresh from the conquest of the rebels, the citizens received the officers and men with enthusiasm, and all the distinction of heroes, while the surrounding gentry testified their delight by an open welcome and liberal hospitality."

"Among the officers who daily visited Lee Priory, the seat of Mr. Peveril, were two especial favourites—favourites both with Mr. and Mrs. Peveril and their two daughters, Clara and Sophia. These gentlemen were Lieutenants Beecher and Rook," and, as she pronounced the names, Mrs. Trenchard placed her finger on the deep-cut letters on the stone, as a confirmation of her story. "Highly educated, and with all that elegance of manner and courtly grace which, in part natural to the chivalry of the soldier and in part acquired from a residence in the Low Countries, their society was eagerly courted, and their presence anxiously expected at the Priory."

"Mingling as friends in the family, and thrown together with the utmost confidence and unreserve, an intimacy was early established between Mr. Beecher and Clara,

which rapidly deepened into an attachment of the purest and most devoted affection—a love, indeed, as sincere and ardent as it is possible for the human heart to feel. Dreading a thousand evils that might arise to separate him from the idol of his heart, and being under a promise not to marry during the lifetime of his mother, Beecher urged Clara to consent to a clandestine marriage, representing that the infirmity under which his mother laboured could not long defer the period when their secret might be divulged, and he could proclaim her before the world as his wife. I will not say the motives he advanced were either just or honourable; but a lover's importunities, and the strong affection of her own heart, made Clara deem them sufficient, and they were privately married by the chaplain of the regiment.

"Up to this time it had been the opinion of Beecher and Clara that Lieutenant Rook was attached to Sophia, and only waited an opportunity to declare his passion. Swayed by this belief, and that he would soon be in the relation of a brother to her, Clara had permitted a larger amount of familiarity towards herself from Lieutenant Rook than she otherwise would have allowed, and she consequently forebore to check these attentions, till, taking her tolerance of his civilities as an evidence of her regard for him, Lieutenant Rook, to her utter confusion and dismay, made her a declaration of his love; at the same time telling her that he had obtained her father's sanction to his suit. Clara's distress under these circumstances was painful to a degree; her promise of secrecy to Beecher prevented her dealing openly, and telling Lieutenant Rook that she was already a wife, and trusting to his honour as a soldier to preserve her secret. As it was, she could only prevaricate; and, as far as her confusion would permit, in general terms decline the honour of his suit.

"Lieutenant Rook, believing this refusal was only the result of natural timidity, and that his assiduity and devotion would, in time, overcome her reluctance, omitted no opportunity of renewing his offer, and overwhelming her with his now odious attentions; till, between her shame and vexation, and fear of embroiling her husband in a duel if she acquainted Beecher

with her source of annoyance, Clara's life became a scene of daily misery—dreading, each moment, to encounter a man she now considered in the light of a persecutor.

"About this time a party was given to the officers of the regiment at the headquarters in the Castle, to which all the county families and gentry within several miles of Canterbury were invited; among the guests the most welcomed visitors were Mr. Peveril and his family—his daughters reigning, at that time, the belles of the county. Upon this occasion Lieutenant Rook's attentions became so pertinacious and offensive that Clara, unable to endure his persecution longer, took the opportunity, when Beecher entered the ball-room, upon coming off duty, to beg him to relieve her, if possible, of his friend's disagreeable assiduity and attentions.

"Grieved and irritated by the traces of distress which he witnessed in his beloved wife's countenance, and provoked by the freedom with which Rook took his place beside Clara's chair, toyed with her fan, whispered his protestations in her ear, and more than once attempted to take her hand, Beecher touched his friend's arm, and making a sign for him to follow him, crossed the room to one of the deep embrasures of the windows, intending to take him into his confidence, and explain to him the secret of his marriage. But, flattered by the progress he believed he was making in Clara's affection, and anxious that his brother officers should observe the terms on which he stood with the finest woman present, Rook, in ill-concealed chagrin at being called away at the moment when all eyes were on him, followed Beecher to the recess in the window, and not waiting for his friend's remarks, began the conversation at once by observing testily—

"My good fellow, it is hardly fair to call me away from the side of my affianced bride; any ordinary business might tarry till to-morrow; but, in Heaven's name, be quick, for Clara will expect my return with impatience."

"The animus and the tone of pique in which these words were spoken at once cut off all thoughts of explanation, and forbade Beecher making those concessions to his friend's good sense which he had purposed doing, and, mastering the anger he

felt at the other's arrogance, he replied calmly—

"It is precisely on that subject I wished to speak to you. I am sure you do not see the fact, or your gallantry would at once prompt you to discontinue the annoyance of your attentions to—"

"Beecher naturally revolted against the practice of dissimulation; yet he could not call her his wife, as, in Rook's present tone of mind, he might misconstrue his motives, and he disliked giving her her maiden name, when honour and truth demanded the employment of her married one, and he hesitated a moment between the necessity of acting a falsehood and the dictates of his heart.

"Miss Peveril, I presume," returned Lieutenant Rook, bowing coldly, but with a marked expression of triumph in the curl of his lip and the look of tolerating pity in the momentary glance he bestowed on his friend, as, anticipating the rejoinder, he filled up the break in Beecher's sentence—"Miss Peveril I presume you allude to, Lieutenant Beecher," he added, with still greater hauteur.

"I did, and was about to explain to you my motive for the request," replied Beecher.

"That is perfectly unnecessary, sir; your motive is sufficiently obvious," rejoined Rook, with an irritating smile. "Nor is it difficult to understand the cause of Lieutenant Beecher's chagrin," he continued, playing with the bullion tassel of his sword hilt; "but if he feels himself aggrieved, as a man of honour, he, of course, knows the usual etiquette of redress."

"For Heaven's sake, Rook, do not let us quarrel," exclaimed Beecher earnestly, "upon a matter which, when you hear the truth, you will regret having spoken so tauntingly."

"Your language, sir, assumes the tone of a threat, and no man shall dictate to me where my affections are concerned, and Miss Peveril's good opinion—"

"You deceive yourself, Lieutenant Rook, as regards Miss Peveril's affections, which, setting personal respect aside, and without umbrage to your own esteem, are directed elsewhere; and to believe otherwise on your part is a fallacy and a mistake."

"I shall not be swayed by such a cham-

pion as Lieutenant Beecher from thinking otherwise."

"Your tone and your words, sir," cried Beecher warmly, "bear an insult which—"

"I meant them to convey," the other retorted quickly; "and if there is any phrase which will carry a livelier sense of my contempt, I beg you will consider that I have said it."

"Lieutenant Rook," exclaimed Beecher, with a countenance white with passion, "you shall answer this insult with your life."

"I only wait your prudence, sir; such affairs are best answered quickly. I am under promise to see Miss Peveril home, and despatch will oblige me," he rejoined with cutting irony.

"Insolent! Follow me!" and without one other word, Beecher crossed the room, caught for a moment, as he passed, a glance of Clara's troubled eye, as she gazed anxiously in the direction of their late conference in the window—descended the stairs, and enveloping his person in his military cloak, passed the guard at the Barbican, and at once stepped into the silent and (save for the lackeys and link-men congregated round the sally-port in Wincheap) now deserted street.

"With one hasty glance, to assure himself that he was followed, Lieutenant Beecher passed rapidly down Castle-street and St. Margaret's, threaded the narrow and quaint passage called Mercery-lane, now enveloped in total obscurity, and, passing under the arch of Christ's Gate, entered upon the broad sheet of moonlight that bathed with the clearness of day the wide expanse of the Cathedral Yard, the huge minster, with its wand-like tower, rising vast and grand, a mass of sombre shadow, out of the sea of cold, clear light, in which the giant structure seemed to float as in a fairy dream.

"But that my soul revolts at desecrating these hallowed precincts with strife and blood," observed Beecher with a deep but suppressed voice, as he paused for a moment, that his companion might overcome the few paces the other was in advance, "we scarce could find a fairer spot than this for the decision of our resentment but the sanctity—"

"'I have no such scruples,' replied Rook haughtily; 'but if Lieutenant Beecher prefers unsanctified ground for a sepulchre, I should be loth to thwart his wish. Lead on, churchyard or wold, I reck not: I only compromise for despatch. I have business yet on hand that carries execution on your discretion,' he added with a tone of contemptuous sarcasm.

"Without trusting himself to reply to his antagonist's insulting remark, Beecher flung his cloak over his shoulder, and, turning abruptly to the left, struck down that long and gloomy cloister that, springing over head in a low roof of groined arches, and denominated 'The Dark Entry,' traverses, in an oblique and winding track, the whole breadth of the base of the Cathedral, connecting by its vaulted passages the southern precincts with the northern cloisters or the Green Court. Along this dark and tortuous labyrinth the two officers pursued their way in deadly silence; the heavy tread of their firm step and occasional jangle of their arms, as their long rapiers struck the stone flags, and woke reverberating discord through the vast and solemn pile above them, being the only sound to indicate their passage.

"Emerging from the Dark Entry upon the moonlit quadrangle of the Green Court, Beecher passed rapidly under the Almonry and King's Gate, and, reaching the Borough, gave the countersign to the sentry on guard at the northern wicket, and, leaving the city, turned up what has since been called the Military-road, but at that time a footway over the North Holmes; and, leaping the low stile on which Cicely is now sitting, both gentlemen threw away their cloaks, and, drawing tuck and dagger, stood face to face in the moonlight, confronting each other."

At this part of her narrative Mrs. Trenchard paused, visibly affected, and after a few moments of profound silence, resumed and concluded her brief record by observing—

"A young civilian, who had overheard the angry words that had passed in the ballroom, and not doubting the ulterior intentions of the two officers, had the curiosity to follow them at a distance as far as yonder angle in the wall, when,

being terrified by the deadly nature of the intended duel, as he saw the flash of rapier and dagger in either hand, abruptly left the spot, and, returning to his inn, hastily mounted his horse and rode homewards, towards Barham Downs. A stray passenger or two, the night watch, and the sentries at North-gate and Barbican, were all who could throw any light upon this sad affair, and it was many weeks after the event before even the meagre facts they could tell, with what doubtful light surmise could throw on the melancholy transaction, were collected into a coherent narrative.

"About six o'clock on the following morning, a mechanic, traversing this path from Saint Martin's, on his way to North-gate, upon turning the angle in the wall, almost stumbled over the two bodies, so instantly was he upon them.

"Leaning with his back against the wall, where the memorial stone is now inserted, with his eyes open and their cold glance directed rigidly forward, and his sword gleaming in the morning light, stained and ghastly in his hand, was the lifeless body of Lieutenant Beecher, every muscle fixed in the stern repose of death, while, from a deep wound under the left breast the blood had flowed down the arm, staining the white glove of a blackened scarlet, and plainly indicating the fearful manner of his death. A few paces removed, and leaning over the gate that, as now, lead into the meadow, the arms hanging over the top bar, reclined the dead body of Lieutenant Rook. On the grass in the meadow lay his stained and already rusted sword, and at his feet, on the gravel, the long dagger that, used as shield and weapon, rendered the duels of those days so fatal. From his left side, where it had remained from want of power to withdraw it, protruded the ivory hilt of Beecher's formidable poniard, while the death-wound, from the lunge of a rapier, had entered his breast below the heart, and, passing out at the shoulder, showed the intensity of the passions that had actuated the combatants.

"The fate of these two gallant officers produced such an effect upon the inhabitants, with whom they had become especial favourites, and so strong a feeling of indignation in the regiment against the

Burghers, who were thought to be the immediate cause of the catastrophe, that the corps was withdrawn from the city, and the only record left—beyond the memory of the living inhabitants—to chronicle this fearful episode of the 100th Regiment, was this rude stone and abstract epitaph."

A profound silence reigned for several moments after Mrs. Trenchard had concluded.

The two officers seemed lost in an undefined reverie, while of their fair companions, Matilda, whose sensitive nature made her participate in every sorrow as if it were a part of her own grief, stood with downcast eyes and moistened checks, clinging with confiding dependence on the arm of the young and handsome soldier by her side, while Cicely, ever sportive and light, and like the sun, pouring beams of gladness and joy on all around, stood silent and thoughtful.

"The vindictiveness of their resentment," observed Major Neville, at length breaking silence and speaking in a tone of abstraction, "is evidenced by the circumscribed and unfavourable nature of the ground selected for their passage of arms; it is like the spirit that tempts men to fight across a table—the malice of death and eternity. We are little better than butchers, I fear, when left to the unrestrained impulse of our hates and enmities." Then addressing Mrs. Trenchard, he said, "If not a private grief, may I inquire what, madam, was the fate of the hapless wife, Clara, or rather Mrs. Beecher?"

"A very sad and brief one," she replied mournfully. "The absence of the chaplain in the new settlement of Virginia prevented, till many years after her death, the authentication of the marriage; and, for the term of her short career, she endured the scorn and repudiation of her father. She lived, however, long enough to experience all the anguish of a friendless widow, and feel the momentary joys of a mother, and, with her infant's cheek upon her lips, carried her errors and her sufferings to her forgiving Father in Heaven." Then turning to her nieces, she added, with emphatic earnestness, "Matilda and Cicely Warren, hear for the first time from my tongue this domestic revelation—Mr. Peveril was your ancestor, and that orphan babe of sorrow and misfortune was my father's mother."

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

A HISTORY.

By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

OUR subscribers had an opportunity last month of perusing the first number of a new publication which was given away with the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*. The publication in question, called *BEETON'S HISTORIAN*, is issued in penny weekly numbers and sixpenny monthly parts; and we cannot allow our present number to go to press without a brief allusion to the design and purpose of this new candidate for public favour. It would be needless to remind our readers of the great improvement which has been lately made in the subject-matter and general getting-up of all cheap serials. The publications of Messrs. Chambers, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, the many cheap (but valuable) educational and other works of Mr. John Cassell, the "London Journal" (in whose columns are now being printed the immortal novels of Sir Walter Scott), the "Family Herald" (possibly not inferior to its above-named contemporary), the "Illustrated Times," the "Welcome Guest" (lately published)—all these have worthy names to support, and, in deserving, obtain large circulations. We, however, find that, amongst all the varied popular papers, one department of literature—viz., history—has been to a considerable extent neglected. We don't say that it has been altogether lost sight of; but, as a whole, it has certainly not received that attention from the leading publishers of popular serials which is undoubtedly due to its vast importance. Possibly, the feeling of many is, that the reading of history is not so interesting as the perusal of tales of fiction, of adventure, and of magazine literature in general. Nothing can possibly be more erroneous than this, for "truth is strange, stranger than fiction!" The details of the heroic struggles of nations for their independence, the personal qualities and habits of the great actors on the world's stage, the mysterious powers of such tribunals as the dreaded Inquisition, the wars, the treaties, the disasters, the triumphs, the rise and downfall of great republics and overshadowing empires—should not all these be known and is it

possible that the work of the historian can be otherwise than deeply interesting? To return, however, to the more immediate subject of our remarks, the design of BEETON'S HISTORIAN is to supply the reading public, for a penny a-week, with a series of annals and biographies, written by authors of the highest repute. As each work is completed, it can be bound, and will form a perfect volume; thus, in a short time, the purchaser of the HISTORIAN will be in possession of a handsome library of standard works. The aim, therefore, is not the production of an ephemeral pennyworth, to be read just for amusement's sake and then thrown aside, torn up, and destroyed, but of a *publication of permanent interest and value*. Mr. John Lothrop Motley's great history, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," which has already been translated into German, French, Russian, and Dutch, is the first work selected for publication in BEETON'S HISTORIAN. The first critical authorities of the day have bestowed on it unqualified praise, and the author is undoubtedly entitled to a high rank amongst the most eminent annalists.

The "Athenæum" says of it, that it is "a work of real historical value, the result of accurate criticism, written in a liberal spirit, and from first to last deeply interesting." The "Nonconformist," in its review of the work, proclaimed it to be "a really great work. It belongs to the class of books in which we range our Grotes, our Milmans, Merivales, and Macaulays, as the glories of English literature in the department of history." The "Saturday Review," so chary of its praise to all except the best productions, says that "Mr. Motley's volume will well repay perusal." The "Westminster Review" estimates the author thus highly—"All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In point of dramatic description, no modern historian, except, perhaps, Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character, he is elaborate and distinct." The "Daily News," in its review, has these words—"This is an admirable book; the story is a noble one, and worthily treated." The "Examiner" tells us that "it abounds in new information." The "Press" says that "The Rise of the Dutch Republic is a history of which any country might be proud."

Thus speak these critics, high in power and accurate in their remarks; and we will add that, never in our experience (and it has not been small), have we read a work which so thoroughly pleased us in its style, matter, spirit, and execution as Mr. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." The first few chapters, containing the Historical Introduction, may be a little "dry," but as one gets more into the volume, and becomes acquainted with the "giants of that age," the interest grows and grows, and abates not at all even to the conclusion of the book. Buy it, by all means, we counsel you, and, if you do, we feel assured you will thank us much for this advice.

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

HOPE.

"I have here made only a nosegay of called flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."—MONTAIGNE.

Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,

Of chearefull lookes and lovely to behold;

In silken samite she was light arrayed,

And her sayre locks were woven up in gold.

She always smyl'd, and in her hand did hold

An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dewe,

With which she sprinkled favours manifold

On whom she list, and did great liking shewe,

Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

SPEENCE, born 1553, died 1598.

I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening Hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false Hope lingers in extremity.

SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—*Richard II.*

[Act 2.

Vain shadow, which does vanish quite

Both of full moon and perfect night.

The stars have not a possibility

Of blessing thee.

If things, then, from their end we happy call,

'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.

Thou turnest the edge of all things on me still,

Taking me up to throw me down;

So that, e'en when my hopes seem to be sped,

I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

HERBERT.

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell; Hope never comes

That comes to all.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,

What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whispered promised pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.

Still would her touch the strain prolong,

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale

She called on echo still through all her song;

And, when her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her
golden hair.

COLLINS, born 1726, died 1758.—*Ode to the Passions.*

Lo! from amidst affliction's night,
Hope bursts all radiant on the sight;
Her words the troubled bosom soothe.
"Why thus dismayed?
Though foes invade,
Hope's voice is wanting to their aid
Who tread the path of truth.
'Tis I who smooth the rugged way,
I who close the eyes of sorrow,
And with glad visions of to-morrow
Repair the weary soul's decay.
When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing
heart,
Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart;
Till the freed spirit springs on high,
In rapture too severe for weak mortality."

BRATTLE.—*Ode to Hope.*

The wretch condemned from life to part
Still, still on Hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

What future bliss he (God) gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be, blest.

PORR.

This hope is earth's most estimable prize,
This is man's portion while no more than man.
Hope, of all passions most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame and vigour to the mind,
A joy attempered, a chastised delight!
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet,
'Tis man's full cup, his Paradise below.

YOUNG, born 1681, died 1765.—*Night 7.*

Hope, eager Hope, the assassin of our joys,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.

Hopes that were angels in their birth
But perished young, like things of earth.

MONTGOMERY.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When, wrapped in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunders shake the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

CAMPBELL.

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,
Plucks amarantine joys from bowers of bliss,

And crowns the soul while yet a mourner here
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
Hope! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command,
The fragrant grove, the inestimable mine,
Were light when weighed against one smile of
thine.

COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—*Hope.*

When'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O, bright-eyed Hope! my morbid fancy cheer,
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow.
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!
And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Glides the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar,
So when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

KEATS.—*To Hope.*

Worse than despair,

Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope;
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us.

SHELLEY.—*The Cenci, Act 4.*

The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She spins the light tissue again.
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes
The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
As flowers that first
In spring-time burst
The earliest wither too!

MOORE.

Hope, the blameless parasite of woe.
Hope, strong to believe whatever of mystic good
Th' Eternal dooms for his immortal sons.

COLERIDGE.

When the box of Pandora was opened on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over mirth,
Hope was left! was she not? but the goblet we
kiss,
And care not for Hope who are certain of bliss.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's king,
Cheops, erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid.
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
For not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

BYRON.—*Don Juan, Canto 1.*

Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die;
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky,
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.

ROGERS.—*Pleasures of Memory.*

Hope, a poisoning eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow,

Tennyson.—*Princess*.

O, Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when hope was born.

Tennyson.—*In Memoriam*.

The herald Hope, forswearing Fear,
And Fear the pursuivant of Hope.

Longfellow.—*To a Child*.

Alas! for the bright promise of our youth,
How soon the golden chords of hope are broken!
How soon we find that dreams we trusted ~~not~~
Are very shadows.

I have heard many say
Love lives on hope; they know not what they say
Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life.
How many hearts have nourished a vain flame
In silence and in secret, though they know
They fed the scorching fire that would consume
them.

Miss Landon.

THE FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.



ELEGANT SUMMER MANTLE.—(SEE PAGE 63.)

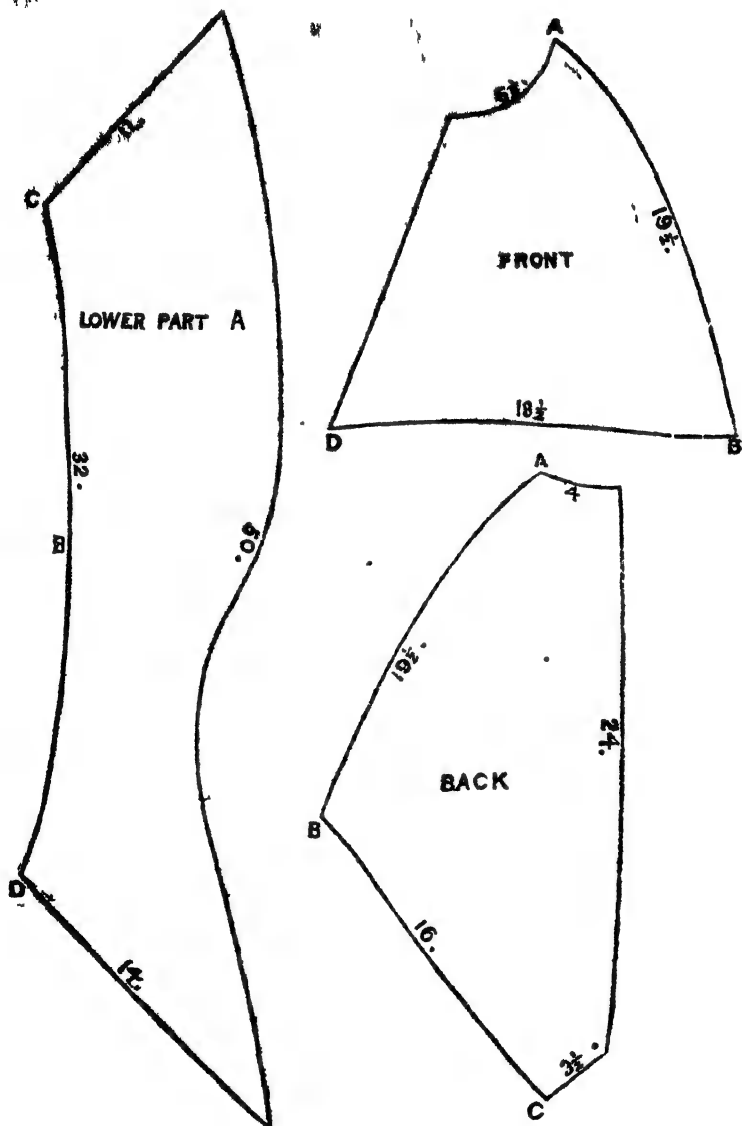


DIAGRAM OF SUMMER MANTLE.



THE GREAT SPHINX (FROM DENON).

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

EGYPT.

The eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoever of strange,
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or Jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble demons watch
The zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls
round.

SHELLEY.

THE Nile and Egypt! what an incomprehensible mixture of grandeur and desolation, power, oppression, wisdom, ignorance, does this grand old country of Pharaohs present to our minds! The old night brood, indeed, with its ghastly wings over its earlier history, hovering more and still more awful, revealing secrets of the birth of time; visions of later years which rise from this mist of darkness, hoary with age, they be with the burden of many ages, are unparalleled in the history of the world.

Of this land under the shepherd's staff of this country, concerning which the world has shouted and re-shouted across a long world, the good news of "Corn in the year," Vol. VII

Egypt: corn!" What of people who for four hundred years could keep in bondage the Beni-Israel? and of those great and terrible plagues which rescued these sorrowful sighing prisoners from the grasp of their cruel taskmasters?—that palpable darkness blotting out three days? and that bitter cry of midnight despair, than which nothing more terrible has been ever heard this side the regions of damnation?

Who can rightly measure Egypt, the mother of the sciences and the arts? she whose colossal figures in the plains—marvellous pyramids, innumerable temples, columns, obelisks, and portals—recall the days when there were giants in the land? What must the people have been who built Thebes and Memphis, Heliopolis and Saïs, those four great colleges of the East, where the wise men of Greece sat at the feet of Egyptian priests, and studied the first principles of legislation and government? while to this very hour some of the greatest minds of all lands are more than content to pass the meridian of their days in laborious, and often fruitless endeavours, to decipher the enigmatical inscriptions which cover the ruins of her departed glory: so great,

so wide, so mysterious is the influence she still exercises.

The religion of this wonderful people is shrouded in symbol and obscurity, and Niebuhr says, most probably, was not the same at all times or in all places. The worship of Isis and Osiris appears neither to have been the most ancient, nor yet generally prevalent, but to have had its seat in Lower Egypt. In the Upper part of the country, the worship of Ammon prevailed, while that of Phetia, or Hephestus, alone extended over the whole country. The sacred beetle, or *Scarabæus*, was the symbol of Phetia, and of the generating power of the world. These beetles—cut in stone, frequently in green-coloured basalt, or verd-antique—have been found in great numbers in Egypt, particularly in the tombs. In the tombs of Thebes, Belzoni found some with human heads. There is hardly any symbolical figure which recurs so often in Egyptian sculpture and painting as this beetle (of which an engraving is now given), and, perhaps, scarcely any one which it is so difficult to explain. Some suppose it to be an emblem of fertility, and that the sun is indicated by this beetle. In all probability, their religion was foreign in its origin, perhaps from Ethiopia; but it eventually degenerated into a monstrous and repulsive system of symbols, in which nothing pleasing will ever be discovered. The partiality for the monstrous in the character of the Egyptians, compared with the grandeur of the Holy Scriptures, is very strikingly exhibited in the history of the defeat of Sanherib.

The tradition of the priests, as revealed to Herodotus and Diodorus was, that their gods reigned in Egypt, before men, for a period of 18,000 years, and after that began the reign of human kings, who governed for 5,000 years, which brings us down to about 58 B.C. Of the absurdity of this belief little need be said beyond the remark that it is quite clear from the introductory chapters of Diodorus, that the Egyptian deities were nothing more than the powers of nature invested with forms and individual attributes.

In the palaces of the kings as well as in the temples, we find chambers for the priests, and apartments adapted to religious service; for the Egyptian kings were bound to practise a strict and daily observance of

religious duties, who, with the priests, were alone permitted to enter into the inner apartments of the sanctuary, or approach the still more sacred adytum, which contained the representation of the deity. The abstinences of the priests being frequent, we find in Nubia the sacred buildings placed near the river; but in Egypt, the temples being at a considerable distance from the river, tanks were necessary, and the traces of these artificial basins are so numerous, as to leave no doubt that every temple not situated near the Nile, must have been provided with one of those reservoirs for water, so essential both for the purposes of cleanliness, and the ceremonies of the Egyptian religion—four daily ablutions being required from the priests alone. The priests also shaved their heads, eyebrows, and beards very closely every third day, with a view to cleanliness and to keep the body clear of vermin, which so abounded in Egypt; they occasionally at their funeral ceremonies wore masks fashioned like the head of a jackal.

The priesthood of Egypt held in their own hands the intelligence of the country, and eventually usurped the kingly power; and the world does not present a more humbling contrast between the natural powers of their intellect and the debasing effect of their superstitious worship. The saying that the Hebrews were men in religion and children in everything else, must be reversed in the case of the Egyptians, for while, in the greater number of those pursuits which give dignity to the human mind, and perpetuate the glories of civilized life, they made a progress which set all rivalry at defiance, in the notions and adorations of the invisible powers, who preside over the destinies of men, they manifested the imbecility, the ignorance, and the credulity of childhood.

The bull was one of the most sacred animals of Egypt, and, with the cow, was one of the forms under which Osiris and Isis respectively were venerated. The antiquity of bull worship in Egypt is shown by the fact of the Israelites, so soon after leaving that country, falling into the gross idolatry of making a golden calf—probably the image of that they had seen in the land of their bondage.

The bull, which was the representation of Apis, was required to have certain pecu-

like marks; his colour must be quite black, with the exception of a white square on his forehead, on his back was the figure of an eagle, the hairs of his tail were to be split or divided, and on his tongue the sacred beetle was required. When the youthful bull was raised to the high dignity, he was put into a gilded chamber on board a vessel in the Nile, and thus conveyed to his residence near the temple of Hephæstus, at Memphis. In front of his apartments at Memphis, he had an inclosed area, into which he was sometimes turned to walk and amuse the spectators.

No oxen or calf could be slaughtered till the priests had ascertained that it had none of the signs of Apis upon it. A single black hair was sufficient to render its slaughter unlawful; and it was altogether forbidden to kill the cow, the emblem of Isis.

Herodotus described the mode in which the animals are dressed for sacrifice after being killed. The head was cut off, and the animal flayed; in their sacrifices to the greatest deity, they took out the guts, but left the viscera and the fat in the body; they also cut off the legs, the extremity of the rump, the shoulders, and the neck; then they filled the carcass with clean bread, honey, dried grapes, figs, frankincense, myrrh, and other fragrant things; this done, they roasted it, pouring on it abundance of oil; and, being prepared by fasting, they made their offering, and while it was burning they beat themselves, which operation being concluded, they set out the tables with what they had left of the offering. The same authority informs us that the head of any animal slaughtered for sacrifice was either thrown into the river or sold to the Greeks, if any happened to be there.

Dogs have been found in sacred tombs, whence we may, perhaps, conclude that they were sacred animals. The ram was another important animal in the Egyptian mythology. The god Mendes, or Pan, represented by the goat, was one of the emblems of productiveness, and the most impure of all the bestial deities of Egypt. According to Egyptian ideas, Mendes was one of the eight deities who were prior in antiquity to all others, and formed the first class.

Monkeys were also objects of worship,

and above twenty-one colossal monkeys, in a sitting posture, measuring about eight feet high, and six across the shoulders, are cut in high relief above the cornice, on the front of the temple of Ipsambul.

The crocodile was another sacred animal, at least in some districts. The people of Thebes, and those about the lake Moeria, had a profound respect for him. When the monster died he was embalmed, and placed in the sacred tombs. Strabo says he went with some of the priests to visit one of these sacred crocodiles, which was lying on the margin of the water. The party went straightway up to him, and while some of them opened his mouth, another put in the cake, crammed down the roasted meat, and finished by giving him a cup of mulled wine! The crocodile, ungrateful wretch! then jumped into the pond, and swam over to the other side. The crocodile was one of the symbols of Typhon, the evil genius, and the murderer of Osiris, and so ugly and detestable an animal was a very appropriate representative of the cruel and revengeful deity.

Among birds, the ibis and the hawk received universal adoration. The snake was also deified, and its figure is one of the most common of all the Egyptian hieroglyphics; when dead, they were interred within the precincts of the temple of Ammon, for they were dedicated to him.

The Naia Haje, a most venomous snake, was considered by the Egyptians as the emblem of Kneph, or the Good Deity. It was also a mark of regal dignity, and is seen on the forehead of the tiara of almost all Egyptian statues of deities and kings. After this list of their gods, how correct do Salt's lines on this subject prove.

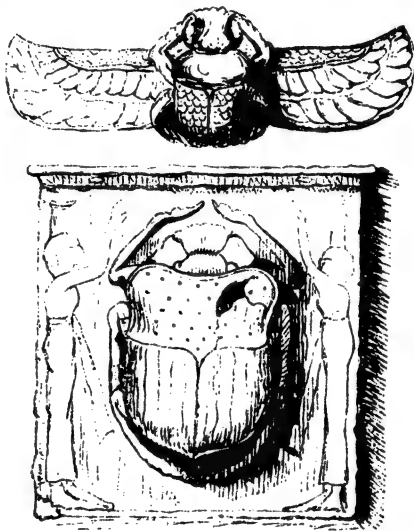
The wildest images, unheard of, strange,
That ever puzzled antiquarian brains;
Genii with heads of birds, hawks, ibis, drakes,
Of lions, foxes, cats, fish, frogs, and snakes,
Bulls, rams, and monkeys, hippopotami,
With knife in paw, suspended from the sky;
God germinating men, and men turned gods,
Seated in honour, with gilt crooks and rods;
Vast scarabæi, globes by hands upheld,
From chaos springing, mild an endless field
Of forms grotesque, the sphinx, the crocodile,
And other reptiles from the slime of Nile.

Of those ancient and best known of all the monuments of Egypt, the Pyramids, we need say but little, as they were only indirectly connected with the religious notions of this superstitious people, one o

their tenets being that the existence of the soul after death depended on the preservation of the body, which was accordingly embalmed and deposited in these eternal monuments, for safe keeping until the dawn of the resurrection morn. They had also a very curious custom, called the death-judgment, and those dead only were admitted

into the abodes of rest and tranquillity who had stood their trial before the judges below.

This practice was as follows:—When a body was going to be interred, the relations gave notice to the judges, saying that the deceased was going to cross the lake. Upon this the judges, more than forty in



SCARABÆI, OR SACRED BEETLES.

number, assembled, and took their seats in a semicircular place on the further side of the lake. The boat, which had first been properly prepared, was then put into the lake; but, before the wooden chest containing the body was placed in the boat, the law allowed any person who chose to bring his accusation against the deceased, when, if convicted of having lived a bad life, the judges gave sentence, and excluded the body from the usual rites of interment, which was returned to the man's own house, and there kept until some of his descendants paid his debts, and cleared off all imputations against him; but, should the accuser fail to make good his charges, he was punished with a heavy fine. If no charge was brought against the deceased,

his body was placed in the tomb already prepared for him.

Of the celebrated sphinxes, so many of which have been found placed near temples and consecrated buildings, it is supposed that, from the union which they exhibit of a beautiful woman with the figure of a lion, there is intimated the alluring aspect with which vice at first assails the unwary, and the besotted monsters which she makes them when caught in her fangs.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these is the one delineated by our own artist, known by the name of Memnon, and thus graphically described by Eothen. "Near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creu-

ture is, but the comeliness is not of this world. The once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Egean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men, that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to

come. Yet still there lives on, the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the pouting lips of the very Sphinx." There is an entrance both in the back and in the top of the head, the latter probably used by the priests in uttering oracles, and the former for descending to the apartments beneath; but all is hushed now, an everlasting silence reigns over Egypt; she is a desolation, even a wilderness, for her violence against the children of Judah, be-



THE HOLY ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

cause they shed innocent blood in their land. For many generations, as it was prophesied of old, she has been without a native prince; the nations have heard of her shame, and her cry has filled the land; the daughter of Egypt is confounded, cast down, and lain in the dust.

A recent writer says that the crocodile was not universally honoured. In Lower Egypt was it especially sacred, and it was buried with dead kings; but in some regions there were regular crocodile hunts, and the prey was eaten—a proceeding necessarily so disgusting to the devotees of the dragon, that they were obliged to declare war against the impious, and endeavour to inhibit absolutely the consumption of crocodile chops. They did not

regard Dragon himself as a god, but as sacred to the god Savak, who was crocodile-headed, and a deified form of the sun.

THE HOLY ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

Philæ was the holy island of old Egypt. The surface is now a mass of ruin, but the great temple of Isis still remains, although it is shattered, and a smaller Hypethral temple overhangs the river. It is not inarticulate ruin, but while whole walls, and architraves, and column ranges stand, several buildings are shattered, and their fallen walls blended. To Philæ there used to sail processions of higher purpose, and in barques more gorgeous than now sail the river, and deep down-gazing in the moonlight Nile, the poet may see the vanished

splendour of a vanished race centring solemnly here, like priestly pomp around an altar. Hither, bearing gifts, came kneeling magi, before they repaired to the Bethlehem manger. And kings, not forgotten of fame, here unkinged themselves before a kinglier. For the island was dedicated to Osiris, the great god of the Egyptians.

Isis was the daughter of Time, and the wife and sister of Osiris. Horus was their



ISIS AND HORUS.

child, and they are the Trinity of Philæ. Osiris and Isis finally judged the dead, and were the best beloved gods of the ancients, and best known of the moderns. Very beautiful is Isis in all Egyptian sculptures. Tenderly tranquil her large generous features, gracious her full-lipped mouth, divine the dignity of her mien. In the groups of fierce fighters, and priests, and bird-headed gods that people the walls of Egypt's old palaces, her aspect is always serene and solacing—the type of the femi-

nine principle in the beast and bird chase of the world.

ABOO SIMBEL.

In front of the great temple of Aboo Simbel sit four colossi, figures of Rameses the Great. Their grandour and beauty are beyond expression, and the delight in their lofty character of beauty quite consumes the natural wonder at their uninterupted duration for twenty or thirty centuries. In these faces, seven feet long, is a godlike grandeur and beauty which the Greeks never reached. They are not only colossal blocks, but the mind cannot escape the feeling that they were conceived by colossal minds. They sit facing the south-east, and as if necessarily expectant of the world's homage. In the centre of the temple is the Adytum, in which holy of holies there are four sitting figures of the gods to whom the temple was dedicated. Chiefly Aboo Simbel was dedicated to Ra, the sun, also to Kneph, Osiris, and Isis, by Rameses the Great. Upon all the walls are sculptures of his victories, his offerings to the gods, and religious rites.

THE MASQUERADE.

I HAD stopped at the last relay before entering Berlin, expressly for the purpose of entering the town by daylight. It was a useless precaution, for it snowed as I never saw it snow before. The sleet was perfectly blinding, and nothing, I am convinced, but the din of the postilion's horn saved us from being run over a hundred times.

I ordered the coachman to stop at Mynherr Zamoiski's, a restaurant to which I had been recommended as a comfortable abode for bachelors, where dinner was furnished *à la minute*, where the napkins were of a respectable whiteness, and the attendants ready and civil. I was deceived, miserably deluded; but as it is not my object to dilate upon the numberless nuisances which at this time abounded in a great continental capital, I pass it over. Mynherr's possessed one advantage; for which, however I may have felt then, I now feel that I ought to have overlooked all its inconveniences. It was situated on the Unter-den-linden, one of the finest streets in the world. Its chateau opera, palace

academy of design and science, college and arsenal, all built of the costliest stone, and of the most elaborate design, its gaiety and animation, its constant glitter of splendid equipages and dazzling uniforms, united to render it the most attractive picture that my eyes ever gazed upon, and induced me to remain in the town much longer than I had originally intended.

Of course, I had a *valet-de-place*. What is a stranger in a strange town, in a foreign land, without one? An excellent lackey he was, too, a denizen of the place, and thoroughly versed in its localities, intrigues, and amusements.

It was the time of the carnival; and balls, routs, plays, processions, punch and masquerades, were the order of both day and evening. The king and princes of the blood attended some of these amusements, and it was rare indeed that you did not see at least one of the royal family at the opera during the course of the evening. Frequently they all attended, and remained through the performance. I was pleased to see it. It endeared the king to the people, and did more to seat him firmly upon his throne, by implanting his image in the breasts of his subjects, than the secluded grandeur of hundreds of riotous private entertainments to the nobility could ever have effected.

I entered the grand opera at ten, just as the prince royal and his wife, with a crowd of starred nobles, were quitting the royal box. They had just finished one of Spontini's grand operas, and the night was to be ended with a masquerade. The pit had been boarded over, and when I entered the whole immense area was crowded with a grotesque assembly of harlequins, columbines, actors from the recent opera, Cossacks, bears, tumblers, clowns, Indians, monkeys, demons, and angels. A splendid band was in attendance, discoursing such music as one only hears when amongst the most musical people in the world. I came for amusement, and bade fair to have plenty of it. I had scarcely crossed the threshold, and was obliterating with my handkerchief an involuntary smile, when I was seized and whirled round in a fearful waltz with what, to my confused senses, seemed a counterpart of Beelzebub. The next moment a bear had me in his clutches, and drove me down in a gallopade with a rush

which nearly annihilated my senses. As we came down upon the stage, my hirsute partner turned shortly, and letting me go, sent me by the irresistible centrifugal impulse into a side scene, which gave way and deposited me upon the boards, not much hurt, and considerably relieved. It was while raised on my arm, gazing leisurely at the testotum whirlers, that my attention was riveted by a beautiful figure hanging on the arm of a man in a black domino—I was up instantly.

"Strange," said I, "that I should discover the finest shape I ever saw in this incongruous country of sweet music and sourkrout!"

I walked by them; she observed me. As I turned round I saw her speak to her companion, and as I live I thought I saw her mouth (which was the only feature of her face visible) smile. Now, though I have since seen enough to convince me that travellers speak too lightly of German manners, I was not then so credulous, which will account for my proceedings in the sequel, that might otherwise seem strange and inexplicable.

The waltzes and dances were now in their highest twirl; so was my heart at the small waist and those delicate feet. I kept constantly looking at her, and constantly blushing very red as I did so. It may have been conceit, but I thought her altered looks assumed the shape and expression of an interrogation point. "Why don't you ask me to dance?" seemed to me the inquiry. The customs of a German ball-room, I thanked Heaven, dispensed with a formal presentation, and enabled a bashful stranger to approach the object of his adoration with some confidence. So, making a hasty calculation of the probable result of a personal combat with her father, or brother, or lover, or whichever he was, accompanying her, I boldly made up to the fascinating mask, and stammered out as elegant a request in German as my knowledge of that language allowed.

With an air of stoical indifference her companion released her to me. I was glad of it, for I disliked trouble, and I knew that in the event of it the German's phlegm would have the advantage over my mercurial temperament.

As I gazed on the animated countenance of my partner, and whirled her in the

dizzy mazes of the waltz, the most romantic fancies filled my imagination. I concocted in my brain the whole plan of an elopement; pictured a lovely cottage on the banks of Lake Maggiore, and I believe devoted the rest of my existence to the moon, the muses, and a Cremona fiddle or a guitar. But my heart sank again as I looked at the smooth and nicely-rounded chin and the lips of my partner, which would have enticed the most attic of bees from the fairest and most fragrant flower in creation. And then the little taper waist upon which my hand lightly rested! I had great misgivings if I could persuade the possessor of all these attractions to go with me; and besides, there was the phlegmatic man in the black domino. It occurred to me that he would object too; but I decided that if she would consent, he would have to waive his objections.

My head, filled with these poetic imaginations, the waltz was finished much sooner than I wished. I felt that I must relinquish her, and with a sigh I passed her over to the phlegmatic black domino, with whom I felt exceedingly incensed to pick a quarrel upon the slightest pretext.

The music stopped, and I leaned against a column which supported the first row of boxes, to enjoy the misery of beholding my incognita promenading with the stoical German phantom. Again the band struck up, and the dance was again at its highest. A tall Spaniard, with the fiercest of monstaches, accosted the object of my love, and in a moment they were impelled past me in a gallopade. Her cheeks were flushed with the exercise, and her eyes darted upon me through the little black vizard a glance which made me curse the long-legged Spanish monster, and resolve to secure her hand again, come what would.

I kept close to the black domino, well knowing that, whenever the Spaniard took her, he was the *dépôt* at which they would wind off. She soon appeared, panting and flushed. The German stoic led her to a seat, and a murmuring conversation took place.

"'Tis he again!" said she.

"I know it," was the reply. "I have watched him. You must stay by me the rest of the evening."

And then followed a conversation, during

which I discovered that, though I had not spoken to a female German, or any female whatever, since I had entered Berlin, she knew intimately my every motion and almost every word since I entered the town. Curiosity now added fuel to my passion, and with unaffected boldness I approached and again asked her hand for the dance. Her companion set his teeth and tried to retain her arm, but she adroitly slipped her taper fingers through his, and in a moment I was again whirling with her in the dance. As we finished, I walked into a cool recess, and, taking her gloved hand, said—

"How did you know I went to Charlottenburg this morning?"

"I saw you," she replied.

"How knew you I was at the grand chamberlain's this afternoon?"

"I heard you say so," she replied.

Whew! thought I, this beats anything in German intrigue that I ever read in poetry or romance.

"Fair incognita," said I, "know that, since I entered the theatre this evening, I have been equally watchful of you. You have not made a motion I have not observed and admired, nor bestowed a favour which has not torn my heart with jealousy. Deign to remove your mask, and allow me to gaze on the face it invidiously conceals."

"No, I cannot," she replied.

"At least remove this glove, that I may have the pleasure of holding your hand, and not a couple of ounces of French kid."

The servant brought some *bombons*, and she was about to comply with my request, more from convenience than to gratify me. I thought, when a sharp intonation surprised us both, and turning around I saw the horrible German ogre just raising his hand from giving my companion a little blow upon the shoulder. In an instant the glove was on, and I was alone before I could realize it.

I was not much disheartened by this sudden manœuvre, but resolved that when she was again under my wing I flattered myself she would be under the necessity of removing her mask in partaking of some confection. So I watched the opportunity, and pounced upon my quarry while the pipe-smoking German was absorbed in a

metaphysical discussion, I supposed, with a *confère*. She ate supper with a degree of modesty and *naïveté* which captivated me; tasted a little Rhine wine, and took ices, but did nothing to gratify my curiosity, beyond lifting the smallest possible portion of the little crape veil which fell from the nose of the mask, disclosing merely the mouth and upper lip. Nothing I could do would induce her to expose her face. I almost felt as if under the direction of Ovid, who recommends tearing the bracelet from the lady's arm, and was almost impelled to seize the envious mask. I restrained myself though, and, in spite of all anxieties, danced with my unknown partner till two o'clock in the morning.

At this hour we were confronted by the black-dominoed German, who suggested that it was time to retire homewards. The domino went for his carriage. The coachman, in turning, had run against a lamp-post and smashed a wheel.

"I should only be too happy," I said, "to give them the use of mine."

They protested. I insisted, and carried the day, assuring them that it was but a few steps to my lodgings, and I could walk.

With a heart palpitating with all the emotions excited by the evening's adventure, I conducted the beautiful and blushing fair one to my own carriage, saw her enter, and gave her hand a sentimental squeeze. The domino followed, the carriage-door closed on my hopes, and they were off. With a heavy heart I walked towards Mynherr Zamoiski's, reached it, and saw my carriage at the door. I was surprised, for I had been told that the recent object of my passion lived on the Lindau. I ran up to my room and was confronted by the black domino. The scene was fast drawing to a close. I asked him what he meant by the intrusion, when, taking off his mask, I discovered my *lackey-de-place*, who humbly asked me if I had any further use for the horses! I had been making love all night to the pretty *fille-de-chambre* of Mynherr Zamoiski! I had walked home at two o'clock in the morning in the cold wind and snow, to accommodate my *valet-de-place* and his lady-love with a ride! The mention of a masquerade ever after threw me into convulsions.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

GEORGE was one day in M. Wolff's room, after having had a long and serious conversation on business matters.

"Enough of business for to-day," said the banker. "Tell me, George; I was listening to you the other evening in the drawing-room, and I think you know something of painting."

"But little," said George. "I have seen, however, a great number of pictures, and good paintings delight me immensely. I cannot tell you how many happy days I have spent with my father in the gallery of the Louvre. We feasted there quite greedily, and sometimes made a resolution not to look at more than three pictures during one visit, and to examine those thoroughly. So we advanced cautiously, stooping down and following the line of brilliant colouring, counting the arches by the pedestals and columns. Look here, would say my father, and then a Correggio, a Raphael, or a Leonardo de Vinci, would engage our attention. Seated in that magnificent gallery, by the side of a much-loved parent, oh, how happy was I in contemplating those wonderful productions and admiring their incomparable merits! My father explained to me, as an artist and scholar alone can, clearly and distinctly, the difference which characterizes each school, and related curious anecdotes of celebrated painters—those gifted beings whose lives, like those of good and holy men, seem to us as golden legends. Oh, happy days! they will never return!"

"And why not?"

"Because my time for pleasure is past; misfortune, which, sooner or later, everyone experiences, has fallen on me at an early age. I have had to sacrifice my tastes, and can assure you I feel great pleasure in that sacrifice. To labour for you, sir, who so kindly received and treated a stranger, is most pleasing to me and beneficial."

"Well then, to-day," said M. Wolff, "as you are so submissive to my wishes, Mr. Philosopher, I should like you, in lieu of your usual correspondence, to turn your attention to the arts. It is a magnificent day; come with me, and look, if you like, at

the line of brilliant inlaid flooring, as that seems your favourite way to see museums."

They then went through several spacious rooms, and, opening with a little pomposity a double door, behind which was heavy tapestry, M. Wolff said,

"What do you say to this, Mr. Connoisseur?"

It will be necessary to state that Baron Wolff's collection was celebrated, and known to every amateur in Europe. George found himself in a long gallery of a chaste but elegant style, where the light, beautifully contrived, was soft and mild.

Nothing there was mediocre, nothing questionable, nothing superfluous; specimens of different schools were represented by the masters, and each master by a single picture, which was a *chef-d'œuvre*. The pictures did not touch nor crowd one on the other, like travellers sitting side by side in an omnibus which is too full, but a large space was left between each painting, which was thus surrounded by a green ground, and in these intervals were arranged marble statues; some brought from Italy, others due to the charming and fertile French school. George was quite dazzled at first.

The authenticity of each painting was as evident as if the painter was still there to put his name to it. It is not necessary to say the Italian school reigned supreme in this palace of art; there was the idealism of the Roman, the purity of the Florentine, the brilliancy of the Venetian. A Murillo, over which sovereigns would have furiously disputed at auctions, and a Velasquez of great value, represented the Spanish school. Teniers, Rubens, and Vandyke carried the spectator to the most beautiful period of the Flemish school. As for the Dutch, what an unexceptionable choice in masters, so amusing and varied that one would never get tired of admiring them. An interior of Gérard Dow, a landscape of Ruysdaël, a bouquet of flowers of Van Huisum; there seemed, indeed, to be nothing wanting.

As for the French school, the happy possessor of this gallery was not to blame for introducing the most favourite masters; that is to say, Claude Lorraine, Greuze, Proudhon shone brightly, surrounded by satellites of that luminous and fertile constellation.

George appeared absent and dreamy. He had noticed, in a corner, a little picture which struck him forcibly; but he did not wish his emotion to be seen.

"You don't say anything," said M. Wolff; "does not this collection appear to you sufficiently worthy to interest an amateur?"

"Everything here is sublime!" said George; "I see nothing that requires altering; one could not make a better choice. I could tell you the name of each painter as we go round the gallery; for each picture has the stamp of truth upon it. One could pass one's life in this Paradise, in admiring nature poetised, so to speak, by art. What a fine thing is wealth, which enables people to purchase such treasures for themselves! If for no other reason, I should like to be rich!"

"What!" said M. Wolff; "my philosopher already in fault! Don't you see, Mr. Envious, there is a diamond wanting to this crown? Where is the great master of Parma, the regenerator of art? Where is there a specimen of Correggio?"

"You shall have one; but I don't know whether it is from seeing so many beauties at once—I, who only know how to look at three at one visit," said George, smiling—"but I feel very tired, and can scarcely see or speak. I am unworthy of staying here any longer; although I should be very happy if I were allowed to see the gallery again."

M. Wolff was charmed at having a connoisseur so close at hand.

"You shall not only see it again," said he, "but it shall be your duty to come here and work. I have tried this method to divert your attention from your other occupations, to which you devote yourself too ardently. Will you be the keeper of my museum? If you are able to enjoy things without possessing them; if, for an artist like you, to see is to have, these pictures shall belong to us both. You shall have two thousand francs salary. You will be connected with artists, picture dealers, and amateurs. The first work I ask of you is an analytical catalogue of my collection; I have wished for it a long time, but I have not had time to prepare one. I give you full power over everything here."

What good fortune for our George! He was naturally an artist; all his instincts.

directed him thitherward, although necessity had carried him to more practical occupations. He had severely felt his absence from the delights of art, but he had become resigned. Still, these were his most agreeable recollections, and he himself had executed some drawings of considerable merit; consequently, nothing could be more to his taste than M. Wolff's proposal. He immediately entered on his duties, and introduced that spirit of order and method which he had accustomed himself to use in everything.

The pictures were arranged almost at random in the gallery, or, rather, as the size or effect of the picture required. He classified them by schools, gave the exact size, wrote a short account under each painting, and a precise description of the picture; taking care not to use exaggerated expressions, such as are so much in vogue in auctioneers' catalogues, but relying on the peculiar features which attested the authenticity of the work.

When he had finished his catalogue, and examined it with a minute care, he recopied it with that neatness which so much pleased M. Wolff, and laid it on the desk in his office.

M. Wolff ran over the manuscript with curiosity, and evinced signs of approbation. All at once, he added,

"Mr. Curator, I can discover a fault: 'Allegri,' called Correggio; *Misfortune*, a woman's head."

"You have not read the signature right, the error is allowable, it is a charming study of Allori; the resemblance between the names has deceived you. But I thought I told you a Correggio was wanting in my collection, and that I much lamented the absence of so great a painter."

"And I thought I told you," said George, "that you should have a Correggio."

"What am I to understand, sir? Do you suppose I am going to countenance these interpretations? Don't you know, my young friend, that everything in this sanctuary of art is as pure as the most refined gold, and that deceit shall never penetrate herein."

"Far from my thoughts is all notion of fraud. I will acknowledge I have not examined the signature attentively; but I am bold to say, that this picture is a delightful Correggio. Have the goodness to

read the few lines which follow the title of the picture."

"Let us see, then," said M. Wolff; and he read: "Antonio Allegri, called Correggio—*Misfortune*, a woman's head."

"Do you really believe it, George?"

"Read on," said he.

"A young girl in an attitude of meditation, throwing a light black drapery over her uncovered bosom; a pale star shines on her forehead. In the ideal expression of the head, and the faultless execution of the hands, the master is at once recognized. The harmonious colouring of the drapery gives force; the white shoulder on which the beautiful blue veins are seen, is full of health and life. A good copy of this painting is preserved in the museum at Munich. The precious original, of which we give the description, was part of the celebrated Dusseldorf gallery; and was there admired under the head of *Misfortune*, which title we have retained in remembrance of the painter's adversity."

"Is it really possible, my boy?" said M. Wolff; "but we must prove it. Come, come!" and he dragged George along the gallery with a passionate eagerness.

As if in contrast, the beautiful poetical figure of "*Misfortune*" preserved that divine calmness and inspiration of genius which had survived for centuries.

The hand which had created this charming work had grown feeble and turned to dust, which the wind had dispersed; the thought, the conception, still lived.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

M. Wolff took down the picture with care.

"Allegri," cried he, deciphering the name, which was half-obliterated.

George looked at the other side of the picture, which was painted on an old panel of wood, still looking for some further indication whereby to prove the truth of his assertion. He read, almost underneath the border of the frame, "*Parma, 1525.*"

"Allegri! Parma!" cried M. Wolff; "George, I am really happy; embrace me, my son!" He threw himself into George's arms as soon as he had replaced the picture with the greatest care.

"An old Frankfort Jew sold it to me twenty years ago for five hundred florins, as an Allori. I didn't sell it again, finding the picture so delightful. Now, I would

not part with it for ten times that sum. But how humiliating to possess such a treasure so long a time, without knowing the value of it, and at last a child comes and opens my eyes to it! There must be witchcraft somewhere, George. I shall certainly end by believing in your talisman."

"It is the simplest story in the world," said George. "You noticed my emotion on entering this gallery; this beautiful head is well known to me, and I was quite taken by surprise to find it here, still more beautiful than I had ever beheld it. It has been my companion days and nights."

Opening his portfolio, he showed the astonished banker a beautifully finished drawing from this picture. They read underneath,

"After Correggio,
Munich, May 18. . ."

THE VISION.

There was nothing talked of in the drawing-room but George's discovery of the Correggio, and M. Wolff's happiness in possessing a picture by so admired a painter. There was no room to doubt; the proofs of the fact were certain.

George related to M. Wolff how his uncle, having business in Germany, had made him travel on matters of business for him; how his taste for the fine arts always attracted him to the museums, where he made some interesting notes at Dresden, Vienna, and Munich. In the latter place, the city of art, he received the news of his father's death. The affliction was great, and his grief so profound, that he could not conquer it.

The feeling of duty, and the remembrance of the task which remained for him to fulfil towards his family, sustained him in a measure, and he tried to continue those studies which were his only pleasure.

It was in this sorrowful mood he was sitting one day in a splendid room of the Munich museum; but he could look at nothing, his thoughts reverted to his dear father who had shown so much affection for him; he reproached himself for the days that he had passed away from him; and he thought the blow would not have been so great if he could but have heard his last words, received his fond adieu again, and once more felt that venerable

hand resting on his head before he had gone to his eternal rest.

Absorbed in meditation, he involuntarily raised his eyes; an apparition was before him, seen dimly in the twilight. It was a young girl, the expression of whose face was more than beautiful. A bitter anguish had passed over her; but she had remained pure, and her clear and penetrating look defied suffering, as the virgin martyr entering the circle defied Cæsar, saying, in a loud voice, "I am a Christian!" This beautiful figure, wearing, with simplicity and modesty, a black drapery on her open bosom, seemed to address herself to him as with the voice of a much-loved sister, saying,

"And I, have I not suffered? Have I not lost all I held most dear? Am I not without protection—alone in the world—but, nevertheless, confident? I live in my recollections of the past. But you—you have more than the past; you have the future. You have duties to perform; you have a mother who is waiting for you to dry her tears, sisters whose support you will be, friends who will console you."

She told him all that, did this beneficent fairy, and many more things besides.

He rose to hear it again, but the illusion had vanished. He had roused himself from his reverie; he was standing before Correggio's "Misfortune."

Often came he back to sit before this confidant of his troubles. He had found the expression which most resembled his grief; all conversation was irksome to him; these mute interviews with "Misfortune" consoled him. He was soon to leave Munich. He obtained permission to make a drawing of this picture, which was only an admirable copy by a German painter of the seventeenth century. He brought it away, always bearing in his heart the image which answered to his inmost thoughts; and so it was that he was able to tell M. Wolff of the value of the treasure which he had possessed for so long a time.

THE WAGER.

SOME fashionable women, some fine and grand ladies, are they not pitiless? Want of occupation, weariness of pleasure, and curiosity, give them strange fancies. To pass the time, which seems so long, between the trying on of a new dress and the first

visit, between the return from the park and the late dinner hour, between the concert and the ball, they *must* make some discoveries, improvise adventures, and countenance wagers. These fashionable women are surrounded by dandies, attentive, useless, and fawning people of every description; but they get tired of them, they tolerate and then despise them. However, it is the frivolous court which agrees with the frivolity of the sovereign. Who can better tell them news of the turf, little scandals of the day, the hazardous adventures behind the scenes or at the *bal masqué*, and—a graver and more indispensable thing!—the market price and quotations of the Funds? But what use is there in captivating people who have faith in nothing, and are mere ciphers hanging on to a lady's dress? A millionaire in want of occupation must have something better for her used-up fancies!

And then they meet with a serious man, quite a stranger to the thousand whims and uselessnesses which fill up the life of the more privileged: him they must lead away, and call from his duties; his attention and homage must be purchased at any price. They must subdue and conquer him, and then end by ridiculing and deriding their newly-made victim.

These reflections, which are only addressed to the few (Heaven preserve us from making the exception the rule)—these reflections occurred to me on the occasion of a trifling conversation which took place in Madame Wolff's boudoir.

"My dear," said a pretty visitor, "what a perfect savage your favourite is—your M. George. You will never make anything of him; I must own his appearance is very much in his favour, but his heart is—I don't know where. Have you not remarked how coolly he listens to us? He is extremely polite, but under this irreproachable politeness there lurks an indomitable pride; and, if there is a party of pretty women conversing on one side of the drawing-room, and on the other some grave discourse going forward, he soon forgets us to join the black coats and trousers. Yes; under an appearance of simplicity there is a shade of pedantry, which does not flatter one in the least."

"And what say you," said another good soul, "to this mystery of the magic pin, to

his pretending always to have this precious talisman on his sleeve, twenty-five of which may be had for one halfpenny? Did you notice with what an authoritative air he told us, the other day at table, the merits of his pin?"

"Well, my dear," said a young lady, "don't you know that this pin is a fairy, and that it will lead him to the beautiful and good, as surely as the magnetic needle would lead one towards the pole? It would be a good thing for you if you had such a guide."

Madame Wolff had listened to these remarks with a certain disdain. She was reclining on a sofa, in the unrestraint of familiarity, and said, in a doleful voice, half smiling,

"George will do here the same as every one else; he will do what I desire, and when I wish he will give me this pin, and he will take it from his sleeve, and put it on this ribbon which you see here."

"Nevertheless, this pin is his fortune," said a credulous Englishwoman. "In Scotland, also, we have many talismans, which are supposed to work wonders. Do you believe, then, without the assistance of this pin, M. George would have discovered one of Correggio's paintings, which would be worth a thousand guineas in England? I defy you to take away his charm."

"Well," said Madame Wolff, "if I choose to take the trouble, I will have it this evening; so certainly will I have it, that you shall never see this pin again on the sleeve of M. Wolff's favourite Knight of the Ledger."

They thought this joking very pleasant, and in all good taste.

"What will you wager that he will not have his pin this evening?"

"Ten louis that you will not have it," said the English lady.

"Twenty louis that I shall have it," said Madame Wolff, rising with much sprightliness.

"I should like to know," said a young lady, turning herself round from the piano, over which her fingers had been wandering, "what this poor young man has done to you. He either does not keep his pin, and then what a grand conquest! or he wishes to keep it as a *souvenir*, and in that case, it is wrong to conspire to get it away from him. You complain that this young

gentleman reasons closely, and does not speak except when he should; have we not enough rattlebrains amongst us, who cannot reason at all, who know nothing, and who speak at every opportunity? I warn you, ladies, that I take him under my protection."

"You may shelter him under your white wing, thou guardian angel," said Madame Wolf; "but take good care, the wager is made, and I shall try and win it."

(To be continued.)

"A SHOWROOM UPSTAIRS."

FROM FACT.

WHAT a fadding! what a fussing!
Up and down stairs, what a rushing,
First the brush and then the broom,
All to keep a nice show room.
Then you feel afraid of treading,
And "hubby" dare not put his head in;
There the chairs they seem to frown,
If you think of sitting down;
And the sun he never dare
Intrude his nasty vulgar glare;
In fact, beside all that's within,
The shine is taken out of him.
Then the nick-nacks how they glitter,
Setting some poor soul a twitter;
That for a moment in forgetting,
Fears to cause a dread upsetting:
There if you breathe too loud or more,
Most likely you'll be shown the door.
You've muddy boots? now don't dissemble,
But like a catfiff villain tremble;
Plump in a chair you sit to doff 'em,
But in a moment you're pulled off him.
"Chairs to sit on, foolish nunny!
Look, if you please—each cost a guinea:
Except these two, they make a pair,
Each one is called an easy-chair;
Easy or not I cannot say,
I never use them any day."
Next the carpet's pattern mark,
But tread upon the part that's dark.
The grate! the irons! dread surprise.
Their brightness really hurts your eyes.
Back out gently, don't turn round,
And then reflect in thought profound:
Here "King Muddle" looks in grinning,
Knowing well he gets the winning;
For many a man has cause to know,
That Death of Life—the Room for Show!

J. W. ROE.

WHAT WE USED TO WEAR.

Painted kawns and chequered shades,
Crape that's worn by love-learn maids,
Watered tabbies, flowered brocades;
Violets, pinks, Italian posies,
Myrtles, Jessamines, and roses;
Aprons, caps, and kerchiefs clean,
Straw-built hats and bouquets green;
Cat-gut gausers, tippets, ruffs,
Fans, and hoods, and feathered muffs;
Stomachers and Paris nets,
Ear-rings, necklaces, sigrets,
Rings, and blondes, and mignonettes.

In 1760 George III., then in his twenty-third year, ascended the throne of his grandfather; but it will be to his nobility, and not to himself or his royal consort, that we must look, if we wish to discover the vagaries of the "ever-changing goddess."

In the *London Magazine* for 1763 is a curious paragraph, containing the details of a lady's best dress. "A young married lady, who died a few days since, was, at her own request, buried in all her wedding clothes, consisting of a white *negligé*, and petticoats which were quilted into a mattress, pillows, and lining for her coffin; her shift was her winding sheet, with a fine point lace tucker, handkerchief, ruffles, and apron tied closely over it, with diamond ear-rings in her ears and rings on her fingers; a very fine necklace, white silk stockings, silver-spangled shoes, and stone buckles."

This dress must, however, have been quiet and bride-like in the extreme, for the strongest colours and most opposite and brightest shades were then fashionable. Fancy, for instance, a garnet-coloured lustring night-gown, with a tobine stripe of green and white, trimmed with floss of the same colour, and lined with straw-coloured lustring; while the gentleman appears in a scarlet waistcoat, with narrow gold lace, double lapped, a pair of doe breeches that came half-way down his leg, which were met by a pair of shoes that reached about three inches and a quarter above his ankles. His hair was cropped very short behind, and thinned about the middle in such a manner as to make room for a stone stock-buckle of no ordinary dimensions. Indeed, at no period has anything more absurd in head-dress ever appeared than about this time. The body of this erection was formed of tow, over which the hair was turned, and false hair added in great curls,

obs and ties, powdered to profusion, and then hung all over with vulgarly large rows of pearls or glass beads, fit only to decorate a chandelier; flowers were not forgotten, broad silken bands and ostrich feathers were added, until at last the head of the lady was three feet in height! so that she was compelled to kneel in her carriage when taking a drive! Heads, when properly dressed, "kept for three weeks," but not longer, as may easily be discovered by the number of receipts given for the destruction of insects which bred in the flour and pomatum which had been so liberally bestowed. Another head-dress, well known from Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of Lady Stanhope, may be called the pumpkin fashion, as the head of the lady swells into a globular shape not at all unlike that vegetable. Of course, the greater part of a lady's hair was false, and cushions were used, upon which the love-locks were carefully fastened.

The men wore their "frocks" so long that one of the satirists declares he has seen them so splashed with mud on dirty days as to be tempted to call out, "Pray, sir, pin up your petticoats."

By-and-by the ladies took to wearing the French night-cap, which covered their cheeks and put their faces into eclipse; then re-appeared Mary Queen of Scots's cap, and after that the butterfly cap, which was fixed upon the forehead, forming the figure of an overgrown butterfly resting on its head, with outstretched wings. These caps were edged with garnets, topazes, and brilliants, and were very sparkling.

Shoe-heels were worn, some as broad as saucers, some as narrow as the china circle the cup stands upon, and tuckers were called by the appropriate titles of modesty-bits, and were decidedly necessary parts of a lady's dress during the rage for short waists.

Powder remained fashionable till 1794, when the powder-tax occurred, and thousands of white heads became in an instant black and brown; and the hair was worn in curls.

About this time the hats of the women very strongly resembled those of the Italian bandit, and the neck and breast, which before had been exposed, were now closely covered by the neckerchief, which was tucked above the stays, and stood out

very full and ample, like the breast of a pigeon.

In 1796, perhaps out of compliment to the Prince of Wales, the ladies commenced wearing triple plumes of ostrich feathers in their hats or turbans, though the more modest were content with a single upright feather. The spencer appears about this time as a riding-habit, and modern bonnets begin to supersede the hats. They were exceedingly small, and some very ugly, like jockey-caps. After 1796, the waist began to get much shorter, hoops were entirely discontinued, except at Court, silks became unfashionable, and printed calicoes and the finest white muslins were substituted; and, instead of the stiff corsets of their mothers and grandmothers, the ladies almost rushed into the opposite extreme, and wore scarcely any stays at all.

In 1751 the dress of a dandy is thus described in the *Spectator*:—"A black velvet coat and green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, blue stockings." This was the era of black silk stockings, the celebrated Mrs. Damer, the sculptress, being the first who wore them, against which "some forward people attempted to raise up *worsted* in emulation." Necklaces were worn in this reign, composed of several rows of gold chains, beads, or jewels, the first close round the throat, and the others falling in festoons, one under the other, so as to cover the whole neck; this was called "an esclavage," from the collar and chains with which the wearer seems laden.

"The Maiden Aunt," published in 1776, exhibits the head-dress we have given with the parroquet perched upon its powdered precipice.

It was the fashion to educate girls in stiffness of manner at all public schools, and particularly to cultivate a fall in the shoulders and an upright set of the bust, and not unfrequently a stocking-needle was stuck in the bosom to prevent girls from spoiling their shape by stooping too much over their needlework.

The follies of the ladies' dresses are thus very well taken off in the *London Magazine* for 1777:—

Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the bright colours the rainbow displays,
Be those ribbons which hang on her head;
Be her sounces adapted to make the folks gaze,
And about the whole work be they spread.

Let her flaps fly behind for a yard at the least,
Let her curls meet just under her chin,
Let these curls be supported, to keep up the jest,
With an hundred instead of one pin.

Let her gown be tucked up to the hip on each side,
Shoes too high to walk or to jump;
And to deck the sweet creature out for a ride,
Let the cork-cutter make her a rump.

Thus finished in taste, while on Chloe you gaze,
You may take the dear charmer for life;
But never undress her, for out of her stays
You'll find you've lost half of your wife.

The culash, of which an engraving is given, was made like the hood of a carriage, and could be pulled over the head by the string which was connected to the whale-bone hoops.

The riding-dress of 1786 consisted of a large hat, garnished with bows of silk



GARRICK AS MACBETH.

ribbon, the hair frizzled at the side, and the riding-gown made with overturning collar like the men's coats, and, as a whole, must have been vastly uncomfortable.

The French revolution of 1789 had a

marked effect on the English costume. From that period we may date the introduction of the modern round hat instead of the cocked one, and which, notwithstanding its unprepossessing appearance, has continued the national masculine head-dress to this very day. A loose cravat of white cambric, tied in a large bow, ornamented the beau's neck; he wore a frilled shirt, a white waistcoat with red perpendicular stripes, a long green coat with a high collar and small cuffs; knee-breeches were now "immense taste," and his shoes were tied with strings, buckles having become unfashionable.

In 1783, the manufacture of straw being carried to great perfection, it was introduced as an ornament to dress, and became, under the patronage of the Duchess of Rutland, quite "the rage." The Euro-



CALASHES. 1784.

pean Magazine for that year says, that to give an account of the straw ornaments that were then fashionable, would be tedious even to the votaries of fashion.

Paillasses, or straw coats, were very much used; they were made of sarsenet, calico, fine linen, or stuff, trimmed and ornamented with straw. "Straw, straw, straw! everything is ornamented with straw, from the cap to the shoe-buckle; and Ceres seems to be the favourite idol

with not only the female, but the male part of the fashionable world; for the gentlemen's waistcoats are ribbed with straw, and they look as if they had amused themselves in Bedlam for some time past manufacturing the flimsy doublet." This fashion, after having gone the rounds of the aristocrats, descended to the commoners, and as late as 1795 a caricature of a female, called "a bundle of straw," was published to ridicule the taste.



TRAGEDY IN HOOPS. SARA IN "THE MOURNING BRIDE." 1792.

In 1794 short waists became fashionable, and that portion of the body which fifteen years before had been preposterously long, and reaching nearly to the hips, was now carried up to the arm-pits, whence arose the parody beginning,

Shepherds, I have lost my waist;
Have you seen my body?

The hoops were discarded, and limber draperies, scanty in material, and for the most part slight in texture, were worn, clinging closely and ungracefully to the form. The fashionable dress of this period was called the aërial, not merely from its texture, being of clear muslin, but also from the extreme indelicacy of its arrangement. Nothing could exceed its *outré* character, nor its indecent form. The beauties of Lely and Charles the Second looked like sisters of charity in comparison with these

modern graces. The robe was even damped, occasionally, to make it sit closer; and the lighter the clothing the more fashionable it was considered. The petticoats were, of course, frightfully scanty, and even gored; the shoes often of a scarlet colour, and elaborately sandalled. At



HEAD-DRESS 1796

length came the bonnet, the last and most enduring novelty in female costume—that showy annual, now extravagantly large, and rivaling the gigantic blossoms of the tropics, and anon diminishing so as even scarcely to shade the brow of its wearers.

Sing her daubed with white and red,
Sing her large terrific head,
Nor the many things disguise
That produce its mighty size;
And let nothing be forgot,
Carrots, turnips, and what not;
Curls and cushions for Imprimis,
Wool and powder for the fins;
Lace and lappets, many a flag,
Many a party-coloured rag,
Pendent from the head behind
Floats and wantons in the wind.

So they dressed—those great-guy-grand-mothers—and, with all due reverence be it said, those wise grandfathers of ours, also. Query: Did these dress to please those, and those to fascinate these? or were the decorations and disfigurements of our forefathers the result of that passion for finery which seems innate in humanity? The doctors are not agreed on the question—we dare not decide so weighty a point, therefore leave it to the judgment of our present enlightened public; though some folks are ill-natured enough to hint that we are not altogether perfect on the matter of dress, even now, in the nineteenth century. We may say something about this next month, as we have now completed our papers on what Englishwomen “used to wear” in those exceedingly “good old times.” M. S. R.

A WORD ON “BEING SETTLED.”—The great error of the age in rearing children we have long believed to be in all the time holding marriage before them as the great aim and end of their existence. They are taught to look to a good settlement in life as the great purpose of their creation. All business that may enable them to earn independently their own living is too generally considered as degrading woman from her true sphere. Hence the dependence, and poverty, and suffering that everywhere meets us in every community. A distinguished man has said—“If I were talking to my own daughter, I would intreat her never to allow herself to dwell upon marriage as an object of life. Dignity and delicacy sink, I cannot say how rapidly, when once that idea takes possession of the mind; and so for happiness there is no more miserable being in existence than a woman, past the excitement of youth, aiming to be married, for the sake of being married. She becomes more and more dissatisfied and envious, and neglectful of present duties. May you never become what I have seen many others, solely from the influence of this one false degrading principle.”



THE FATAL CENTURY; OR, THE DOUBLE DUEL. IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

“And this stone, madam—who were the authors of so rude a memorial?” inquired Captain Monk, pointing to the stone, and adding, with a gay laugh, “The wag who executed this *memento mori* had a second duel in his mind’s eye, for he has adopted the economy of the domestic tombstone, and, by putting the names and date at the top, left abundant space for succeeding monographs. An ordinary blockhead, now, would have put his characters in the centre of his ground; but this one evidently thought the tale unconcluded, and has provided margin accordingly.”

“For shame, Captain Monk,” exclaimed Cicely, in partly assumed and partly real displeasure at his levity. “I shall think you heartless if you speak thus flippantly again.” Then turning to Mrs. Trenchard, she observed, “But tell us, dear aunt, did Clara Peveril’s father or uncle never discover the truth of her marriage? For I feel sure, in my own mind, that she was married.”

“Your sensibility has not deceived you, Cicely. About ten years after the death of Mrs. Beecher, the chaplain having left the service on his return from India, called

on Mr. Peveril, to give to him, as the parent of the unfortunate wife, the certificate of her marriage, which had, in the agitation of the moment, been left upon the table after the performance of the ceremony; so that her memory, though late, was fully justified, and her truth and integrity placed beyond a doubt. As respects your question, Captain Monk," continued the good lady, turning towards her sarcastic friend, "the regiment, receiving sudden orders to embark for the Low Countries, commissioned a tradesman to execute a tablet with the names of the officers, and the date of their death, to be fixed into the wall of St. Martin's church. After the departure of the regiment, the tradesman fell into difficulties, and believing no one would ever return to make inquiry after his commission, appropriated the money, and neglected its execution altogether; his son, however, some years after, feeling some compunction at his father's breach of faith, compromised the matter by executing this rude stone, and being employed by the city to repair the wall, considered the spot where the duel was fought as a much better site than the chancel of a church, and accordingly placed it in the exact spot where Lieutenant Beecher's body was found leaning. But now, my dears, as it is growing rapidly dark, and I have told you every thing in connexion with this gloomy story, it is quite time for us to go home; Colonel Trenchard will wonder what has befallen us. Gentlemen, I presume you will sup with us, as usual?"

"Noville, madam, will have that pleasure," replied Monk, as he gave Cicely his arm, and followed their conductress across the fields; "but my felicity for the night must end at the portico of Barton House, as I have to return to barracks and take Somerville's guard till midnight, or else," he said in a low, confidential tone to Cicely, as he bent his head to bring his lips on a level with her ear, "or else——"

"Peace, peace," replied Cicely gaily, as a slight flush of the cheek and eyes showed that she was not altogether insensible to the words or voice of the speaker; "now you are speaking for the mere pleasure of talking, and the delight it gives you to flatter."

At this moment the party entered the barracks, and, slowly crossing the quad-

range and front court, and passing the guard-room and dragon on duty, stepped out on the broad highway—a continuation of Northgate, which led directly to the Isle of Thanet. Immediately in front of these barracks, on the opposite side of the high-road, and surrounded by its own pleasure-grounds and shrubbery, stood Barton House, the residence of Colonel Trenchard. Having swung back the gate and entered the grounds beneath an archway of festooning honeysuckle and roses that, already heavy with the dews of evening, poured down, when shaken, a shower of odorous rain, Monk took his leave of the ladies for the night, and, with a light jest upon his friend's good fortune in escaping the necessity of mounting guard, and a rueful grimace at his own ill-luck, he cast a farewell expression of tenderness on his fascinating companion Cicely, and, turning on his heel, opened the gate, and, darting across the highway, was within the barracks before the perfumed shower, shook from the heavy blossoms, caused by his impatience, had ceased.

Having seen the guard relieved and the ordinary duties performed, Monk retired to his apartment to await the return of his friend Somerville, before, as officer of the watch, taking the last reports of the day. The night was warm and oppressive, and the servant had placed the lights on a table near the open window, as Monk, throwing down his gauntlets, dropped carelessly into a chair, when he caught sight of the alip of paper which he had placed in the palm of his glove, but which Mrs. Trenchard's story had completely banished from his mind. Intending to fold it up and inclose it with a few lines to his friend, Monk stretched out his hand to draw it towards him; but though neither actuated by curiosity nor influenced by feelings of jealousy as he drew the paper towards him, he became suddenly aware of every letter and expression on its surface, and this without either the wish or intention to make himself acquainted with its contents.

The paper over which his eye had glanced so hastily was written in a lady's neat but trembling hand, and contained only the following hasty expressions:—"The front window at twelve. Be careful. the verandah and porch are safe." That this was an appointed interview between

Matilda Warren and his friend Neville, he had no manner of doubt; and Monk was on the point of inclosing it to the person for whom it was unquestionably intended, when a feeling, partly of mirth and part of mischief, flashed through his mind, and, throwing the paper down on the table, he leant back in his chair, and, with a light laugh, let his thoughts take the truant direction that the billet had provoked. "How do I know," he said, after a few minutes, and speaking aloud, for the first time carefully scrutinizing both the paper and the delicately formed letters, "but this love's missive, this cupid's billet, that seems small enough to have been shot from the little urchin's bow, may not have been meant for me? I have no proof of Neville's ownership; it may have been dropped by the fair writer for my especial finding. By Jove! it were a good joke to act upon the supposition. Let me see—" "Twelve o'clock—the verandah is safe," he continued, again referring to the slip. "This explicit intelligence is doubtlessly meant for my instruction; but how if Neville should be there as well—?" and for a moment the fatal duel they had so lately heard recorded flashed on Monk's mind, and he bit his lip, and seemed for an instant lost in a painful reverie: at length, springing up with a gay laugh, he exclaimed, "Pshaw, that's preposterous! I'll keep the appointment; 'faint heart never won fair lady,' so I'll en try what a little impudence will do in the way of winning me a mistress. Stay! what if it should be my little coquette Cicely, and not her sentimental cousin Matilda? Well, well, an hour or two will show." And, going to his toilet, Captain Monk gave his person those little corrective touches which are customary before visiting ladies; he then enveloped himself in the ample folds of his military cloak, and, going to the adjutant's apartment, obtained the countersign for the night, and having resigned his assumed duties to Somerville, who just then returned to quarters, he passed from the barracks and bent his steps in the direction of the city, with the intention of killing the time till the hour of the assiguation.

Strolling about the streets till the Cathedral clock chimed half-past eleven, Monk retraced his steps to the house of

Colonel Trenchard, though not by the same route, for, passing through West-gate, traversing North-lane, and crossing Coalharbour fields, round the river to the Mill-bridge, he approached Barton House from behind; and exactly as the heavy bell of the cathedral told the first stroke of twelve, Monk pushed open the lawn-gate, and observing by the starlight—for the moon had not yet risen—that one of the first-floor windows was open, without a moment's consideration, and with a laugh of inward satisfaction, placed his foot in the lattice-work that conducted the jessamine and honeysuckle over the front of the house, and grasping the pillars that supported the portico over the entrance, ascended with agility and despatch to the balcony in front of the window, and, leaping over the low breast-work, the next moment disappeared through the casement into the darkened room beyond.

The great bell of the Minster was ringing sharply out the "one-two" that indicated the quarter past, when the garden-gate was again noiselessly opened, and a man, carefully enveloped in a long cloak, passed from under the pattering dew-drops from the arching creepers, and stood in the centre of the lawn in the full light of the moon, which at that moment burst from the clouds that had obscured it on the horizon, and seemed to race rejoicingly up the blue vault, lighting up the dark night with a sudden blaze of silvery light.

The stranger paused for a moment, looking first to the front of the house and open window, then carefully peering round, finding himself unobserved, approached the porch, and, after a moment devoted to a careful scrutiny of the means of ascent, placed his foot in the trellis, with a bound had mounted half the distance, when the low voices of persons in the room above caused him abruptly to suspend his progress. After a few minutes given to intense listening, in which the muttered conference became more audible, he carefully descended, and, withdrawing into the shadow of the porch, stood in profound silence, waiting the result. Almost immediately, the lattice shook under the heavy tread of a descending form, and with a light spring Captain Monk leapt to the ground. At the same instant the muffled figure started forward, dashing with the force

of a powerful arm his glove with vindictive passion in the other's face, while Major Neville, for he it was who advanced, exclaimed, between his set teeth—

"Captain Monk, you are a cowardly villain, a dishonourable miscreant, who, taking advantage of a discovered secret, have well earned the name of traitor. Follow me, sir, at once; you are armed, I hope?"

"You shall find that I am, Major Neville," cried Monk, speaking in deep emotion and in a subdued tone, withdrawing the handkerchief he had used to hide the blood that followed the blow from Neville's glove; "and, had you twenty lives to lose, by the God above! you should render me a fearful account of them."

Without another word, he sprang to the gate, and the two men, bent on such terrible revenge, side by side, but in a deadly silence, hurried up the lane, crossed the high-road, giving the word to the challenge of the sentinel, entered the inclosure, traversed its deserted courts and quadrangle, still in the same implacable and moody silence, quitted it by the rear, crossed the military road, and, leaping the low stile at a bound, hurried over the damp grass of the North Holms, till, almost out of breath with the speed at which they had traversed the limited distance, they turned the angle of the wall, and halted on the narrow path in front of that stone which, with such different feelings, they had left so short a time before.

Both men were too engrossed in the deadly animosity of their hearts, and the wild tumult which the knowledge of injury and insult evoked in either breast, to cast one thought on the pale, trembling, and half-distracted Matilda, as, with one hand convulsively pressed on her side, to still the violent throbbings of her heart, and the other grasping the window-frame for support, she stood in the gloom of the chamber, gazing in bewildered horror upon the hurried scene that was enacted beneath; and it was some moments after the angry disputants had left the garden, and the last echo of their hasty feet had died away upon the ear, before she could devise a remedy, or rouse herself sufficiently to take any course of action. When the brain is powerfully excited, a kind of prescience takes place of ordinary reason, filling the mind

with a knowledge of confirmatory facts which could not generally be obtained but by the slower process of inductive reasoning. So it was in the present instance, for, though she did not hear their muttered passion, she saw the blow, and understood the anger and resentment that inflamed the passions of either speaker; and, though a word would have explained all, one was too deeply injured to receive it, and the other too incensed to offer explanation; and, when they left, there was with Matilda a perfect conviction that they would bend their steps to the scene of the former duel, and, where they had so lately stood in friendship, consummate their kindled animosity in blood.

Awaking with a start from the dreamy apathy that paralysed her faculties, and shaking off the dreadful nightmare that sat with frightful horror on her heart, Matilda rushed distractedly from the window, hastening, with rapid but noiseless step, down the stairs, unchained the door, and instantly passing out, alone and regardless of all fear, dead to all considerations of personal propriety, crossed the lawn, gained the lane, and, flying along the deserted road, darted past the astounded sentry at the gates, till, with unabated speed, she reached the centre of the quadrangle, the residence of the head-quarters. From frequent visits with her uncle, familiar with the commandant's apartments, she flew up the stairs, bursting, without notice or apology, into the room of the commanding officer. Throwing herself at the feet of the amazed colonel, she seized his hand as he sat reading at a table, when, pouring forth the anguish of her heart in the wildest accents of despair, she besought him instantly to fly to the rescue and succour of his best officers.

It was some moments before Colonel Witherton could recover from the surprise into which the abrupt and distracted appearance of his visitor had thrown him, and yet longer before he could clearly comprehend the cause of her visit, or the request that she so wildly importuned him to grant. When, however, he did clearly understand the purport of her petition, Colonel Witherton rose hastily, and, summoning an orderly, gave his commands and dismissed him on his errand, while, buckling on his sword and throwing his

cloak over his shoulders, he returned to the table, where Matilda, on her knees, with folded hands, was, in speechless agony, endeavouring to frame her distracted thoughts into prayer.

Gently raising her almost insensible form, Colonel Witherton placed her in his chair, and, bidding her remain quiet till his return, was about to quit the room, when the startling sound of the rat, tat tat, rat, tat tat, broke on the ear, as the drummer from the court below beat the sharp *réveille*, when, springing to her feet, she darted out of the chamber, and before the colonel had reached the first landing, was already by the side of the provost's guard, while through the clear night, and over the sleeping town, the ruff of the drum as the rattling notes of the *rappel* echoed from street to street, or flung from tower and gate, pealed over the hushed city, like a sudden beat to arms.

"In what direction did you say, madam?" demanded Colonel Witherton, as he left his quarters, and turning towards Matilda, who, with bent form and wringing hands, stood at the head of the fifteen or twenty men who in loose order were drawn up in front of the officers' mess-house.

"Oh! speak not, but follow! It will be too late—too late—follow me," she exclaimed, as, throwing back the hair which had escaped from its confining bands, and hung like a blinding veil before her eyes, she rushed impatiently forward and, turning round, waved her arm in an imploring gesture to advance.

Colonel Witherton stepped into the open ranks, and, giving the order to close up and march, the provost-marshal, who had held a brief conference with his superior officer, sprang to the head of the guard, which, with a firm and rapid step, advanced in the direction indicated by Matilda, who, with both hands pressed firmly on her side, flitted in front of the column, ever and anon turning round in her impatience to note how near they followed her steps, or pausing with beseeching importunity as the guard, challenged by the different sentries, gave out the response, "The provost-marshal," and again hurried on till clear of the barracks and entering the field, where the tread of the men, deadened by the damp grass, produced only a muffled sound; she approached the provost, and in a low,

deep whisper said, "This is the spot. Hark! do you hear the clash of swords?"

With a motion of his hand, the marshal arrested the march of his men, and for a moment listened intently, but could detect no sound. Matilda, however, rendered more acute from the state of nervous tension of her whole frame, raised her hand and, pointing to the shadow that fell from the high wall beyond, exclaimed, in a suppressed shriek, "It was a groan," and, rushing forward in the direction she had indicated, was instantly followed in a parallel line by the officers and men.

Gaining the path and skirting the wall, Matilda seemed rather to fly than walk, as her light robes, seen through the shade, gave her form the shadowy aspect of a spirit, till, abruptly turning the angle, she emerged into a flood of moonlight and confronted the dreadful spectacle her fears had too truly presaged, while at the same moment the soldiers halted at the gate facing the deadly group.

Leaning with his back on the wall, and covering the fatal stone with his person, with his head resting on his chest, and his arms depending motionless by his side, was the dead and bleeding body of Captain Monk. A few paces removed, and standing erect and motionless as a statue, with his sword smeared and bloody to the hilt, and gleaming ghastly in his clenched hand, stood Major Neville. His eyes were open, and the void, freezing stare that looked from them seemed more chill and cavernous, from the livid circle that surrounded their orbits, and the ashy paleness of the lips and brow, on which large drops of moisture stood out like banded sweat.

With a shriek of despair Matilda threw herself on her knees before the human statue that confronted her, and, with upraised arms and folded hands, called wildly on his name, beseeching him by every epithet of love to speak to her—to hear her vindication—to forgive—to pardon her; till, awed by the silent form and ghastly rigidity to which she spoke in vain, she hid her face in her hands and, with a shudder that convulsed her frame, burst into sobs of heart-broken anguish.

"I have avenged you," murmured the form before her, with a hollow whisper that sounded as if it issued more from the grave

than mortal lips, so low, indistinct, and unlife-like was its tone, and so thrilling its effect on the hearer. The next moment the tall body fell with a crash at her feet, and Matilda, springing up with a shriek, flung herself, in the abandonment of her sorrow, on the breast of her prostrate lover, while the officers and men rushed in through the gate, to offer what assistance was in their power. At the same time Colonel Witherton kindly but forcibly removed Matilda from the body, that the surgeon, who at that moment joined the group, might examine into the nature of their wounds.

"What is your opinion, doctor?" demanded the colonel, as Matilda, having fainted, hung insensible over his arm.

"Captain Monk is dead, sir; he could not have lived a moment after this wound; it is through the heart."

"And Major Neville?" he asked, as the surgeon, kneeling by his patient, tore open the uniform to examine the wounds on his person, and, feeling his heart, threw the cloak over the body, and, rising to his feet, replied—

"Not yet dead."

"Here, my men, spread the cloaks on your muskets, and carry the major to his quarters; the rest bring in the body of the captain," exclaimed Colonel Witherton, as he unfastened his own cloak and wrapped it round the form of the unconscious Matilda.

Laying their muskets on the grass, and covering them with their cloaks, they carefully placed Major Neville on one and the body of Captain Monk on the other, and on these military biers the soldiers, attended by the provost and the doctor, silently took up their officers, and in solemn stillness moved off with their burdens, as the colonel, taking the insensible Matilda in his arms, followed mournfully after.

Many weeks elapsed before the flickering life that lingered in such doubtful existence round the heart of the prostrate and enfeebled major, had settled into vitality, and the bright months of summer had already deepened into the shade of autumn before life could be said fairly to have resumed its empire over the attenuated form of the once manly and powerful frame of Major Neville. As winter set in, and it became at length possible to remove him

from the wearisome scene of his sick chamber, heavy bail at the same time being tendered for his appearance before the judicial tribunal, the utmost interest of his family was exerted, that the wounded officer might be permitted by short stages to be first removed to Dover, and ultimately during the brief peace, through France, to the south of Italy, to recruit his exhausted system.

A court-martial had already dismissed him from his majesty's service, for having fought a duel without seconds, and a coroner's jury—taking the same view of the case—returned a verdict of wilful murder; so that, should he, under the benign influence of a more congenial climate, and the natural vigour of his constitution, ultimately recover his former health, there seemed every probability that Mr. Neville would only revisit his native country to meet the sentence and endure the fate of a murderer.

The family of Colonel Trenchard quitted Canterbury almost immediately after the duel, and retired to a villa in the neighbourhood of Palermo, in Sicily, where the state of Mrs. Trenchard's health for a long time caused the most serious apprehension in the mind of her husband and friends. The remarkable coincidence of the duel being again connected with her family, could not fail to produce the most serious consequences on her health; and though the ceaseless assiduity of her friends, the best medical treatment, and the repose and beauty of her residence, in time restored her frame to much of its wonted vigour, her spirits never rallied, she looked on the tragical issue of the last event as a pre-ordained fatality that not only now, but in time to come, was destined to overshadow the annals and happiness of her family with a calamity that, to her excited imagination, had all the terrible reality of a prophecy and a curse.

For a long period the major's life was doubtful, and, till he was pronounced beyond the ordinary chances of danger, Matilda had been his devoted and untiring companion, dividing the constant duty of ministering to that recovery on which her own life and happiness so intimately depended, and sharing, through weeks and months, with the nurses, the fatigue and anxieties of an existence that oscillated so

long and doubtfully between the balance of life and death. When Neville was pronounced fit for removal, Matilda sought in a religious house of noted piety, near Palermo, shelter and solitude, waiting the issue of events, to determine whether she would take the veil among her adopted sisterhood, or return once more to the world, and the enjoyment of social life, while Cicely, till the coming home of her parents, took up her residence with her aunt and Colonel Trenchard, near Palermo, where she could attend to the comfort of her dear relative, and from time to time visit her sorrowing cousin.

At the end of two years, Neville, completely restored to health, and reinstated in his former strength and vigour, returned to England. Having surrendered himself to the laws of his country, he stood a long and patient trial, and was, owing to the lapse of time, which had mellowed down the incidents, and, by the able exposition of facts made in his defence, fully acquitted.

What were the circumstances that transpired in Matilda's apartment between herself and Captain Monk on the night of the duel, and which led to that fatal encounter, though communicated to the family, were never publicly known, until, in justification of the lady's honour, and to modify the charge of wilful murder upon which the major was indicted for fighting a duel without seconds, the real events of that interview, with prior facts connected with it, were then for the first time fully divulged.

From the circumstances then made known, it appeared that, from the first occasion of seeing Matilda Warren, when, on the arrival of the regiment, the Major was introduced by his commanding officer to Colonel Trenchard and his family, Neville had conceived a profound and ardent affection for her. On Matilda's part, the handsome person and the calm, unobtrusive demeanour of the gallant and soldierly Neville had awakened a corresponding interest, which, in one of her sensitive nature, quickly deepened into all the devoted fervour of true and maidenly love; and, with such feelings of mutual regard, the lovers were not long in conveying to each other a true knowledge of the state of their affections.

When once made certain and happy in the

conviction of Matilda's love, Neville, having a most imperious and exacting relative to consider—one who could materially mar or advance his prospects—at once proposed, before formally breaking his intentions to Colonel Trenchard, to consult and solicit his countenance and approbation to his marriage. For this purpose he secretly sought and obtained a leave of absence from his regiment; but, at the last moment, dreading to leave his Matilda to the danger of fresh suitors, and those evils which lovers usually apprehend in separation, especially as his absence would extend to some months, he ultimately overcame Matilda's natural scruples to a private marriage, by assuring her, among other arguments to disarm her opposition, that, should his uncle refuse his consent, and consequently deprive him of the inheritance he expected, he would sell out of the service, and, with the proceeds of his commission, emigrate to America, and, taking possession of an estate left to him by his brother in Maryland, spend the rest of his life blessed with her society, and in the enjoyment of rural peace and happiness.

Where the heart is willing, the judgment is easily led; and Matilda loved him too sincerely long to oppose whatever would please and satisfy the pleader she valued so dearly. Arrangements were accordingly made; and early in the morning of that eventful day, the lovers had met by appointment near Hartledown, and a post-chaise in waiting quickly carried them to Ospringe, where, by previous arrangement, they were married, and were back again at Barton House, as if returned from a morning walk, in time to join the family at breakfast. The note Neville had so carelessly dropped was written at his desire, that he might visit his wife for a short time before starting the following morning, on his embassy to his uncle, who resided on the western coast of France.

When Monk so abruptly presented himself in the room where she was waiting for her husband, and stood in all his natural vivacity before the alarmed Matilda, she, instantly dreading the consequences of a misconception of motives, at once, and with more fortitude and resolution than she usually displayed, threw herself on the generosity of her visitor, and told him

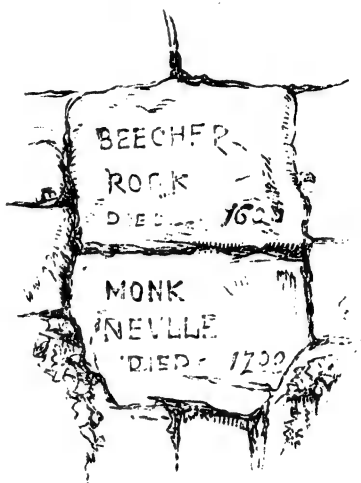
the secret of their marriage and real state of affairs. Touched by her distress, ashamed of his own folly, and grateful for this mark of her confidence, Monk promised to wait below for the arrival of Neville, tell him of his error, and apologise for his intrusion; and then, respectfully pressing her hand, instantly quitted the room and descended the balcony, where, but for the intemperate haste and insulting blow of Neville, all the apology one gentleman could offer to another, his friend would gladly have proffered. But the issue was unfortunately different, and the fatal catastrophe resulted.

There was too much truth in Matilda's nature, and she was too devoted and absolutely his own, for Neville to doubt for one moment the truth of his wife's statement; but he was resolved, unless honourably acquitted, never to consummate a marriage so inauspiciously begun; hence Matilda's retirement to a convent and their long separation.

The uncle, when informed of the entire story, and subsequently introduced to Matilda, at once accepted her as his niece, and Neville's idea of emigration to his maternal estates was consequently for ever exploded from their thoughts or wishes. It was not, however, for several years, nor till after the death of Mrs. Trenchard, when surrounded by her family, that Mrs. Neville with her husband, now in possession of his uncle's estates, returned to England, and took up their permanent residence in the family mansion in Somersetshire.

One moonlight night, some months after the duel, and when public curiosity (which had brought people from the remotest part of the country to view a spot rendered so remarkable by the double catastrophe) had somewhat subsided, a very old and infirm man, whom rumour gave out as the actual descendant of the original sculptor engaged to erect the tablet to the memory of the first duellists, was discovered alone, and with no light but that of the moon, tracing the remaining names of Monk and Neville, with the date of the duel, to complete a memorial that, after the lapse of a century and a half, still stands, as it will probably continue for ages, to identify a spot so fatal, and keep alive the memory of the tragical events at once so strangely

connected with the regiment in which they occurred, and to the city in which the mournful circumstances were enacted.



A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

THE human body, materially considered, is a beautiful piece of mechanism, consisting of many parts, each one being the centre of a system, and performing its own vital function irrespectively of the others, and yet dependent for its vitality upon the harmony and health of the whole. It is, in fact, to a certain extent, like a watch, which, when once wound up, and set in motion, will continue its function of recording true time only so long as every wheel, spring, and lever performs its allotted duty, and at its allotted time; or till the limit that man's ingenuity has placed to its existence as a moving automaton, has been reached; or, in other words, till it has run down. In some sort, the human body is like the artful fabrication of a watch, beautifully and elaborately formed, but each part in such just harmony and dependence on the other, that, though performing dissimilar and irrespectively duties, the whole is so justly

balanced that they can only act for, and in concert, with each other.

What the key is to the mechanical watch, air is to the physical man. Once admit air into the mouth and nostrils, and the lungs expand, the heart beats, the blood rushes to the remotest part of the body, the mouth secretes saliva, to soften and macerate the food; the liver forms its bile, to separate the nutriment from the digestive aliment; the kidneys perform their office; the eye elaborates its tears, to facilitate motion, and impart that glistening to the orb on which depends so much of its beauty; and a dewy moisture exudes from the skin, protecting the body from the extremes of heat and cold, and sharpening the perception of touch and feeling. At the same instant, and in every part, the arteries, like innumerable bees, are everywhere laying down layers of muscle, bones, teeth, and, in fact, like the coral zoophyte, building up a continent of life and matter; while the veins, equally busy, are carrying away the *débris* and refuse collected from where the zoophyte arteries are building—this refuse, in its turn, being conveyed to the liver, there to be converted into bile.

All these, and they are but a few of the vital actions constantly taking place, are the instant result of one gasp of life-giving air. Having explained this hasty and general view of what is called the physiology of life, we will proceed to the more minute, but still general consideration of the subject; so that the youthful mother may know something more of her infant than the mere material beauty that lies in her lap, and by gaining some insight into the animal mechanism of the matchless "piece of work" that God has intrusted to her love and guardianship, she may be better able to understand its ailments, and minister to its wants.

No subject can be fraught with greater interest than watching the first spark of life, as it courses with electric speed "through all the gates and alleys" of the soft, insensate body of the infant. The effect of air on the new-born child is as remarkable as it is wonderful in its consequence; but to understand this more intelligibly, it must first be remembered that life consists of the performance of *three* vital functions—**RESPIRATION, CIRCULATION, and DIGESTION.** The lungs

digest the air, taking from it its most nutritious element, the oxygen, to give to the impoverished blood, that circulates through them. The stomach digests the food, and separates the nutriment—chyle—from the aliment, which it gives to the blood for the development of the frame; and the blood, which is understood by the term circulation, digests in its passage through the lungs the nutriment—chyle—to give it quantity and quality, and the oxygen from the air to give it vitality. Hence it will be seen that, speaking generally, the three vital functions resolve themselves into one, **DIGESTION**; and that the lungs are the primary and the most important of the vital organs; and respiration, the first in fact, as we all know it is the last in deed, of all the functions performed by the living body.

THE LUNGS.—RESPIRATION.

The first effect of air on the infant is a slight tremor about the lips and angles of the mouth, increasing to twitchings, and finally to a convulsive contraction of the lips and cheeks, the consequence of sudden cold to the nerves of the face. This spasmodic action produces a gasp, when the air rushes through the mouth and nostrils, enters the windpipe and the upper portion of the flat and contracted lungs, which, like a sponge partly immersed in water, immediately expand. This is succeeded by a few faint sobs or pants, by which larger volumes of air are drawn into the chest, till, after a few seconds, and when a greater bulk of the lungs have become inflated, the breast-bone and ribs rise, the chest expands, and, with a sudden start, the infant gives utterance to a succession of loud, sharp cries, which have the effect of filling every cell of the entire organ with life and air. To the anxious mother, the first voice of her child is, doubtless, the sweetest music she ever heard; and the more loudly it peals, the greater should be her joy, as it is an indication of health and strength, and not only shows the perfect expansion of the lungs, but that the process of life has set in with vigour. Having welcomed in its own existence, like the morning bird, with a shrill note of gladness, the infant ceases its cry, and, after a few short sobs, usually subsides into sleep or quietude.

At the same instant that the air rushes into the lungs, the valve, or door between the two sides of the heart—and through which the blood had previously passed—is closed and hermetically sealed, and the blood, taking a new course, bounds into the lungs, now expanded with air; and which we have likened to a wetted sponge, to which they bear a not unapt affinity, air being substituted for water. It here receives the oxygen from the atmosphere, and the chyle, or white blood, from the digested food; and becomes, in an instant, arterial blood, a vital fluid, from which every solid and fluid of the body is constructed. Besides the lungs, nature has provided another respiratory organ, a sort of supplemental lung, that, as well as being a covering to the body, *inspires* air and *expires* moisture; this is the cuticle or skin; and so intimate is the connexion between the skin and lungs, that whatever injures the first, is certain to affect the latter.

Hence the difficulty of breathing experienced after scalds or burns on the cuticle, the cough that follows the absorption of cold or damp by the skin, the oppressed and laborious breathing experienced by children in all eruptive diseases, while the rash is coming to the surface, and the hot, dry skin that always attends congestion of the lungs, and fever.

The great practical advantage derivable from this fact is, the knowledge that whatever relieves the one benefits the other. Hence, too, the great utility of hot-baths in all affections of the lungs or diseases of the skin; and the reason why exposure to cold or wet is, in nearly all cases, followed by tightness of the chest, sore throat, difficulty of breathing, and cough. These symptoms are the consequence of a larger quantity of blood than natural remaining in the lungs; and the cough is a mere effort of nature to throw off the obstruction caused by the presence of too much blood in the organ of respiration. The hot bath, by causing a larger amount of blood to rush suddenly to the skin, has the effect of relieving the lungs of their excess of blood, and by equalizing the circulation, and promoting perspiration from the cuticle, affords immediate and direct benefit, both to the lungs and the whole system at large.

THE STOMACH—DIGESTION.

The organs that either directly or indirectly contribute to the process of digestion are, the mouth, teeth, tongue, and gullet, the stomach, small intestines, the pancreas, the salivary glands, and the liver. Next to respiration, digestion is the chief function in the economy of life, as, without the nutritious fluid digested from the aliment, there would be nothing to supply the immense and constantly recurring waste of the system, caused by the activity with which the arteries at all periods, but especially during infancy and youth, are building up the frame and developing the body. In infancy (the period of which our present subject treats), the series of parts engaged in the process of digestion may be reduced simply to the stomach and liver, or rather its secretion, the bile. The stomach is a thick, muscular bag, connected above with the gullet, and at its lower extremity with the commencement of the small intestines. The duty or function of the stomach is to secrete from the arteries spread over its inner surface, a sharp acid liquid, called the *gastric juice*; this, with a due mixture of saliva, softens, dissolves, and gradually digests the food or contents of the stomach, reducing the whole into a soft pulpy mass, which then passes into the first part of the small intestines, where it comes in contact with the bile from the gall bladder, which immediately separates the digested food into two parts; one is a white creamy fluid, called *chyle*, and the absolute concentration of all nourishment, which is taken up by proper vessels, and, as we have before said, carried directly to the heart, to be made blood of, and vitalised in the lungs, and thus provide for the wear and tear of the system. It must be here observed, that the stomach can only digest *solids*, for fluids, being incapable of digestion, can only be *absorbed*; and without the process and result of digestion, animal, at least human life, could not exist. Now, as nature has ordained that infantine life shall be supported on liquid only, and as, without a digestion, the body would perish, some provision was necessary to meet this difficulty, and that provision was found in the nature of the liquid itself, or in other words, *THE MILK*. Now the process of making cheese, or curds and whey, is fami-

liar to most persons; but as it is necessary to the elucidation of our subject, we will briefly repeat it. The internal membrane, or the lining coat of a calf's stomach, having been removed from the organ, is hung up, like a bladder, to dry; when required, a piece is cut off, put in a jug, a little warm water poured upon it, and after a few hours it is fit for use; the liquid so made is called *rennet*. A little of this rennet, poured into a basin of warm milk, at once coagulates the greater part of the milk, and separates from it a quantity of thin liquor called *whey*. This is precisely the action that takes place in the infant's stomach, after every supply from the breast. The cause is the same in both cases, the acid of the gastric juice in the infant's stomach immediately converting the milk into a soft cheese. It is gastric juice, adhering to the calf's stomach, and drawn out by the water in the rennet, that makes the curds in the basin. The cheesy substance being a solid, at once undergoes the process of digestion, is separated into chyle by the bile, and, in a few hours, finds its way to the infant's heart to become blood, and commence the architecture of its little frame. This is the simple process of a baby's life: milk converted into cheese, cheese into chyle, chyle into blood, and blood into flesh and bone, and tegument—how simple is the cause, but how sublime and wonderful are the effects!

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

TO CURE SWEET HAM.—Rub the ham the preceding evening with ten ounces of saltpetre, and the next morning with the following mixture:—three pounds of common salt, three pounds of coarse sugar, and one pound of bay salt. Boil the mixture in three quarts of strong beer, which, after it has boiled a short time, pour over the ham. Let them remain a month in the pickle, rubbing and turning them every day, but do not take them out of the pickling pan. The above is the Westmoreland mode of curing hams.

ORMSKIRK GINGERBREAD.—One pound of butter, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of treacle, two pounds of flour, a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of ginger, and a little candied lemon. To ascertain when baked enough, butter a little cap paper and put it round your pot or tin.

MANGOLD WURTZEL WINE.—Three pounds of mangold to one gallon of water. Boil them to a pulp, then strain them through a colander, add three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cloves, and one ounce of ginger. Boil them for an hour.

ECONOMY OF DRESS.

We have received the following communication from a correspondent:—

The cost for female apparel is not nearly so much as many suppose. To commence with the most important part, that of under-clothing, a lady can procure, provided she makes them herself, for the small sum of £1 18s. 0½d.—

Six good plain chemises.	
Ditto pairs of drawers.	
Ditto petticoats.	
Ditto night-dresses.	

Get two pieces of Horrock's, M. 2, long cloth, at 5½d. per yard. Horrock's is by far the best make, and the quality known as M. 2 quite good enough for all ordinary purposes. The pieces run from 40½ to 41½ yards; and, if properly cut, scarcely a thread need be wasted. The 83 yards will make

Yards.	
Six chemises, 1½ long, 2½ in each	15
Six pairs of drawers, 1½ long, 2½ in each	13½
Six petticoats, 1½ long, 4 widths, 5 in each	30
Six night-dresses, 13½ long, 4 widths, leaving 13 inches for sleeves	24
	82½

These should all be cut out at the same time, as the slopings from the drawers will cut the bands, and bands for petticoats, shoulder-straps, collars, wristbands, gussets, etc., for night dresses. The sleeves of chemises ought to be cut from the piece taken off the top; the small gores joined on at the bottom from the piece cut out at each side. When the set is completed, mark them neatly with red cotton—not ink, which is an invention for the idle only, or for the poor miserable bachelor obliged to mark his own.

Number each article, and wear them in rotation. It is advisable to get two other pieces of long cloth and commence a second half dozen, as soon as convenient; by wearing them in turn, the dozen will last four or even five years. If ladies wish for trimming, the best for night-dresses is unvelvet insertion and scallop edging. A neat crochet edge is pretty for the chemise, and less expensive; the quantity required for chemise is 1½ yard; for collar, wrist, and front of night-dress, 1½ yard; of scallop work, 1½ yard.

I am of opinion that the less trimming there is on under-linen the more ladylike it appears. A nicely vandyked long-cloth collar, gauntlet cuff, and piece down the front to correspond, is both simple and elegant, and does not get destroyed in the wash.

To young ladies of limited means who say they have not time to do their own plain sewing without interfering with other duties, I would say, rise an hour earlier for the purpose, and always have some at hand to take up any spare minute that may occur during the day. Let them try this plan for one week; they will be surprised at the quantity of work done even in those odd minutes. No one can be a true economist who wastes a moment of that time far more precious than the gold which perishes. I hope those ladies who can well afford to purchase these articles ready-made will always do so, since the making them forms the sole subsistence of hundreds of their suffering sisters.



THE FASHIONABLE BONNET AND CAP.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

EDITED BY MADemoiselle ROCHA.

In commencing our pleasant labours in the service of a Journal already as well known to the ladies of England, and so deservedly established in their favour, we will only introduce ourselves by saying that it will be our constant endeavour to bring under their notice every variety of Continental work as soon as it appears, as well as everything deserving attention which may from time to time arise in this country. Making professions beyond this would be out of place; we shall, therefore, leave it to the future to show how much interest we feel in discharging the duties we have undertaken.

NATURE sets the ladies the example of change of attire. Each season wears its own peculiar costume, and that, too, rich in ornament, whether in winter's icy gossamer or summer's many-coloured flowers. The extreme heat of weather which has lately prevailed has naturally led to the adoption of the lightest possible out-of-door costume, and, to preserve the tasteful keeping of the style, fashion sanctions an abundant use of flowers. We have seldom seen so profuse an introduction of these beautiful decorations as is now universal in all the articles of dress into which they can possibly be admitted.

Shawls, both of lace and muslin, are in much request. We may mention one, not yet introduced into England, simple, but having an air of peculiar elegance. It consists of a square of fine clear muslin, having a large group of lovely flowers forming a graceful corner. These flowers are done in their own natural colours, in the same way as our own printed muslins. A deep frill is set round this shawl, finished only with a wide hem. We hope the English manufacturers will take the hint, and soon introduce this most elegant article into the London shops.

One of the most favoured promenade costumes is the Cosack, adapted for summer weather. This is made of many different sorts of light materials. It looks very elegant in white muslin, or almost any other thin texture. It should reach about a quarter of a yard short of the under skirt, so as to give something like the appearance of a double skirt when made of the same fabric. In white it can be worn over a coloured silk, a *barège*, a taffeta, or other slight manufacture. Here we must observe that *piqué* is quite out.

THE FASHIONABLE BONNET.

In bonnets there is some change of shape. The front is slightly pointed, rather deeper than formerly, more open at the sides of the face, so as to allow room for the inner trimming and for the bows of hair, as well as to display the ornamental car-ring. The bonnet given in our illustration will more effectually explain our meaning. It is made of either white or black tulle on a transparent shape. The black may be bound with either sea-green or mauve, which are now the two prevailing colours. The white with white silk. The continuation of our description will be equally suitable for either bonnet. Being covered

with a full tulle from the front to the back, a sort of bag is left over the curtain behind, which is the peculiarity of the style, as it incloses a handsome cluster of flowers. More fully to explain our illustration, let us say that a frilling of tulle being gathered round the edge of the bonnet, it is then bound, a ribbon is passed round over the part where the crown meets the front, a second lower down, having a deep blonde at its edge turning towards the front, a curtain attached, not too deep (deep curtains are exploded), the flowers introduced under the tulle, which is then gathered in over them, leaving them inclosed as in a net.

The inside trimmings have also a pretty novelty. A wreath of flowers is carried across the forehead instead of being mingled with tulle or blonde, the cap being nothing more than short, full quillings, which only reach from the chin to the ear, to meet the flowers. On the outside of the bonnet a blonde is carried round the front, which just falls over its binding, and shades the wreath of which we have spoken just sufficiently to soften its effect. This is one of the most elegant bonnets of the season.

The cap which we have selected for illustration will, we trust, be acceptable as an elegant novelty. Taking one of the usual foundations, a round crown in tulle is placed upon it, sufficiently large to reach from the back to the front. This being first bound, two pieces of ribbon are taken about three inches wide, fastened on each side of the front, crossed over in the centre of the crown, and left sufficiently long to hang as strings or lappets just behind the ears. A very thick quilling of blonde about two inches wide, and consisting of four rows, must then be carried round the back, the ends terminating at the front just above the ears. Then a rich broad blonde must be laid on over the front and turned up backwards from the face, being continued still in the same piece down the front side of each of the ribbon strings. The trimming is a half wreath of flowers placed over the forehead upon the blonde, but close to the front of the cap, and a little cluster of hanging flowers to match inserted in the centre of the *ruccle* behind in the same way as a bow. This is a dress cap, quite in a new style and of a superior elegance.

We have not spoken of the colours. If the flowers are mingled, the ribbon must be white. It is also very pretty with blue flowers and puce ribbon, or the whole may be of white.

THE GERMAN WATCH HANGER.

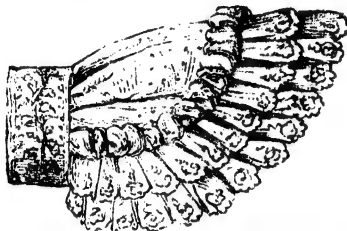
We have this month selected for illustration an article which is as useful in every house as it is ornamental. The colours contrast effectively with each other, and, being of a soft character, their introduction will not disturb the harmony of tone, whether grave or gay, already prevailing in the apartment for which it is intended.

The two lines which inclose the border of roses are worked in the deepest of the three shades of the flowers. The roses are worked in floss silk, the light being in white floss silk. The ground is a very soft pale blue in Berlin wool. The flowers in the centre group are also in floss silk, but not any of the leaves. Our scale of colours will best explain the flowers. Attention should also be paid to the size of the canvass.

In making up, a cardboard shape must be cut to the exact size, over which the work must be

stretched and lined with silk. The stitches are to be concealed by a row of opaque blue beads the same colour as the ground, one bead being taken in the needle at every stitch, and using Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s blue reel cotton, which is so well adapted for all bead work.

MARGUERITE.—The bars in the gulfure embroidery are worked in three different ways: Very fine braid is frequently used; also a single thread of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 10 or 12 crochet cotton, according to the fineness of



the work; or, the connecting worked over with fine embroidery cotton in buttonhole-stitch. All these three ways are sufficiently strong; and, if properly attached to the muslin, the bars are the strongest part of the work.

FLORA.—A very pretty foreign way of training a creeping plant for a window is by means of an



upright flower-stick with a wire twisted in circles, as given in our diagram. These form very ornamental shades for windows, and are quite inexpensive.

Things Worth Knowing.

COOLING BEVERAGES FOR SUMMER.

For recipes for Ginger-beer see Vol. V., No. 3, p. 94.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—To one quart of raspberries put one pint of vinegar. Let it stand three days, stirring frequently; then strain it through a flannel bag, and boil it half an hour, with one pound of fine sugar. Bottle it close and seal it, and it will keep for years. A wineglassful is sufficient for a small tumbler.

LEMONADE POWDERS.—Take of tartaric acid half an ounce; loaf-sugar, three ounces; essence of lemon, half a drachm. Powder the tartaric acid and the sugar very fine in a Wedgewood mortar—never use a metal one. Mix them together, and pour the essence of lemon upon them by a few drops at a time, stirring the mixture after each addition, till the whole is added. Then divide the whole into twelve equal parts, wrapping up each separately in a piece of white paper. When wanted for use, it is only necessary to dissolve it in a tumbler of cold water, and fine lemonade will be obtained, containing the flavour of the juice of the lemon, and ready sweetened.

SODAWATER POWDERS.—Take thirty grains of carbonate of soda, and put in a piece of blue paper. Take twenty-five grains of tartaric acid, and place in a piece of white paper. Dissolve the contents of the blue paper (the soda) in half a tumbler of water, stir in the other powder, and drink during effervescence. One pound of carbonate of soda, and thirteen and a half ounces of tartaric acid, at 2s. per pound, supply the materials for 256 powders of each sort.

LEMONADE.—Powdered sugar, four pounds; citric or tartaric acid, one ounce; essence of lemon, two drachms; mix well. Two or three teaspoonfuls make a very sweet and agreeable glass of lemonade.

SHERBET.—Ground white sugar, 7d. to 8d. per pound, half a pound; tartaric acid, at 2s. per pound, carbonate of soda, at 4d. per pound, of each a quarter of a pound; essences of lemon, at 8d. per ounce, forty drops. All the powders should be well dried. Add the essence to the sugar, then the other powders; stir all together, and mix by passing twice through a hair sieve. Must be kept in tightly-corked bottles, into which a damp spoon must not be inserted.

HOW TO CLEAN WHITE FURS AND ERMINE.—White fur, ermine, &c., may be cleaned as follows:—Lay the fur on a table, and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water; rub until quite dry, and afterwards with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel, and the dry with a piece of book muslin. The light fur, in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia or a piece of book muslin, after the bran process.

CASTOR OIL FOR SKIN.—Take two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of castor oil, and four tablespoonfuls of melted lard. Mix all together, and when cold scent as you may prefer. Otto of roses and oil of almonds make a very nice perfume.

Dark Orange .

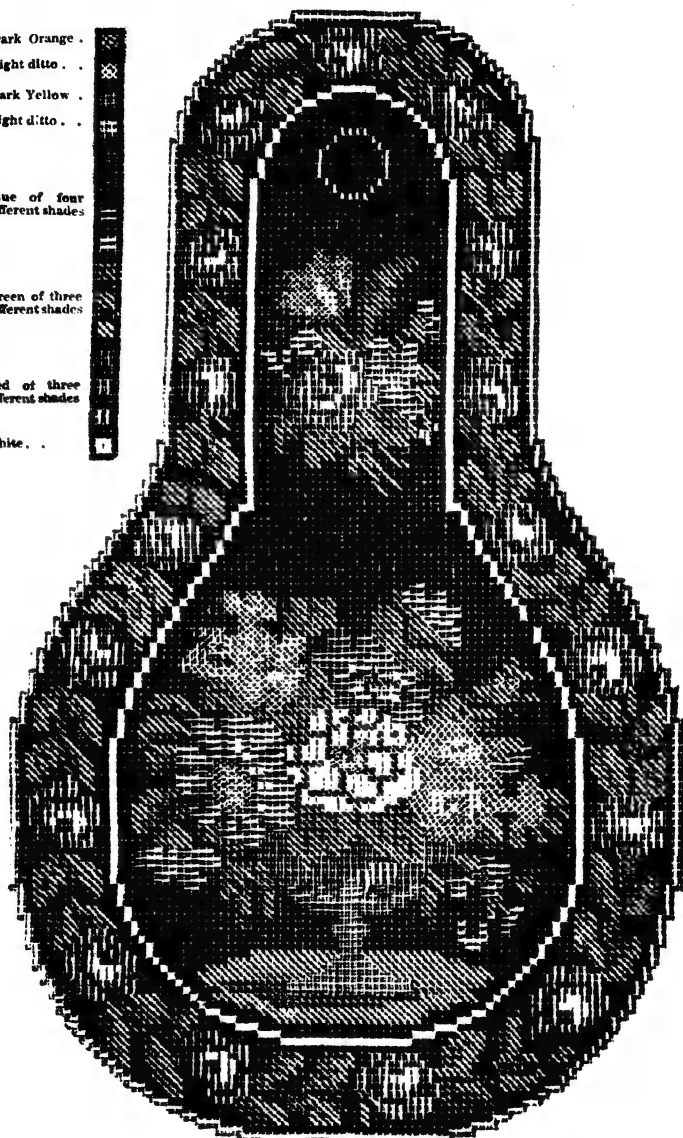
Light ditto . .

Dark Yellow .

Light ditto . .

Blue of four
different shadesGreen of three
different shadesRed of three
different shades

White . .



THE GERMAN WATCH HANGER.—(SEE PAGE 94.)



THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

THE TEMPTATION.

THE amiable person who had taken the part of the oppressed was (as perhaps the reader already guesses) the same lady who had found Georges obliging a partner at the piano. She was of Italian origin, and was called Mademoiselle Borghèse; she was very good, and less frivolous than many of her intimate friends, for she knew how to employ her leisure; she was passionately fond of music, in which art she excelled; she was very much sought after and courted at Baron Wolff's; and being so intimate with all, was familiarly called Borghèse; she had no pretensions to beauty; and the independence of her character, and her artistic feelings, had kept her from marrying. Her bearing and manners were those of a good-humoured, candid, open-hearted girl, and her fortune, which was at her own disposal, appeared to give her a right to do that which otherwise would hardly have been permitted.

Borghèse, if we may be allowed to call
No. 4, VOL. VII.

her by that familiar name, passed a portion of her life in the brilliant and hospitable mansion of M. Wolff. She had her own rooms, and knew all about the house and the habits of the family.

For example, she knew perfectly well that, after passing the morning with M. Wolff, George went in the middle of the day to the picture-gallery, there to continue those duties which he had so opportunely commenced. A winter-garden communicated with this gallery by means of two arcades, and it was marvellous to see the wonders of art and Nature so harmoniously united. This beautiful, covered garden descended by a gentle slope, and a thousand windings and undulations, from the picture-gallery, which was on the first floor, to the large garden of the house. The rarest plants were seen here; groves of orange trees, myrtles, and pomegranates, the blossoms of camelias and rhododendrons concealed the silvery thread of a rapid stream of water, which precipitated

itself smilingly into a basin of rose-coloured marble, and splashed its white foam on the beautiful arums, resembling vases of frosted silver filled with sparkling champagne.

It was a delightful abode, where life was sweet, and everything invited you towards repose and thought. Borghèse knew very well that at no other time or other place would the lady be able to find her victim. For that reason she hastened to enter by another door into the winter-garden. She installed herself beneath a thick bush of magnolias, having a book in her hand, and waited the result. George was already in the gallery, giving orders to some workmen, who soon after left.

The treacherous Baroness waited a longer time, for she had to prepare herself for the combat. At last she entered by one of the lower doors, plucking the leaves from some roses on her way, following the winding path which led to the open door of the gallery, passed close to Borghèse without seeing her, and appeared, after some hesitation, on the threshold of the gallery.

"Poor George! you, so artless and simple, contending against such great odds, will you allow yourself to be caught in the net? If I could but prevent it! I am nothing but a little pin; but if you do not know how to take care of me, woe be to you!"

The siren had well chosen her costume, agreeing best with the frame in which she was to be placed. Her hair—of that beautiful shade so much admired by the Venetian masters—was taken up in luxuriant bands, forming a large knot behind her head; she had on a simple white morning dress, fastened by bows of ribbon, which hung gracefully down in unequal lengths. And now did a daughter of Eve begin once again in her paradise of paintings the ever-recurring scene of the temptation.

She coughed slightly to attract George's attention, who rose and saluted her respectfully, and appeared disposed to proceed with his work.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Monsieur George," said she, "I thought I was alone. Tell me now, if it is not disturbing you too much, the name of this singular plant, which trembles when I touch it, and appears afraid of me. Is it not singular? I do it no harm."

"Madame, as far as I can remember, it

is a species of acacia which has sensitive properties."

"And to what do you attribute, my learned friend, this sensibility of a little branch, whilst many people might touch my hand without the least emotion?"

"I believe, madame," seriously said George, "the poets have groundlessly attributed feeling to this innocent shrub. I have heard that the heat of the hand acts on the very delicate vessels which contain the sap, and then——"

"Then, ah!—that is like all learned men; they take the poetry from everything. Why don't you let us believe that Clytie turns herself from the sun, that the narcissus looks at itself in the water to see its own image? Has not everything in Nature a voice and a thought?"

"You will be good enough to excuse me, madame; I believe we all have poetry in our souls; it is an exalted feeling, which awakens our imaginations, and we attribute this poetry and those sentiments to the inanimate objects which surround us. Thus we say the willow weeps over graves, because its beautiful foliage, which waves over them, resembles the loosened hair of a mother who sorrows, kneeling and leaning over her lost one's cradle."

"But, Monsieur George, what you have just told me is not very cheerful. Could not you find a little less mournful simile?" said the lady in a most dolorous tone, resting herself on the sofa.

She then threw her rounded arms over her head, in that charming position which painters have given to Erigone; and she plucked a piece of a beautiful pomegranate, which was hanging just in front of her, the stalk of which she put delicately between her lips, which shone with nearly equal brilliancy, and she at last put it in her waist-band with somewhat of affectation.

"As for me, I like better to believe that the murmuring brook calls with its sweet voice, and gives notice to the thirsty bird, that the breeze caresses me, and that the echo is a loved voice which answers to my call. But you yourself, M. George, who are strong-minded enough to torment me, you also have your weaknesses, and this eternal pin that you always wear, as a corporal wears his lace, is a proof of your credulity."

"Excuse this weakness, madame; I lay myself open to be laughed at; but, as I

have told you before, I have found here a family—friends who have treated me with a generous hospitality. It is, doubtless, a childish, but a sincere wish to keep this token, to which I owe all my well-being, and if any sacrifice——”

“It is very fine,” said the lady, in a slightly mocking tone, and with a somewhat sleepy voice; “but were I to ask you to make the least sacrifice of your tastes, your most childish fancies, the wise, philosophical George—so grateful just now—would not, I think, listen to me.”

“Madame, do you think me capable of so much ingratitude?”

“Give me that pin then,” said she, in a scarcely audible voice, closing her beautiful eyes.

George felt extremely embarrassed.

“I feel sleepy,” she added; “these orange blossoms which surround us overcome me with their perfume. George, you are exacting—you don’t give anything for nothing. Look, this flower, which I would not give to everybody, shall be yours if you will place your pin on this rose-coloured ribbon—I wish for it.”

She then appeared to go really to sleep—the conversation was at an end—the position was, doubtlessly, extremely awkward.

The beautiful woman had thrown herself on the sofa, and George admired her as would an artist any lovely object.

“It is Correggio’s ‘Antiope,’” said he to himself. “What a lovely picture!”

And he looked first at the beautiful pomegranate blossom which shone on her sleeping bosom—he then looked at me—me, the poor little pin, but he did not dare to make a step or speak a word.

Just then he saw rise up behind the sofa a joyful and unexpected apparition. Have you never seen, in a celebrated portrait of Ingres, a Muse placed at the bottom of the picture, stretching her arms over the thoughtful head of a great composer? So the slender figure of Borghèse rose above the sofa where Antiope slept; she made a sign to George, who quietly disappeared behind the bushes, happy at this discovery, and drawing, so to speak, his pin from the game.

Borghèse smilingly followed him with her eyes, stuck a pin lightly on the rose-coloured ribbon, took away the flower with

great care, and then, sweetly kissing the cheek of the beautiful sleeper, disappeared by another side of the garden.

Was Antiope really asleep, or was she only dozing?

That we do not know. But this we know, that all at once a glow, equal to that of the pomegranate, covered her forehead and cheeks. She opened her eyes, looked around her, and found nobody.

“The impertinent fellow,” cried she. And looking at her waistband, she saw the flower was no longer there, and looking at the ribbon she found the pin; and she put her hand to her eyes.

Weep, noble lady, weep, because in spite of your follies, there remains still a feeling of honour and duty. It is indolence, egotism, which carries you away at any price towards the unknown. Don’t you see enough misery around you to relieve—enough tears to dry—enough good to do—you who have only to open your hand to make people happy? Outside the thick walls of your splendid house, through the double hangings of your drawing-room, don’t you hear the plaintive voice which rises towards you? Do not these sorrows find an echo in your heart? You forget the only, the true, the real happiness, and you seek danger to pass away the time.

But it is nothing, you say to yourself, it is a pin, a flower, a hand which sometimes touches a hand. Is it, then, nothing to change, by your witchcraft, the innocence of one whom you ought to protect; to trouble the calm of an irreproachable conscience by your enchantment? And you yourself, what will become of you? Do you believe that you can stop yourself when once you commence the descent of the precipice?

The hidden voice which thus spoke was the tardy voice of conscience.

Madame Wolff loved and respected her husband, who made her very happy, and who was to her as the tenderness of fathers. In spite of the inconsistencies into which her Creole origin, her inexperience, her youth, and inconsiderate character, led her sometimes, she was really a good and faithful wife. She was, therefore, terribly confused at having been treated with so much disrespect; she saw now that a secret existed between George and herself, and

felt the utmost remorse and indignation that it should be so.

But on whom should the blame rest ?

She went back to her rooms in a very thoughtful mood, and uncertain as to what course of conduct to pursue.

FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

George, on his part, was not contented with the manner in which he had spent his day ; it appeared to him he had failed in his duty by listening to such frivolous conversation. It just occurred to him there was scarcely time to meet a celebrated artist with whom he had an appointment, and, indeed, he was too late ; the artist had gone to the Jardin des Plantes, where he taught his pupils. The public gardens in Paris are, generally speaking, places where the upper ten thousand go in their hours of recreation to breathe dust, and not the fresh air. The Jardin des Plantes is a favourable exception to this rule, and it has been so often described, that it is unnecessary to call to mind the mysteries of its labyrinths, the elegance of its rustic *chalets*, where animals are kept ; the farm-yard where chanticleer and his relatives strut ; the richness of the borders where flowers are gathered, and the majestic conservatories where tropical plants develop their luxuriant vegetation.

Let us follow George, who rapidly passed by all these wonders to arrive at the building which formed the artist's study. What a curious and strange sight — a scene worthy the fancies of a midsummer-night's dream ! A number of high windows give light to a large room. The walls are filled with glass bottles, in which are the most deformed beings ; monster serpents, hideous toads, slimy-looking substances, salamanders, fantastic dragons, swimming about like preserved fruits. If you raise your eyes to the ceiling the strangest and most horrible-looking things menace you ; there are crocodiles with long open jaws, alligators, boa-constrictors, saw-fish, colossal skate, whose large mouths seemed foolishly to laugh, spherical fish, which resemble a large balloon armed at a thousand points ; and I don't know what besides—certainly beings that one does not meet every day.

If you can overcome the terror and horror with which these singular and malformed creatures inspire you, and if you

turn your eyes to the people in this study, what an amusing and charming contrast presents itself ! At each table opposite the light, a young girl is seated in the *négligé* and unrestrained of study. Before her is either a bunch of flowers or an elegant model. The attention is general and continual, and the pupils keep up a subdued conversation, enlivened with half-developed smiles. They salute one another, and kindly give advice when asked. The young girls, the green branches, the perfumed flowers and blooming fruits, this elegant and intellectual work, what a delightful sight all these form for an observing mind !

George timidly entered this sanctuary, and was going to speak to a door-keeper, when he saw coming out of a neighbouring apartment a little stout man, whose physiognomy would have been considered vulgar had it not been for his forehead and eyes, which denoted much intelligence and vivacity. He was the high-priest of Flora and of Pomona, and sacrificed upon the altar of art his much beloved flowers and fruit.

He had his two arms filled with large bunches of the rarest and freshest flowers, which might certainly have been carried by his servant, who followed him with empty hands ; but the artist himself loved to embrace them, even as a father snatches his darling child from the nurse's arms to fondle and caress it himself.

He was all smiles, and proud of his rich harvest, and walked round the room distributing his treasures according to the intelligence and talent of his pupils. This one only had a bunch of periwinkle, that one a bouquet of camellias—everyone was contented. The happy teacher who reigned in this charming kingdom was the celebrated Redouté, whose inimitable and easy style marked an era by simplifying the process of art, purifying the taste, teaching how best to see Nature, providing an attractive study, and bequeathing to his favourite pupils the secret of his magic pencil. I say the happy teacher, because he reckoned those days the happiest that he passed among his pupils, surrounded by the three things that he loved beyond everything else—art, flowers, and, must it be said ? the beautiful girls who formed themselves into groups round his flowers.

So, when Redouté had given a short audience to George, and had come to an arrangement with him about a picture that M. Wolff wished to have, he enticed him to go round the room, for he saw George was a *connaissanceur*. And how did Redouté love to show the beauties of his kingdom to an appreciating mind!

"What a happy contrast!" said he, with a peculiar emphasis, which was natural to him when he was speaking on his favourite subject. He showed him a slender and elegant vase, from which a splendid lily rose majestically in the midst of a cluster of its own long, lanceolated leaves; a sprig of clematis, peeping from the vase, climbed as far as the unspotted calyx, as if to embrace it; then, doubtlessly overcome by the lily's beauty and perfume, it fell languidly, quite exhausted, and entwined itself in graceful folds around the foot of the vase, where it lay extended.

Redouté remained in contemplation before this play of Nature, in which each figure showed, the one its majestic beauty, the other its simple elegance.

"How beautiful it is!" said he, and gave some advice to the lady who had undertaken to copy this beautiful group, and passed on.

He found on another table a little urn containing a camelia, a rose, and a petunia; everything there was white, which threw up the sombre leaf of the camelia. He always looked at flowers before anything else.

"It is not easy," said he; and then turning towards the young girl who was working, said, "Do you know the difference between velvet, silk, and gauze?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; this is silk," showing him a piece of her dress; "and this is velvet," and she showed him a ribbon.

"Well; you have drawn these three flowers on paper—the camelia is velvet, the rose is silk, the petunia gauze."

He was already far away. He sat himself down at another table, and then every one rose to discover the secret of his art.

"You have a lily hand," said he, "and my great fingers resemble those of a Danubian peasant; but still you are going to watch me."

He took the brush, plunged it into water, hardly touched the palette, moved the brush over the white vellum, and then one saw,

gradually developing itself, as if by a miracle, a large brilliant mallow, with its calyx of black velvet. There was a cry of admiration throughout the room.

"That is all there is to do," said he, and laughingly passed on.

Before arriving at the next table, which was apart from the others, he stopped, and held George by the arm, showing him a double branch of convolvulus, which was following the caprices of its nature, and called forth admiration of its large blue, rose and white calyxes. The arrow-headed leaves and spiral tendrils had grouped themselves in a most harmonious manner. He pointed out to George that the picture already commenced possessed great merit, and had all the freshness of the model; and afterwards he called his attention to the young student, who was absorbed in her work.

Here, indeed, were art, flowers, and beauty united; and George remained buried in contemplation. The person who was painting was stooping over her drawing—too much occupied with her model and work to see or hear anything.

"That is a good picture," said Redouté, placing himself with George before it.

The young girl raised her head, and perceived, in her eagerness, animation, and love for her work, a little disorder was visible in her simple toilet. A light, black scarf, which was on her neck, had become unfastened, which she had not at first noticed, for it was excessively hot; her shoulders and part of her bosom were thus uncovered. A blush overspread her face, till that moment so very pale, and, feeling very much embarrassed, she gathered up this rebellious scarf, and seemed to be looking for something.

"Take care, or you will spoil your painting!" cried the master. "Are you looking for a pin? Ah! here is a gentleman who always carries one about with him on his sleeve." And he took out the pin. George took it away from him quickly, and, giving it to the young girl, holding it between his fingers for a few moments, said—

"Will you pray take care not to lose it?"

The young girl looked at him with an astonished air, and smilingly took the pin.

If the young artist had only been pretty, George would have perhaps not noticed it,

thanks to his absent and serious character; but one of those chances which one only finds in novels came to captivate his attention. The fineness of her forehead and strongly-marked eyebrows, the sweetness of her soft eyes, shadowed by a profusion of black lashes, the frankness of her physiognomy, her melancholy expression, all reminded him of a much-loved image, one that had consoled and sustained him in his hours of adversity. His fascinated imagination, no doubt, added to this casual resemblance, but it was to him the living and animated original of Correggio's "Misfortune" who blushed and breathed before him.

There was nothing wanting in the picture, neither the pale star in front, matched by an eglantine which a friend had slipped in her hair unknown to her, nor the black scarf falling over her white shoulders, nor the bouquet of large scabions which Redouté, by a touching analogy, had thrown on the table whilst distributing his flowers.

Her hair, blacker than ebony, was fastened behind with a certain negligence in a large knot, from which many unruly curls escaped and fell down gracefully on her beautiful neck. And there, again, a singularity attracted and fixed your attention; a few white hairs, resembling a small thread of quicksilver running over torrents of ink, was, like the stamp of suffering, printed on the young girl's forehead!

Misfortune and sorrow—what powerful magnets wherewith to attract so good and kind a heart as George possessed!

Some delight in multiplying a fortune by a fortune, and giving to those who want nothing; others, through pleasures, vanity, pretension, and ambition, to appear what they really are not.

His only ambition was to love, console, serve, and suffer.

Redouté hurried George away, who remained as if absorbed in his day-dream. After having complimented and encouraged his pupil, he led George towards the door. The latter seemed hardly to know how to leave, and was perpetually turning to look—where think you, reader?

Redouté promised soon to go and see Van Huisum's picture, which required its fellow for M. Wolff's gallery.

A JOURNEY.

George hastened to his work again, which had accumulated during his absence. In the evening the ladies were in the drawing-room chatting over the events of the day.

"And about our wager?" said the English lady.

"I have lost," said Madame Wolff; "I boasted a little too much. Here are your twenty louis, my dear lady: the poor will lose nothing by it, and I acknowledge myself conquered."

Madame Wolff kept herself aloof, was very thoughtful, and said she was not well. M. Wolff was restless and anxious, and every look of his appeared to his wife like a reproach.

The English lady was talking on the other side of the room with her friends.

"Have you guessed the cause of our dear baroness's emotion? I think she is too modest. I am going to give her back her money, for she has well won it. Only I am afraid her victory has cost her dearer than she thought."

"What do you mean?" replied a chorus of curious feminine listeners.

"Ah, don't you see what a radiant look M. George has? Now look on his cuff, you will not find the smallest pin, and you will never see it any more; but perhaps it is not lost to everybody."

"Is it true," said a young person, advancing towards George, "that you have given up carrying this pin, which was never to have left you?"

"I have lost it, mademoiselle," said George, smiling. "The charm is broken; I am now defenceless against misfortune."

"George," said M. Wolff in a loud voice, who, not listening to the frivolous conversation, appeared to be reading some papers with great attention, "you must go at once; you have a passport; you can have it *visé* at Havre. The American steamer starts to-morrow. It is a very serious business; follow me."

These words, spoken in a short manner, which was habitual to M. Wolff, and this sudden departure, made quite a sensation in the saloon. As to Madame Wolff, she could no longer contain her emotion, and her conscience, which made her attribute to the events of the day that which was,

perhaps, only a matter of chance, or the urgency of business, fell fainting on the sofa where she was lounging.

"I told you so," murmured the English lady.

They crowded round the invalid, and Borghèse, always kind and assiduous in her attentions, conducted her to her room.

"My dear child," said M. Wolff when he was with George in his office, "you alone can save us. You speak English as well as a London citizen; you are young, active, intelligent: go as quickly as you can. The house of Jacksons, of Quebec, who have caused us so much uneasiness, are going to fail. I have had confidential advice about it. However, all is not lost; if we arrive there in time we shall be safe. I have very few things to explain to you; you know the business; just look over these papers; here are our claims. In this pocket-book is the money to defray your expenses for the voyage. I give you liberty to act entirely as you think best. If you should succeed, it will be the beginning of your fortune, for we must not and will not forget you. You shall have a commission of ten per cent. on the settlement, which cannot fail to be very considerable. Don't give way to them, for they can very well pay. Here is a letter for the consul, whom you may rely upon. You are going to take my place, and here is my blank signature for every receipt. Now go."

He explained a few more things to him, and then embraced him, wishing him good fortune, and telling him to write as soon as he arrived in New York, before going on to Quebec.

THE VOYAGE.

George had nothing wherewith to reproach himself; he was calm and full of confidence. A voyage to America was a happy event for him, as he failed not to notice everything worth observing. The distance did not trouble him at all, it was such a quick passage. Any idea of danger did not for a moment occur to him; his desire to make himself useful, and prove worthy of the trust placed in him, filled him with courage.

George embarked the following day in a magnificent steamer at the port of Havre. They made a quick and pleasant passage. George did not give way to the *far niente*

which passengers are so often apt to indulge in, and which makes the time appear so much longer.

He kept a journal, in which he made a variety of notes, admired the changes in the sky and on the sea—which was sometimes green and dark, sometimes luminous, golden, phosphorescent—he followed with his eyes the track of the vessel, took account of the power of the engines and the paddle-wheels, which in calm weather traced a line on the waves as straight and as sure as that of a railway. He conversed with the engineers and officers, would often go up the rigging to admire a radiant sunset or a beautiful starry night; would indulge in reveries, in which an image, with a white flower on the forehead, for a star, would sometimes present itself, and which he had evidently not forgotten.

At New York he presented some letters of recommendation from friends, wrote to Europe, and advanced to the interior. He then became so interested in the success of his enterprise, that he arrived at Quebec without knowing much of the nature of the country through which he had travelled.

(To be continued.)

WHAT WE WEAR NOW.

Here fashion, motley ~~godden~~, changing still,
Finds ready subjects to obey her will,
Who laugh at Nature and her simple rules!

Dress, whether considered nationally, artistically, or in a pecuniary sense, is undoubtedly a subject of immense importance, and opens an unbounded field of observation to the philosopher and moralist. It has been said, and we believe it perfectly true, that "dress is a sort of personal glossary—a species of symbolical language, which it would be madness to neglect;" for to an acute observer, men or women are as certainly known by their dress as by their speech.

To state that the influence of dress upon society is unbounded, is to state a fact upon which we are all agreed—nevertheless, we are confident that the subject, in its full importance, is neither understood nor realized, and men have but a faint idea of the difficulties and annoyances which cross the path of the woman who is endeavouring to swim against the tide, and dress within her means.

In the first place, it should always be remembered that every true woman (we are not now speaking of slovens or slatterns) is an ardent admirer of the elegant, and draws from her own feelings a certain amount of satisfaction in being dressed according to the prevailing fashion, by which she stands on an equality with the sisterhood. Secondly, it should be understood that women are fully alive to the importance attached to dress by the other sex. The French have a proverb to the effect, "that love enters a man by his eyes,

a woman through her ears." Most girls know this and act upon it; and it is folly for women to suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. This instinct of admiration may have been deadened and sleep for a while, but assuredly it is there, and requires only the slightest rousing to start afresh with renewed vigour.

Again, extravagance in dress is now unfortunately one of the leading features of the day on both sides of the Atlantic, and it can no longer be concealed that this



excessive love of finery is ruining hundreds; as the *Westminster Review* only too truly remarks, "Ladies who, a short time ago, used to dress handsomely on 30*l.* a-year, now find that sum insufficient for their gowns alone, and middle-class young ladies, who have hitherto been satisfied with 20*l.*, are driven to their wits' end to keep pace with the prevailing mode at all, and they have recourse to cheap showy silks that will not last, and gay, gauzy materials, requiring a costly style of petticoat, that makes the dress an expensive one after all."

Young girls attending the Government School of Design are heard sneering at the 10*l.* prizes, "the sum not being sufficient

to find them in gloves for a-year, to say nothing of boots." Evidently, the sooner that proposed subscription is commenced for the relief of distressed young ladies, "with nothing to wear," the better.

The distress occasioned in New York by the present excessive love of display is unparalleled. Fortunes have been lost at this engrossing game, lost often before they have been fairly won, and only a short time since a certain grave old clergyman, an acquaintance of ours, much given to antiquarian love, and not at all partial to scandal, stated at a large assembly of young working women (when we were present) that the late commercial disasters



in America had been greatly influenced, if they had not absolutely arisen, from the inordinate love of dress among the women of that country.

A Dress Reform Association has been started in the United States; for American women, as a body, have more work to do than ourselves, and less strength for their tasks. The especial objects of this society are to induce a reform in long skirts, tight waists, and all other styles and modes which are incompatible with good health, refined taste, simplicity, economy, and beauty. The dress proposed covers the human frame lightly and warmly, and admits of the changes necessitated by temperature with the utmost ease.

Many of their medical men patronize and encourage this movement, which we trust will be more successful than that attempted by Mrs. Bloomer some ten years ago, though we doubt greatly of the success of any movement in a matter like this that does not arise from the great mass of the people themselves. Unless men and women are morally impressed with the fact that it is foolish, wrong, even sinful, to spend



such extravagant sums on dress, all outward measures will, in a greater or less degree, be useless. For our own part, we are strongly inclined to think that this lavish expenditure on dress is but one form of the disease through which society is now passing. With men it assumes another shape, and the cry is the impossibility of marrying on £300 a year; "show-rooms," "country houses," and "our carriage," are each and all signs of the extravagant habits of the present age—a very good age as far as it goes, but decidedly not yet immaculate.

But while we express our very strongest regret at the present style of dress among our countrywomen, we yet wish it to be distinctly understood that the fault lies as much at the door of those men who encourage and assist wives, daughters, and mistresses in dressing as elegantly and profusely as their richer neighbours, as it does at the feet of these women themselves. When more sober ideas are entertained on general subjects, when men are prepared to acknowledge, what they already know by bitter experience, that the divisions of society in England, and especially in large towns, are multifarious, and that the more boldly they stand out the better for all parties—then, and not till then, will there be reform in dress.

If a woman has married a man with only £90 a-year, why should she consider it more humiliating for her to wear a cotton dress and a straw bonnet than a flimsy silk, which will not be half so serviceable, and a tawdry bonnet covered with coarse, common flowers? The pretences and absurdity of her whole appearance is apparent to the most casual observer; the great, coarse, bare red arms (poor soul! her very imitation is but a clumsy one, for no lady would wear open sleeves, except in the house), the black, broken, and dubby nails, or the greasy cotton gloves, which suit neither the silk dress nor the invariable bracelets, all betray the rank to which she belongs, and to us, the sneer, contempt, and pity which she inspires, would be infinitely more humiliating than any other ordeal we can imagine.

Ideas differ, we know, as to the sums requisite to keeping up an appearance. Wellesley Pole used to say it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under £40,000 a-year, and Mr. Brummell

told a lady who asked him how much she ought to allow her son for dress, "that it might be done for £800 a-year with strict economy." We presume that the elegant swell who adorns our pages would agree with this proposition; can't you fancy him saying, "Ye-es—yah—about that?" No wonder, with such ideas, men can't marry now on three hundred a-year; yet twenty to one he has no more, perhaps not so much; and he doesn't look quite like a man who would sit down contentedly to cold mutton and a bread-pudding, does he?

Apropos of gentlemen's dress, do our readers know that in Germany shirt-collars are nicknamed *vater-mörder*, i. e., father-murderers? for tradition hath it that a student, on his return from one of the universities, wore one so stiff that, on embracing his father, it cut his throat!

About the petticoats. In the shops and out of the shops, laughed at, sneered at, *Punch'd*, but, above all, worn! Oh! generation of grandmothers gone to your graves, could you but return (which you cannot) and inspect our crinolines, hoops, and steels, how happy and astonished you would be, and how we would make you confess (not that much making would be required) that our petticoats were better than your petticoats, and our hoops infinitely larger than yours; and we would tell you how that sister Sally no longer assists us in washing out the clothes (we are grown so genteel, dear granny, that now that is never done at home), but sits hemming in yard after yard of our old clothes line. You see, poor thing, she—she must dress a little like other folk, and it keeps her out of mischief.

Playing at hoops, indeed! it was a pretty and a winning game for the manufacturer who had the wit to bring into the market, at the right moment, the greatly-abused but decidedly useful steel petticoats. We understand he has made a fortune of £10,000!

Well, with all their defects and absurdities, they are capable of producing the desired effect, in a quicker and more efficient manner, than anything yet offered to the public; and those only who have been in the habit of wearing an indefinite number of petticoats in hot weather can appreciate how light and comfortable they feel.

Truly, nothing can be more inelegant or

absurd than some, indeed than nearly all, that are to be seen in our public streets—bobbing up and down, swaggering right and left, spreading out the dress so that no carriage can comfortably hold more than two persons, no umbrella cover even one, and no child walk by the side of its mother.

We are irresistibly reminded of the actress and her old friend, who, standing expecting to be driven home by his mistress, was met by the cutting remark that "she and her dress occupied the carriage." Of the once fashionable bathing at Bath, where the women waded about in the ponds finely dressed to the shoulders, while hoops and the waters concealed all below the waist. Of the announcement requesting that the Dublin ladies would come to the rehearsal of the "Messiah" without hoops, as it would greatly increase the room. But these and many other anecdotes may be matched by incidents now occurring.

We heard the other day of a young lassie hanging on a paling by her hoop, with her head downwards too, she having been caught in her own trap while getting over a stile, and it was not until her friends came to her assistance that she made her escape.

A still more ridiculous scene occurred not very long ago, in which an elderly lady was the principal performer—her hoops, by some mismanagement, dropping off, one by one, as she sauntered up the green lanes to a certain country church, which shall be nameless, to the intense satisfaction of all the little boys of the village, and her own indescribable mortification.

We expect before long to see a notice in the public conveyances, to the effect that ladies with hoops must pay double fare; and a good tale is told of a Parisian lady who, declining to pay for more than one seat in the Champs Elysees, was informed that the day before her rival had paid for six; not willing to be outdone, even in crinoline, she instantly laid down the price of eight!

One more remark, and we have finished. We have noticed for some time, with great satisfaction, that if the bonnets have been growing so small, that a certain popular preacher, when asked to sermonise against

the prevailing fashionable head-dress, was constrained to exclaim that he saw no bonnets, that at least the heads and hair of our fair countrywomen have been getting cleaner and cleaner; until the eye is now continually delighted with a sight of their true Saxon, beautiful shining, golden tresses; curls no longer resembling (to use Thackeray's remark) "damp black snakes;" the bandoline, oil, grease, and other abominations that destroyed the colour, is cast on one side; and if some scions of the aristocracy will comb out their lank locks after the fashion of our young friend here, whom we may class amongst "People we have met," even that is better than the masses of greasy, heavy-looking hair with which our eye and nose used to be assailed.

We have not exhausted the subject, we have only filled our paper; every generation accuses that preceding it of bad taste, and we in our turn must expect to be snubbed by our grandchildren.

Fashion—that other name for novelty—rules us as it ruled our forefathers. Make it a monarchy with limited power, and we bow to our sovereign; but, alas! for the people who submit to a tyranny, even in dress.

Let no woman be persuaded to neglect dress. Adam Smith told this to the generation gone by, and the poor woman who takes no account of her appearance is invariably or will be lost. But let no woman be persuaded to dress above her station or beyond her means; for the first will strand her upon the shores of contempt and disdain, and the latter wreck her on the shoal of insolvency.

M. S. R.

THE VEILED BRIDE.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF CHARLES II.

"SHE must!—she *shall* be mine!" half shrieked Caleb Pomsford, usurer, dwelling in some sunless nook in the City, and looking, as he strode about the room, like some bloated spider who spreads his meshes in unclean corners to trap unwary flies, whence, having battered on them, the dishonoured remains are cast aside for ever.

"Aye, aye, my pretty lady, I'll bring down your pride, I warrant me. I'll pay off your ruffling gallant's scorn; the Star

Chamber will look to him, if my wretched scribe have not bungled in his charges; and as for the old cavalier, Sir Mark Osborne, of Osborne Hall, in a county that is both fair and fat, I trow I have brought the blusterer to my terms by this. But then to keep the King from beholding Mabel. How then? how then? for whom will these wild gallants spare where the young King shows the way?"

Still muttering, rubbing his hands, and walking about his dismal chamber, where, in many a strongly-bolted box, lay musty parchments, representing many a demesne, many a rood of fat land, many an acre of good English soil, and many a sturdy oak.

Caleb Pomsford—one of those anomalies which unquiet times ever produce out of their tumult and capricious uncertainties—was an astute lawyer, a gripping, avaricious man. He had learned the secret of power, and was in favour with the King, for the usurer's coffers could yield, on "good security," those supplies the lavish habits of Charles required. He was potential—in an underhanded way—with the Star Chamber; and, at this very time, held a young gentleman—one Valentine Howard—in the Tower on charges false and forged, in order to get the young man out of his path. We shall see presently what these charges have to do with our story.

Among the long list of those noble gentlemen and bold cavaliers who, in the days of that terrible strife between the King and the Parliament, had come forward with purse and sword to the assistance of the falling cause, none had been more liberal and lavish than Sir Mark Osborne—a man now bowed down with sixty years of age, broken-spirited, bankrupt in estate, and lying under the displeasure of that capricious King whom the Restoration had given back to England.

Slighted on his appearance at Court, the fiery soldier had resented the insult in words, which galled Charles, and, by a public expression of his scorn at the unworthy treatment which he had received, had incurred his displeasure. The King forbade him to appear at Court.

The slight—the words—the quitting the precincts of the Court, were things which Caleb Pomsford knew how to make the most of, and when occasion served him to meet the King, he led the way to an

inquiry as regarded Sir Mark, to which the lawyer replied, in his surly way, that, being Sir Mark Osborne's solicitor, and having the whole management of his affairs, he "depreacted his Majesty's anger, and under favour, as a man of trust, he begged to be excused from answering the same."

"Why, odds-fish, man," replied Charles. "stout Sir Mark was angry with us, no doubt, but what the plague wouldst thou have me infer further from that?"

"The Fifth Monarchy men are raising their faction, so please your Majesty, and the disaffected join them." And Caleb Pomsford added to this a look which meant to say, "Do not question me further, sire."

But the King broke forth with—

"Hark ye, Master Caleb Pomsford, you are a keen man and a wary, and I suppose somebody must know a little of something that goes on. In a word, does stout old Sir Mark Osborne, of whom I have heard speak so well, meditate treason?"

"God forbid, sire," was the quick reply. "For it's possible," thought the usurer, "that I may say too much."

"And the knight is very poor?"

"Sire, he hath some lands in mortgage," hesitated Pomsford.

"Is he alone? I mean what family hath he?" continued the King.

The usurer felt, by some instinct, that he was treading on dangerous ground.

"He hath—offspring," he stammered forth at last.

"How many?" persisted Charles, with a pertinacity unusual to him.

"A daughter," said Caleb, the usurer, demurely.

"A daughter! Is she fair? Marry, we will see her. We should take it well that some should intercede for him, as we feel for the stout cavalier that he hath received some neglect."

"Perdition!" muttered Caleb. "This will go nigh to mar all."

"Where lodge they now? Quick, man—you hesitate!" and the King turned darkly upon him with one of those harsh frowns he knew how to put on.

"At an old house of mine at Chelsea, sire?"

"Near Don Saltero's tavern—I know," cried the King.

"Beyond the church, so please you,"

added the usurer. "Whew!" and he breathed hard, "what comes next, I wonder?"

"But, hold—of this disaffection?" began Charles, turning round afresh.

"Yea, your Majesty, it might not be safe to venture——"

"What proof hast thou? Speak out, man. Speak quickly."

"Why, please your Majesty, the other day in Birdcage Walk, a young gallant, who is friendly with Sir Mark Osborne, and hath worn his colours——"

"His daughter's colours you would say, Master Pomsford. But, odds-fish, I warrant me they are not on *thy* cheeks, or she affects a colour much washed out." And Charles laughed gaily.

"Your Majesty is witty. Well, this gallant, one Master Valentine Howard, drew on my Lord of Rochester because, forsooth, my Lord said that he misdoubted Sir Mark's loyalty, whereupon Master Valentine retorted upon him——"

"My Lord of Rochester should feed on thistles. What followed?"

"A guard was at hand, and I took the liberty of arresting him, as it may turn out a Star Chamber matter. On his person were found some papers, which I secured."

"A bad business for him; let me see those papers. Do they smell of powder-barrels? See you bring them, and, touching that loan——"

"I shall wait upon your Majesty with the monies."

"And the casket shall be thy security." And, heedlessly waving the usurer away, Charles sauntered forth to the Mall, followed by his pet dogs, to play at tennis with Buckingham; and, meantime, Caleb Pomsford took his departure.

It was on the same afternoon that we find the usurer going by water to Chelsea, where he landed at a huge old mansion, bearing marks of great dilapidation, and in which, for the present, dwelt the Cavalier and his daughter, Mabel Osborne.

In an apartment with some assumption of comfort, rendered sad enough of aspect by the heavy, broken furniture, hastily and ill-assorted, with its tattered carpet and torn hangings, a noble-looking man, whom sixty years, much grief, straitened circumstances, and present disgrace had broken down, wearily reclined, and gazed

anxiously forth upon the river, as if in expectation of some arrival.

He started as he heard Caleb Pomsford announced, and half rose to receive him. Brief and succinct were the greetings between them, when the Knight put the abrupt question—

"Well, Master Pomsford, is there any hope for me—have you any news from the Court?"

"Alas! no, Sir Mark. The King is so angry, he will not hear you mentioned."

"The ingrate!" murmured the old man.

"And the further loan you ask for is impossible."

"How is that, man—how is that?"

"Does your worship forget how deeply your lands are already pledged? I am sorely pushed now, and—and——"

"Aye! is it so?" cried Sir Mark sharply, and eying him with a grim look. "Something lies behind that thou wouldst say."

"But this," continued the usurer, gathering courage, "that while I have made you great advances from time to time——"

"A tithe, man, a tithe—but 'tis the usurer's way."

Caleb Pomsford winced. "I have been forced to go to the Lombard merchants and the Jews, and to give the heavier mortgages on security—for my means were straitened, and they look to the interest of present monies rather than the untitled value of lands in the future."

"The knaves—and—well then—*thou* hast vowed not to foreclose."

"But I must, Sir Mark. Nay, pray you patience——"

"And the brave lands will go. Well, we have the old hall yet."

"There is a seizure put into that for loans due to Ben Simeon."

"The murrain seize them and thee. Art *thou*, too, leagued with these leeches—these thieves, who will prey upon a man to the last?" and the angry cavalier first grew purple, and next very pale.

"Pray you, good words, Sir Mark. I have stood between you and ruin, as you know. I have held back the King's hand——"

"And what hast thou done with the frank, brave lad—the son of my true friend, who made me swear to be a father to him? And so he should have been my son."

Why, Mabel and he have been betrothed from childhood, well nigh. What hast thou done with Valentine Howard? Tell me that."

But the usurer was trembling—was ashy pale with rage and jealousy. "Look you, Sir Mark," he said, "these tempers will not go down with me——"

"How now!" cried the cavalier, bending a terrible look upon him; "am I so far in thy power—so much beneath thy thumb——"

"I am your friend, if you will let me be so, for all that's come and gone yet. I, alone, can save you from the utter ruin that now hovers about you—can clear your incumbrances, and free the old hall from every debt, which hangs like down-clinging ivy around it."

"And yet you have mortgaged the mortgages," remarked the other.

"It will cost me much to do so—and if you do not see that what I offer is worth conditions—for this is not for naught——"

"So I guess, man. But, prithee, proceed," said the impatient Knight.

"I can do it, and I *will*," continued the usurer; "and since this will cease to be a mere matter of common business, your pride will take no fall."

"Why, how will that be, Master Pomsford?" asked Sir Mark.

"The King will knight me!" and the usurer paused.

"Will he, if faith?" and the cavalier laughed derisively. "Then I envy not the knighthood he will rub shoulders with."

"Do not vilify him who may yet call you 'father!'"

"What!" exclaimed Sir Mark, with fiery eyes, and springing to his feet, his whole gaunt frame in a tremble.

"I will free you from debt—again place you sole, undisturbed master of Osborne Hall—befriend even young Howard——"

"Well—how—what! The conditions!" shouted the Knight.

"The hand of your fair daughter."

"Aye?" But there was danger in the old man's eye.

"Give me Mabel for my bride, and I will make your fortunes firmer than they ever were before."

A loud, ringing, bitter laugh was his answer.

"On the other hand," continued the usurer, retreating, "you will lose all. Not a rood of land, a stick of timber, a stone of your ancient heritage will be yours! And your fair daughter will find that, if I would love, I can also hate!"

"Dog! wretch! scheming trickster!" thundered the Knight; "was it to this brink you have led me, with your cunning lies, and your cheating fence?" And then, with a sob and a deep groan, he murmured, "My child!—oh, my Mabel, my lovely daughter!—to be at this man's mercy!" And as the bitter sobs grew deeper, and the worn frame, shaken to its very centre, sank on the couch, the grey old head bent over the breast, and moved no more.

The usurer was alarmed. He waited. A long pause of silence followed. Still he waited, while an indefinable expression crossed his face. Then he approached the Knight.

He took a paper, pens, ink—spread them on a table before the cavalier—placed the pen in the hand—dipped it in the ink—and, holding the flaccid hand in his own nervous gripe, made it trace a name at the foot of the parchment.

"So!" he muttered, folding it up, and putting it away in his vest, "it is done! It should be witnessed, though—but that can be done by my scribe."

He went to the door—beckoned a weazle-faced creature of his own into the chamber—pointed to the reclining Knight, and said—

"You witness this signature. He sleeps now—don't wake him. Good! Now, get you to the boat—and be silent as the—dead."

The silence of the grave was in the room. When Mabel came to seek her father, it was to startle the house with her shrieks and wild outcries.

Sir Mark Osborne was dead! The stout heart was broken at last. It had given way in that ignoble strife.

Several days now passed by—the funeral took place. The keen, sharp pang of Mabel's grief had become blunted, not deadened—nor was the sorrow forgotten—and a variety of circumstances, besides this, had taken place, which need not be detailed at length.

Though he had some dread, and not a

little misgiving, the usurer, who would fain have avoided the place, felt that to absent himself from the present home of Mabel might give rise to questions—to doubts—to suspicions—and even to something worse—detection.

Of course he was "amazed," "astonished," and "shocked," at hearing of Sir Mark's sudden demise. He had left him, after some business transacted, and some little altercation, composed and asleep. No marks of violence were seen, and none were likely to suspect that his friend and legal adviser of so many years could by any hap have attempted personal injury. Consequently, the shock, the inquiry, the slight attendant bustle which succeeded, and which Caleb Pomsford conducted, settling and paying the immediate demands of the hour, were soon passed over, and Mabel Osborne, her superb and stately beauty clouded by the wordless sorrow she felt, began to look with a stunned sensation to the darkening vista before her.

"He must have had some presentiment of this sudden death, without doubt," said Caleb Pomsford, during an interview with the pale but very beautiful orphan girl, and speaking of the catastrophe that robbed her of her last friend, "for he alluded to your friendless position, should such occur, on the very afternoon I parted with him; in effect," continued the usurer, with an effort, "he left a paper here with me."

"Oh, if Valentine were but here!" sighed Mabel wearily, and only seeing help where her heart was, though it made the yellow face of Caleb grow white with gathering wrath.

"I fear that Master Valentine Howard could be of little service," he replied, "since it is in part through his intemperate behaviour the King had become so incensed against your respected parent."

"Impossible! where is he?" she exclaimed. "Do you know?"

"In the Tower," answered Caleb, with slow emphasis.

"The Tower! Oh, Heaven!" and she clasped her hands in fright.

"And he will soon be tried before the Star Chamber for his offence," continued the usurer, as if he were desirous of concentrating all the helplessness of her position before her gaze, in order that he

might gather from her manner some rule of conduct.

"Ah!" he muttered, "I doubt it may go hard with him."

"Oh, good, worthy Master Pomsford, can you not stead him in this business?" exclaimed Mabel suddenly, and catching hold of his arm.

"She thinks of him," he muttered apart, while a fierce fire burned within his strong, beating heart, "she thinks of him. Well, one pang the more, and she will know my power." He spoke aloud, "And do you say nothing of yourself—you, whom your dead father, in a formal manner, committed, as it were, to my charge—assigned me in a manner to be your guardian?"

"Alas, I know not what to do, which way to turn!" said Mabel mournfully, and deriving neither hope nor encouragement from his words.

"Turn your eyes to the ancient hall of the Osbornes," replied the usurer, "turn your eyes to a brilliant future; to wealth and station; to higher rank even, and—can you not understand me?"

She shook her head. "Do not jest with me. I am an orphan, and I know, very poor and very helpless without your aid."

"Which I offer you;" and with outstretched hand he advanced towards her. Something in his face made her shrink, and she hurriedly said, "Would the King but hear me on behalf of Valentine! I should thank you for any help; my hope is in him now."

"It may hap even so. I—I can help him, save him; save his life; save him from fire, imprisonment, mutilation."

"Is his crime so great?" cried Mabel, drawing a deep breath.

"It is, and his fate lies with you, and you alone."

"With me! I do not understand you," Mabel answered.

"All lies with you. In a word, read that paper signed by your father's hand, the last he ever signed," and Caleb Pomsford opened the parchment, and put it in her hand.

There it was, a contract of marriage duly signed, sealed, and witnessed. The names, "Mistress Mabel Osborne and Master Caleb Pomsford, scrivener." Its promises were all that could tempt, compel, or force a woman to assent.

She stood like a statue; ran it through; grew red, then pale, and became cold and rigid.

"It is well, Master Pomsford," and she let the paper drop on the floor. "I think I understand now. My father never, never signed that."

"What mean you?" he exclaimed. "Do you accuse, doubt me, defy me? Beware! beware! if you would not come to beg for alms, or see his head on the block!"

"I say nothing, Master Pomsford. I simply desire you to go," and, with a commanding gesture and a mien resistless in its imperious air, she pointed to the door; and the baffled usurer, catching up the parchment, with a wild fire in his heart, but dumb and brow-beaten, crept to the door and vanished.

* * * *

Something worse than the darkening shade of sorrow fell upon the lovely Mabel now. Trusting in human nature as she had seen it around her from childhood—kind voices whispering, fond eyes glancing, with honest, loving hearts to press her to them, these had been her experiences, and the ill-omened usurer had, in the full display of his villany, disabused her of all.

It is bad enough to find a sweet illusion dispelled, but there followed this the sharp terror of what he might, could, or would do. This terrible conjugation was haunting her at the moment her female attendant was praising the generous heart of Caleb Pomsford in a manner that savoured of bribery, and deciding upon some plan of action, when the arrival of some person who would see Mistress Mabel Osborne on matter of especial moment was announced.

A young, swarthy-looking, yet commanding stranger entered the chamber, hat in hand. If there was levity in his tone and gallantry in his manner at first, these speedily gave way beneath the influence of the sacred grief; the extraordinary beauty of Mabel, heightened by the circumstances of her case, disarmed him at once, and he became grave, composed, and respectful. He announced himself as a poor captain in the King's Musketeer Guards, a favourite regiment which Charles had formed. He said that he had known the brave Sir Mark Osborne, and was inexpressibly shocked to hear that he was dead—that he had died

believing the King ungrateful, when he himself (the stranger continued) had a commission to inquire into the careless statement, and to see justice done him.

Would she tell him her story?

Mabel did so. The brave knight's gradual fall to poverty under the insidious working of the usurer. The story of Valentine's perilous position in the Tower, and the utter groundlessness of the charges against him. Caleb Pomsford's proposals—his boast of power—his possession of a signed paper. Her father, Mabel said, could never have signed such, for she and Valentine had been betrothed to each other for years, and it was the dearest wish of her dead father that they should have been united. But now—

"So, so, this is my money-lender," muttered the strange captain of Musketeers. "The old scoundrel! Never mind, oddsfish! we'll trounce him yet." He questioned further.

Would she put herself under his protection, his escort, she should behold her lover that very afternoon, and the King should know all and judge between them. He could answer for it that, whatever was believed or said of Charles, he was not disposed to let ancient worth go unrewarded, an unprotected maiden forced into a loathed marriage, or an innocent young man be punished because he had shown courage enough to repel slander at the point of the sword. Mabel assented.

When Caleb Pomsford got back late in the afternoon, he found that his slave and satellite, his weazel-faced scribe, was not on the spot, which he otherwise never quitted save by leave and order.

"I'll starve him—he shall famish," growled Caleb furiously.

Alas! the poor scribe was at Whitehall the while, divulging secrets, under threats of the rack and the gallows, which it were not well (for the usurer) should be known. The next day Caleb Pomsford received a command to attend the King at the Palace of Whitehall without delay.

Richly apparelled, as fit and meet that a bridegroom should be, though Caleb imagined he was playing the courtier rather than the bridegroom on this occasion the usurer attended the summons, and passing through a throng of nobles, found himself in a reception-room of the Palace.



Charles was seated in a chair of state, with Buckingham beside him, to whom the King, with something of a joyous twinkle in the eye, ever and anon whispered and smiled.

Opposite was a raised space, which bore marks of preparation for some ceremony. Bowing lowly to the King as he approached, and, with a feeling of mingled apprehension and surprise, Caleb Pomsford obeyed the King's beckoning summons, and drew nearer towards him.

"So," said Charles, half apart, "I learn that Sir Mark Osborne died suddenly, and left his daughter unprovided for."

"Sire, the old soldier is dead. I did such honour to his remains as I was enabled to do."

"And his estates—his lands?"

"Heavily mortgaged, sire. Confiscated or overloaded with debt."

"And do you possess—have you any claim?" asked Charles.

"Aye, sire," was the subtle reply; "and, in a worldly sense, to my sorrow."

"I see"—and Charles nodded—"too much money lent. Oh! is it so? Well, and—for the daughter?"

"Sire, Sir Mark Osborne had faith in me. He believed that I would fulfil his behests. She shall not, therefore, be unprovided for, nor left to the charities of the cold world." Caleb's voice grew quite virtuous in its tone.

"Beshrew me, man, but that's well spoken; but possessest thou any authority—any paper of the old man's signing? Thou art faithful and trusty, Master Pomsford, and though tongues do wag evilly of thee and about thee, by my hand, thou shalt have thy right!"

"Oh, sire!" cried Caleb, kneeling in delight, and with an eager hand plucking forth the last signed document, which he held forth to the King, who took it, and critically read it over.

"Odd's-fish, man! this seems straightforward enough," exclaimed the King; "and the old cavalier speaks highly of thee, too. Is it writ at his dictation?" and Charles turned his keen eyes upon him.

"Yes, your Majesty," replied Caleb, with some confusion, which might have arisen from his modesty.

"And the lady," continued Charles, "what of her?"

"If your Majesty condescends, she will not object."

"And Master Valentine Howard?"

"Let him rot!" hissed the usurer, carried away, "the traitor! Pardon, sire, the warmth of my loyalty, that carries me away when I think of the plottings against your sacred person!"

"Can you prove him traitless, do you think?" demanded Charles, with an air that seemed to invite the faintest confidence.

"I can prove him a discontented plotter, haunting the society of the Fifth Monarchy men. I can prove him to be worthy of exile, if not of the block; yet, for the young lady's sake, I would intercede that he be spared the latter, and I will fit him abroad."

"Enough; but first for the wedding!" and the King paused.

"Sire!" Caleb Pomsford seemed surprised anew.

"Lo there!" pointing to the rails, within which, at a given signal, stood a priest in full canonicals. "There stands the priest, and the lady is at hand. We love to do justice to our friends—and why should I not favour thee, so honest and so good?"

"What can this mean," muttered Pomsford, turning to the altar.

By the railing stood a tall, stately figure, faultless in symmetry and graceful in all her noble proportions; veiled from head to foot, motionless and erect as a statue was the veiled bride.

"Dost thou know her? Go, take her by the hand. Put the question to her. It is possible she may surrender her difficulties to our will. Go!"

Obedient to the command, the usurer advanced, and, sinking on one knee, said—

"Madam—Mabel Osborne, as I judge—you hear what the King says. For Heaven's sake—for your sake—for Valentine's, yield, and be the mistress of me and mine; be the lady of Osborne Hall once more!" But the lady did not stir.

"Bid her unveil!" said the King at length.

Unveiling at the command, Mabel seemed to confound the auditory by the dazzling loveliness which shone through her pale countenance and downcast eyes. But she did not speak or move.

"One witness more," said Charles, "and let the ceremony proceed."

A bustle at the end of the hall took place, and a young man of a noble presence, his eyes covered with a thick black bandage, and followed by Mabel's waiting woman, in mourning weeds, advanced.

"Sweetheart," said Charles, advancing, "Master Pomsford here, by virtue of a paper having thy father's signature, and duly attested, claims thy hand."

"Sire," was the firm but low-toned reply, "my father never signed such paper, and the signature is a—forgery."

"Tut, tut," cried the King; "this is accusing my good friend here with a vengeance."

"Oh, sire, have pity, and save me from him!" cried Mabel earnestly.

"So, so! Well, look round, then, and claim thy husband where thou wilt; and—Stay, Master Pomsford, do not hurry."

Mabel did look round, uttered a joyous exclamation, and, with a rapid step, advanced to the figure who was blindfolded. Tearing the bandage from his eyes, and revealing a frank and noble countenance, the blushing maiden, ejaculating the name of Valentine Howard, said—

"Sire, this is the man my father had chosen for me."

"And thy heart?"

"It is his." And she bowed her head on her breast.

"Be it so," returned Charles; "as well now as at any other time; and the nuptials shall go on. Afterwards, Master Pomsford, we will look into your claims, your accusations, and your charges. I need not say that we have secured a very villanous-looking scribe of yours, who has betrayed you; and you *shall* have the justice I promised to do for you. For once let Charles do an act of real justice and of human kindness. And, odds-fish! I'll give the bride away myself."

The sequel of the story is now so easily solved and guessed at, that we may therefore conclude it without any further explanations.

UNLUCKY DAYS.—Amongst the Mahomedans, says Laifullah, there are six days in every lunar month which are considered unlucky; to find out these, count on the tips of the fingers, beginning from the little finger to the thumb, and repeating the same for the thirty days, and those that come on the middle finger are avoided; they are the 3rd, 6th, 13th, 16th, 23rd, and 26th.

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

WE have described the most important of the three functions that take place in the infant's body—respiration and digestion—the third, namely, circulation, we hardly think it necessary to enter on, not being called for by the requirements of the nurse and mother; so we shall omit its notice, and proceed from theoretical to more practical considerations. But prior to entering upon the duty before us, that of teaching a mother how to rear her infant, we beg our readers distinctly to understand that we know no variety of *casts*, or *difference of degree*, in the human baby; such social distinctions may be, and are, unquestionably right and proper when, after due maternal care, the child has merged into the man or woman, but in its naked helplessness and uninformed childhood we acknowledge no distinction between the child of a mechanic and the infant of a lord. Children of weakly constitutions are just as likely to be born of robust parents, and those who earn their bread by toil, as the offspring of luxury and affluence; and, indeed, it is against the ordinary providence of nature to suppose the children of the hardworking and necessitous to be harder and more vigorous than those of parents blessed with ease and competence.

But leaving this subject alone, we confess that we have neither inclination nor sufficient experience to draw a distinction in such a case, our knowledge teaching us certain broad truths, and to these we shall, at whatever prejudice to personal vanity, strictly adhere.

All children come into the world in the same imploring helplessness, with the same general organization and wants, and demanding either from the newly-awakened mother's love, or from the memory of motherly feeling in the nurse, or the common appeals of humanity in those who undertake the earliest duties of an infant, the same assistance and protection, and the same fostering care.

THE INFANT.

We have already described the phenomena produced on the new-born child by

the contact of air, which, after a succession of muscular twitchings, becomes endowed with voice, and heralds its advent by a loud but brief succession of cries. But though this is the general rule, it sometimes happens (from causes it is unnecessary here to explain) that the infant does not cry, or give utterance to any audible sounds, or if it does, they are so faint as scarcely to be distinguished as human accents, plainly indicating that life, as yet, to the new visitor, is neither a boon nor a blessing.

As soon as this state of things is discovered, the child should be turned on its right side, and the whole length of the spine, from the head downwards, rubbed with all the fingers of the right hand, sharply and quickly, without intermission, till the quick action has not only evoked heat, but electricity in the part, and till the loud and sharp cries of the child have thoroughly expanded the lungs, and satisfactorily established its life. The operation will seldom require above a minute to effect, and less frequently demands a repetition. If there is brandy at hand, the fingers before rubbing may be dipped into that, or any other spirit.

There is another condition of what we may call "mute births," where the child only makes short, ineffectual gasps, and those at intervals of a minute or two apart, when the lips, eyelids, and fingers become of a deep purple or slate colour, sometimes half the body remaining white, while the other half, which was at first swarthy, deepens to a livid hue. This condition of the infant is owing to the valve between the two sides of the heart remaining open, and allowing the unvitallised, venous blood to enter the arteries and get into the circulation.

The object in this case, as in the previous one, is to dilate the lungs as quickly as possible, so that, by the sudden effect of a vigorous inspiration, the valve may be firmly closed, and the impure blood, losing this means of egress, be sent directly to the lungs. The same treatment is therefore necessary as in the previous case, with the addition, if the friction along the spine has failed, of a warm bath, at a temperature of about eighty degrees, in which the child is to be plunged up to the neck, first cleansing the mouth and nostrils

of the mucus that might interfere with the free passage of air.

While in the bath, the friction along the spine is to be continued, and if the lungs still remain unexpanded, while one person retains the child in an inclined position in the water, another should insert the pipe of a small pair of bellows into one nostril, and while the mouth is closed and the other nostril compressed on the pipe with the hand of the assistant, the lungs are to be slowly inflated by steady puffs of air from the bellows, the hand being removed from the mouth and nose after each inflation, and placed on the pit of the stomach, and, by a steady pressure, expelling it out again by the mouth. This process is to be continued, steadily inflating and expelling the air from the lungs, till, with a sort of tremulous leap, Nature takes up the process, and the infant begins to gasp, and finally to cry, at first low and faint, but with every engulph of air increasing in length and strength of volume, when it is to be removed from the water, and instantly wrapped (all but the face and mouth) in a flannel. Sometimes, however, all these means will fail in effecting an utterance from the child, which will lie with livid lips and a flaccid body, every few minutes opening its mouth with a short gasping pant, and then subsiding into a state of pulseless inaction, lingering probably some hours, till the spasmodic pants growing further apart, it ceases to exist.

The time that this state of negative vitality will linger in the frame of an infant is remarkable; and even when all the previous operations, though long-continued, have proved ineffectual, the child will often rally from the simplest of means—the application of dry heat. When removed from the bath place three or four hot bricks or tiles on the hearth, and lay the child, loosely folded in a flannel, on its back along them, taking care that there is but one fold of flannel between the spine and heated bricks or tiles. When neither of these articles can be procured, put a few clear pieces of red cinder in a warming-pan, and extend the child in the same manner along the closed lid. As the heat gradually diffuses itself over the spinal marrow, the child that was dying, or seemingly dead, will frequently give a sudden and energetic cry, succeeded in another minute by a long

and vigorous peal, making up, in volume and force, for the previous delay, and instantly confirming its existence by every effort in its nature.

With these two exceptions—restored by the means we have pointed out to the functions of life—we will proceed to the consideration of the child “**HEALTHILY BORN.**” And here the first thing that meets us on the threshold of inquiry, and what is often between mother and nurse not only a vexed question, but one of vexatious import, is the crying of the child, the mother, in her natural anxiety, maintaining that her infant *must be ill* to cause it to cry so much or so often, and the nurse insisting that *all* children cry, and that nothing is the matter with it, and that crying does them good, and is an especial benefit to infancy. The anxious and unfamiliar mother, though not convinced by these abstract sayings, of the truth and wisdom of the explanation, takes both for granted; and giving the nurse credit for more knowledge and experience on this head than she can have, contentedly resigns herself to the infliction, as a thing necessary to be endured for the good of the baby, but thinking it, at the same time, an extraordinary instance of the imperfection of nature as regards the human infant: for her mind wanders to what she has observed in her childhood with puppies and kittens, who, except when rudely torn from their nurse, seldom give utterance to any complaining.

As this is a subject on which we shall be expected to express a definite opinion, we must, in the first case, observe that the assertion of the nurse is, to a certain extent, perfectly true; but as she is generally unable to give a reason for a fact which she herself has probably received without explanation from some medical authority, we will endeavour, with the reader's permission, to elucidate the matter for her. It is quite evident that for some considerable time after birth the child's cry is more an effort subservient to the function of respiration than a mere means of making known its wants. Nature has evidently endowed man with voice for more than the one purpose of aiding the organs of speech, to enable him to communicate his ideas and express his wishes. Our belief is, that the Great Benefactor, in gifting man with voice,

did so that it might act as a watchful sentry over the lungs, as a sanitary guardian of that organ, that, when rendered feeble by disease or oppressed by affliction, the voice, either by the hilarity of singing, or by the sobs and sighs of weeping might act as a means of expanding and stimulating their sluggish function, or, by the spasmodic pants accompanying grief, unload them when oppressed by anxiety. Hence we consider the voice or cry in childhood as a wise provision of Nature to enlarge and keep in health so vital an organization as that of the lungs. When the period of infancy has passed, and the child is able to make known its pains and pleasures by the new faculty of speech, crying, except for thwarted wishes or suffering, ceases entirely, but only to be succeeded by a curiosity that prompts perpetual *talking*, alternating with shouts, laughter, and those extraordinary and involuntary guttural noises that children so frequently make in the exuberance of their animal spirits, but which we have no doubt they are urged to do from some instinctive motive of health. After a time, hardy games, running, leaping, &c., supersede the necessity for the voice as a stimulant to the lungs, and we do not find it again resorted to till, as a musical recreation, it becomes an accomplishment or an art, adding better than medicine to the health of the body, and materially aiding the prolongation of life: for it is a well-known fact that, unless cut off by indiscretion, all those persons who exercise the lungs largely live to great, and often *very* great, ages—such as public singers, actors, and clergymen.

Such being our opinion, we undoubtedly believe that crying, to a certain extent, is not only conducive to health, but positively necessary to the full development and physical economy of the infant's being. But though holding this opinion, we are far from believing that a child does not very often cry from pain, thirst, want of food, and attention to its personal comfort; but there is as much difference in the tone and expression of a child's cry as in the notes of an adult's voice, and the mother's ear will not be long in discriminating between the sharp, peevish whine of irritation and fever, and the louder, intermitting cry that characterizes the want of warmth and sleep. All these shades of expression

in the child's inarticulate voice all nurses should understand, and every mother will soon teach herself to interpret with an accuracy equal to language.

There is no part of a woman's duty to her child that a young mother should so soon make it her business to study as the voice of her infant and the language conveyed in its cry. The study is neither hard nor difficult; a close attention to its tone, and the expression of the baby's features, are the two most important points demanding attention. The key to both the mother will find in her own heart, and the knowledge of her success in the comfort and smile of her infant. We have two reasons—both strong ones—for urging on mothers the imperative necessity of early making themselves acquainted with the nature and wants of their child: the FIRST, that when left to the entire responsibility of the baby, after the departure of the nurse, she may be able to undertake her new duties with infinitely more confidence than if left to her own resources and mother's instinct, without a clue to guide her through the mysteries of those calls that vibrate through every nerve of her nature; and, SECONDLY, that she may be able to guard her child from the nefarious practices of unprincipled nurses, who, while calming the mother's mind with false statements as to the character of the baby's cries, rather than lose their rest, or devote that time which would remove the cause of suffering—administer, behind the curtains, those deadly narcotics that, while stupifying nature into sleep, ensures for herself a night of many unbroken hours. Such nurses as have not the hardihood to dose their infant charges, are often rife with other schemes to still that constant and reproachful cry; the most frequent means employed for this purpose is giving it something to suck—something easily hid from the mother—or, when that is impossible, under the plea of keeping it warm, the nurse covers it in her lap with a shawl, and, under this blind, surreptitiously inserts a finger between the parched lips, that possibly moan for drink; and, under this inhuman cheat and delusion, the infant is pacified, till Nature, balked of its desires, drops into a troubled sleep. These are two of our reasons for impressing upon mothers the early, the immediate necessity

of putting themselves sympathetically in communication with their child, by at once learning the human lesson, as a delightful task.

Of the nurse, and her ways, we shall have occasion hereafter to speak more fully; but we cannot conclude this article without most strenuously warning all mothers on no account to allow the nurse to sleep with the baby, never herself to lay down with it by her side for a night's rest, never to let it sleep in the parents' bed, and on no account keep it longer than absolutely necessary confined in an atmosphere breathed in by many adults.

The amount of oxygen required by an infant is so large, and the quantity consumed by mid-life and age, and the proportion of carbonic acid thrown off from both, so considerable, that an infant breathing the same air cannot possibly carry on its healthy existence while deriving its vitality from so corrupted a medium. This objection, always in force, is still more objectionable at night time, when doors and windows are closed, and amounts to a condition of poison, when placed between two adults in sleep, and shut in by bed curtains, and when in addition to the impurities expired from the lungs, we remember, in quiescence and sleep, how large a portion is given off from the skin.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

INDIA.

THE religion that influences the condition of four hundred millions of human beings—that is to say, one-third of the whole human race—must necessarily excite in our minds the liveliest curiosity, and demands our deepest attention. Unfortunately, however, notwithstanding the labours of our learned countrymen, the subject of India's belief is still shrouded in great obscurity; and the mind grows wearied and perplexed in the vain effort to unravel and comprehend the mysteries of Hindoo mythology—for it is certain, as Mills remarks, that while the annals of every other nation become more distinct as they approach a modern date, those of India, on the contrary, become darker and more imperfect.

One fact, however, seems pretty certain—namely, that the religion of the Hindoos

is, strictly speaking, *Monothéism*—that is, they worship but one God; but the religious doctrines of the Hindoos (like all other nations whose scriptures are in a hidden tongue) may be divided into *exoteric* and *esoteric*—the first preached to the vulgar, the second known only to a select few—so that, while the Brahmins possess a considerable portion of physical and moral truths, the Hindoos generally have sunk into the grossest idolatry and the most irrational superstition.

The whole of Indian theology is found in their sacred books, called the "Vedas," which are four in number; and to show that these books contain some sublime doctrines respecting the nature of the Deity, and that they distinctly recognize the existence of one supreme and invisible author and ruler of the universe, we will give a short passage (translated by Sir W. Jones) from one of the "Vedas:—

"Let us adore the supremacy of that divine sun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, who creates all—from whom all proceed, to whom all must return—whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat.

"What the sun and light are to this visible world, that are the supreme Good and Truth to the intellectual and invisible universe; and as our corporeal eyes have a distinct perception of objects enlightened by the sun, thus our souls acquire certain knowledge by meditating on the light of truth which emanates from the Being of Beings; that, alone, is the light by which our minds can be directed in the path to beatitude.

"Without hand or foot, he runs rapidly, and grasps firmly; without eyes, he sees; without ears, he hears all; he knows whatever can be known, but there is none who knows him—Him, the wise call the great supreme pervading spirit."

The Supreme mind, according to the Brahmins, displays its energy in the three grand operations of creating, preserving, and destroying; and these three powers are separately embodied in Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, whose names, according to the philosophers, express only attributes of the one Supreme mind; but, as might naturally have been expected, the popular theology views them as distinct persons, with visible, human, and fantastic forms, mixing

with mortals, committing extravagant and often scandalous actions, controlled and oppressed by inferior deities, giants, and even by men.

Brahma holds the pre-eminence; but neither are temples erected to him, sacrifices offered, nor festivals celebrated in his honour. He gives name to the great castes of the Brahmins, or priests, but no sects derive from him their appellation, or especially devote their lives to his service.

Vishnu, the preserver, figures more largely, and his descent upon the earth in various forms furnishes the most fertile theme of Hindoo legend and poetry; while Siva, the destroyer, is represented as passing through an equal variety of adventures, and is peculiarly revered in the mountain territory, and described as throned in the most inaccessible precipices of the Himalayas.

The syllable "Om" intends, or stands for, every deity; it belongs alike to him who dwells in the supreme abode, and pertains to God, to the superintending soul, and all the other deities are declared to be portions of him; so that, starting with the idea that the gods, the universe, the elements, and all created beings, were but emanations from the Great One (in whom, when they shall have sported for awhile, like shadows upon this world, they will again be absorbed and lost), they stranded, at last, by asking where is the impiety of setting up the water, the fire, the air, the earth, as objects of worship?—and, matter being considered by the Hindoos, as well as by the Pagans of the West, as eternal, and as an emanation from God, was worshipped accordingly, and the sun—ever regarded by all ancient nations as the great pervading soul of the universe—vindicated to itself the most distinguished place.

The Brahmin worships the sun standing on one foot, resting the other against his ankle or heel, and in this posture, with his face towards the east, and holding his hand open before him in a hollow form, he pronounces audibly a long prayer. The worship of this god is celebrated at sunrise in the month of Magha. Those persons who adopt this god as their guardian deity are called Sauras. They never eat until they have worshipped the sun, and fast when he is covered with clouds. Amongst the numerous appellations of this god are,

"the gem of the sky," "the saviour," "the lord of the stars," and "the friend."

Besides the sun, all the other heavenly bodies are worshipped—the planets, constellations, signs of the zodiac, the stars in general, but particularly Canopus, which they call "the sage." The destinies of mortals are supposed by the Hindoos to be regulated by the influence of the stars. Those amongst them who happen to be born under what they consider an evil planet, are often filled with melancholy,

and abandon themselves to despair, regarding it as useless to watch over an existence connected with such fatal omens.

The gifts accompanying the worship of the different planets are various: at that of the sun a milch cow is offered; of the moon, a shell; of Mars, a bull; of Mercury, a morsel of gold; of Jupiter, a piece of black cloth; of Venus, a horse; of Saturn, a black cow; of Rahn, a piece of iron; and of Ketu, a goat. The officiating Brahmin puts on garments of divers colours,



TEMPLE OF ELEPHANTA.

and offers up different kinds of flowers, as he passes from the worship of one planet to that of another.

To these deities must be added Tudra, "the god with a thousand eyes," in whose honour there is an annual celebration on the 14th of the lunar month Bhadra, and is accompanied by music, singing, and dancing; the greater number of the devotees being women. Fourteen kinds of fruit are offered to the god, and a few blades of *durva* grass are bound round the right arm of the male, and the left of the female worshippers.

We have already stated that the worship of Brahma has fallen into decay, though the Brahmins in their devotions repeat an

incantation containing a description of his image, and, as an act of worship, present him with a single flower. An annual festival is celebrated in his honour at the full of the moon, on which occasion an earthen image of the god, with Siva on his right hand, and Vishnu on his left, is worshipped with songs, dances, and music; and on the morrow the three gods are thrown together into the Ganges. Upon the decaying ruins of the worship of Brahma two sects seem to have sprung up in India—the one composed of the worshippers of Siva, the other of those of Vishnu—the worship of the former being more widely extended than that of any other god, thus verifying the remark of Southey, that men

in religious matters are more easily governed by fear than by love.

Siva is represented in various ways; sometimes as a silver-coloured man, with five faces, and in each face three eyes; he is clothed in a garment of tiger-skin, and is seated upon a lotus; sometimes he has the figure of a half-moon on his forehead, riding upon a bull, naked, and covered with ashes, his eyes inflamed with intoxicating drugs; in one of his hands he carries a horn, in the other a drum.

Another form of Siva is the Lingam, a smooth, black stone, almost in the shape of a sugar-loaf, with a rude representation of the Yoni projecting from its base.

Innumerable temples have been erected to his honour in Hindostan.

The worship of Vishnu succeeded the worship of Siva. His followers are inferior in number, and are divided into several sects, each of which has its secrets, sacrifices, and particular signs. He is called "the preserver of all things," and has been obliged, according to mythology, to assume different forms, which they call *avatars*. The various shapes or *avatars*, or metamorphoses through which he has passed, are the fish, the tortoise, the bull, the man-lion, the dwarf, the two Rāmas, Krishna, Buddha, and Kalki—nine of these are said to be passed, the tenth is still expected.

Stone images of Vishnu are made for sale, and worshipped in the houses of those who have chosen him for their guardian deity. There are no public festivals in honour of this god; yet he is worshipped at the offering of a burnt sacrifice, at the times when the "five gods are worshipped;" and the offerings presented to him are fruit, flowers, clarified butter, sweet-meats, cloths, and ornaments. He is revered as the household god, and is worshipped when a person enters a new house, or at any other time, to procure the removal of family misfortunes.

These three gods form the Hindoo triumvirate, which is acknowledged and adored by the majority of Hindoos, who pay undivided worship to the triad, although certain castes attach themselves in a particular manner to the sect of Siva or Vishnu.

About a thousand years before the Christian era, an extraordinary man ap-

peared in India, who laboured, and not without success, to reform the popular superstitions and destroy the influence of the Brahmins and the system of castes; but the learned adherents of the Brahminical religion did not remain silent spectators of what they deemed the triumph of atheism, and at length, about the sixth century of our era, an exterminatory persecution of the Buddhists began, and the Hindoos, being delivered from the austere system of Buddha, were not content with their celestial gods, or heroes, but extended their adoration to various living individuals, especially the priests and their daughters under eight years of age, who were worshipped as forms of the goddess Bhavain, with offerings of flowers, paint, water, garlands, and incense.



INDIAN IDOL.

At certain seasons of the year, the Brahmin is worshipped by his wife. The wives of other Brahmins are likewise worshipped by other men, who, when they happen to be affluent, sometimes invite a hundred of these ladies to their houses, and, having repeated hymns of prayer and praise before them, conclude the ceremony with costly offerings. Verily, there would

seem to be worse things in this world than to be a Brahmin's wife.

The worship of animals, as symbols of certain gods, has, from remote ages, prevailed in Asia. Bhavain is represented, not only by little girls, but also by cows, while the bull is supposed to be an incarnation of the soul of Brahmin.

The celebrated bull of black granite at Tanjore measures 16ft. 2in. in length by 12ft. 6in. in height. The pagoda in which it stands is reckoned the finest specimen of the pyramidal temple in India.

The monkey-god is regarded as an avatar of Siva, and Vishnu is adored under the form of a fish; while serpents, as symbols of the destructive principle, are soothed with sacred rites. Various trees are worshipped, particularly by the women (as forms of particular gods), who regard it as a great merit to water their roots during the hot months; while all tribes and classes pay adoration to the Ganges, and there is not in heaven or earth a more sacred name to this superstitious people than Ganga. The waters are said to descend from above, and to purify from every stain the man who undergoes in them a thorough ablution; and even to die on banks moistened by the stream is deemed a sure passport to heaven; there, in preference to all other places, they bathe and offer up to the gods their vows and prayers, while garlands of flowers are suspended across the stream, even where it is very wide. At a certain signal thousands of these deluded devotees plunge into its waters, while others are seen tending, with the deepest solicitude, a dying relation, using the water and the clay as the last preparation for the next stage of existence. The ashes of the dead are thrown into its stream, while hundreds of pilgrims carry away on their shoulders, in pans, the waters of the deified Ganges to their distant homes.

India, like Italy, is a paradise for priests, and there is, perhaps, no country in the world in which so many temples and holy edifices are to be found as there.

The Brahmins exhibit remarkable taste and judgment in selecting the site of their sacred buildings. One standing in the Sadri Pass is one of the largest edifices in the world, and cost upwards of a million sterling; but that now executed by

our artist, known as the temple of Elephanta, is, perhaps, a more surprising monument of human skill and perseverance.

Four rows of massive columns cut out of the solid rock, uniform in their order, and placed at regular distances, form the magnificent avenues from the principal entrance to the grand idol, which terminates the middle vista, the general effect being heightened by the blueness of the light, or rather gloom peculiar to the situation. The central image is composed of three colossal heads, reaching nearly from the floor to the roof, a height of fifteen feet. It was in one of these deserted temples that a foraging party discovered Havelock and his little band singing and giving thanks on their victory to the God of battles, after one of those desperate struggles in which our army has so lately been engaged. What will be the effect of this mighty convulsion and upheaving in India, it is impossible to foresee; that there remains yet very much to conquer in the highest sense of the word is quite certain; that our conduct as professors of Christianity has been cowardly in the extreme cannot be denied; that the Gospel is committed into our hands as stewards of its mysteries is equally true; and woe will be to us, indeed, if we preach not to those perishing millions the Gospel of Peace. The traditional faith of the Hindoo is rapidly passing away, their idols are being cast to the bats and to the moles, and unless we step in, present, and press home upon their consciences the doctrines, precepts, and example of a pure religion, we shall find them soon without a creed, without a faith; and the last state of these people will be infinitely worse than the first, for, in their fury, they will dash themselves against the desolate rocks of infidelity. M. S. R.

THE GOLDEN RULE.—The same hard measure which St. Olaf meted to others he applied to his own actions; witness that curiously characteristic scene, when, sitting in his high seat at table, lost in thought, he begins unconsciously to cut splinters from a piece of fir wood which he held in his hand. The table-servant, seeing what the King was about, says to him (mark the respectful periphrasis), "It is Monday, sire, to-morrow." The King looks at him, and it came into his mind what he was doing on a Sunday. He sweeps up the shavings he had made, sets fire to them, and lets them burn on his naked hand; showing thereby that he would hold fast by God's law, and not trespass without punishment.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

PRETTY SUPPER DISHES.

CREME A LA MODE.—Put half a pound of white sugar into your glass or china dish, with two good sized glasses of white wine, the peel and juice of one large lemon, or two small ones. Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in half a pint of water, strain it hot upon the above, and, by degrees, add a pint and a half of good cream; stir till cold. It will keep three or four days, but it is best made the day before you want it. Half this quantity makes a good salad dish. It is very pretty turned out of a mould, or may be cut up with custard glasses. This is a general favourite with all those who have once tasted it.

APPLE JAM.—Peel a quantity of apples, but mind they are all the same kind, core and slice them very thin. Put them into a jar and stand it in a saucepan of water, letting them stew till quite tender. Put a pound and a half of fine moist sugar to every two pounds of your fruit; and to the same quantity put the rind of two lemons grated, and the pulp of one. Let all boil for two hours, and then put it into jars. This is a delicious and inexpensive preserve, and will keep good for years.

APPLE JELLY.—Take about a peck of apples; pare, quarter, and core them. Put them in a preserving pot, with enough water as will cover them. Boil rather briskly till they are a mash, then put in enough of sugar to make one every pound of apples. Boil till the sugar is dissolved, and the apples are quite soft. Strain the juice into a cloth, and let it stand till cold. It will keep for a long time, if well preserved. It makes a very pretty salad, and if bottled in some bottles poured through a sieve, it is a very moist and delicious sauce for making puddings, or golden remons.

ORANGE JELLY.—Boil an ounce and a quarter of isinglass in a pint of water, the rind of an orange cut very thin, a little cinnamon, and three ounces of loaf sugar. When the isinglass is dissolved, squeeze either two Seville oranges or two lemons, with sufficient China oranges to make a pint of juice; mix all together and strain. Set it in a cool place for half an hour, then pour gently into another basin free from the sediment, and then put into a mould. When wanted for use dip the mould into warm water, and the jelly will turn out. A few grains of saffron adds much to its appearance. This makes a very pretty dish for a supper; it should be garnished with alternate slices of oranges and lemons. If required for jelly glasses, it must be left in the basin till quite cold and stiff, and then cut out.

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOSEBERRY FOOL.—Put three pints of gooseberries into a saucepan, with a very little water, only just sufficient to prevent their burning, and boil till quite tender. Beat through a colander and sweeten to your taste, then leave it to get cool. Beat an egg well and mix it with a pint of new milk, and boil, stirring it all the time. Let it get cold, and then add it by degrees to the gooseberries, stirring it in till all is thoroughly mixed. Gooseberry fool made in this way is as good as if made with cream, without being so expensive.

JAUNANGE.—Dissolve two ounces of isinglass in a pint and a half of water, cut into it the rind of two lemons; strain; then add the yolks of four eggs well beaten. Let it have one boil up, and then put in the juice of two good sized lemons. Sweeten to your taste, and if you want it a very deep colour, add a little saffron. Stir till nearly cold, and then put into the mould or glasses. This makes a very pretty, very nice, and very inexpensive dish for a supper.

WINE JELLY.—To a quart of white wine put a pound of lump sugar, which is first reduced to a syrup. Dissolve an ounce and a half of isinglass in a little water; strain it and mix while warm, with the syrup also warm. When it is nearly cold pour the wine into it, stirring it well, and for some little time after. Pour into your mould, or leave it to be cut up the next day into jelly glasses. A little cochineal added gives it a beautiful appearance. This is a most delicious jelly, and very soon and easily made.

GREEN GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Scald the gooseberries in a little water and strain them through a sieve; take equal weight of sugar, half a quarter of a pint of water to a pint of sugar; boil the sugar and water, and when clear add the fruit; boil twenty minutes.

SPONGE CAKE.—A quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, three eggs, beat well, and half a teaspoonful of sal volatile mix. This quantity will make 12 buns.

A GOOD FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, six ounces of powdered loaf sugar, six ounces of ground rice, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, six ounces of currants, six ounces of butter, and three eggs. Mix with milk.

WINE RICE CASSEROLE.—Boil a fresh cock-out, spread it on a dish, and let dry gradually for a couple of days. Add to it double its weight of fine sifted sugar, and the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat the mixture into small balls; place them on a buttered tin, and bake them in a very gentle oven about twenty minutes. Remove them from the tin when they are warm, and store them in a very dry chamber as soon as they are cold.

MARMALADE PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of sweet, six ounces of white sugar (brown will do), four ounces of marmalade, and four eggs. Mix all well together. Butter a mould, and ornament it with muscadine; pour in the mixture and boil two hours. Serve with marmalade sauce (wine sauce, with a little marmalade mixed). This is a most delicious pudding.

A CHEAP PRESERVE.—Three pounds of apples, three pounds of pears, three pounds of plums, cut in small pieces, stoned and cored, and three pounds of loaf sugar. Boil for thirty minutes.

POTATO CHEESECAKES.—One pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of butter and sugar, and four eggs; mix well. Bake in tins lined with paste.

MANNA-KROUF PUDDING.—To three table-spoonsful of manna-kroup and a dozen almonds pounded, add a pint of milk; then steep it. When nearly cold, add sugar to the taste, and three eggs well beaten; when all is well mixed, put in a dish, and bake in a quick oven half an hour. This is a beautiful pudding, without much expense.



THE FASHIONS
AND
PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

Our illustration represents a style of dress-body extremely becoming to the figure. It is made in any summer silk, either plain or in some of the neat little *rayons* or checks now so much in favour in England as in France, from whence

tight, but continued down in points instead of the *basque*. The peculiarity of the style consists in the arrangement of the body, which is a novelty partaking of the nature of the *berthe*, which is now much worn, and of the trimming, composed

shoulder and brought down to a point in the front, is carried down to a similar point, plain, behind. Four rows of narrow black velvet are laid on the body close to this trimming, while at its lower edge they are placed upon it. In each case a handsome lace hangs from the lowest row. The sleeve is also the latest fashion. The wide, turned-up gauntlet has an air of distinction. The four rows of velvet and the lace are made to match the other parts of the body, being also carried round the points which fall over the skirt. A row of



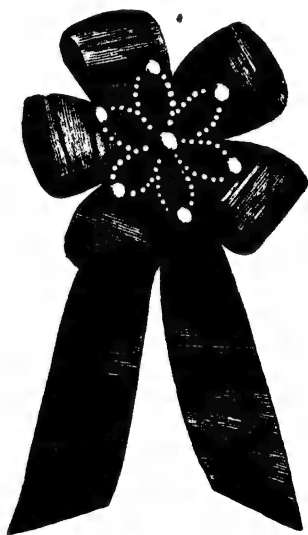
black ornamental tassels, with a button at the top of each, is placed up the front, one of the same being attached to each of the points of the body. The skirt is made double, the upper one being trimmed to match the body.

Adaptation of dress to the extreme heat of the weather is one of the rational exercises of the powerful will of Fashion. Thus we may notice one of the prettiest styles of the season in the material known in Paris as *mousselines à pois*, or, as they are simply called in England, spotted muslins. These are all of clear white muslin, the spots not being printed but embroidered in various colours. Pink, blue, green, lilac, brown, and cerise are the most approved. The skirts are made with two deep flounces, with an scalloped edge worked in the same colour as the spots. Here we may notice that three flounces are much less in request than the dresses made with two. The bodices are made with a berthe, which is ornamented at the edge with the same scallop as the flounces; this berthe falls over the top of the

sleeve, which is made with a double puffing at the top.

Bonnets are the most fashionable in Belgian straw or rice straw. These are bound with coloured velvet, and trimmed with black and white lace. Cerise-coloured velvet is the highest style. The trimming at the sides consists of large clusters of berries; the purple grape is one of the most approved. Large red berries, with a rich foliage of green leaves, are in great favour. Cherries only are excepted, as these have had their day, which is now over. Flowers are reserved for the light dress-bonnets. These are made in transparent Paris net shapes, in puffings. One of the prettiest of these is formed of three rows of puffings, the separations being defined by three lines of small delicate flowers, such as myrtle or forget-me-not. Round the front is carried a longer trimming of the same, as well as continuing over the curtain. This is a very elegant dress-bonnet.

The scarf appears to have superseded all other forms of out-door apparel, both on account of its own simple elegance and its adaptation to the heat of the weather. These are very generally of the same material as the dress when in coloured



muslin, in other cases in clear white, all being fastened down in the middle of the back with a bow to harmonize with the prevailing tone of the dress. The other, the *capuchon Mantelet*, is made of black silk. It is made to fit by being joined over the shoulders. In front the ends are square; behind, it reaches to the waist, and is there finished by a lace sufficiently deep to hang in the same line with the ends in front, so as to complete the circle. This lace reaches to the arm, which it is intended to cover, but does not go further. It ought not to be much less than half

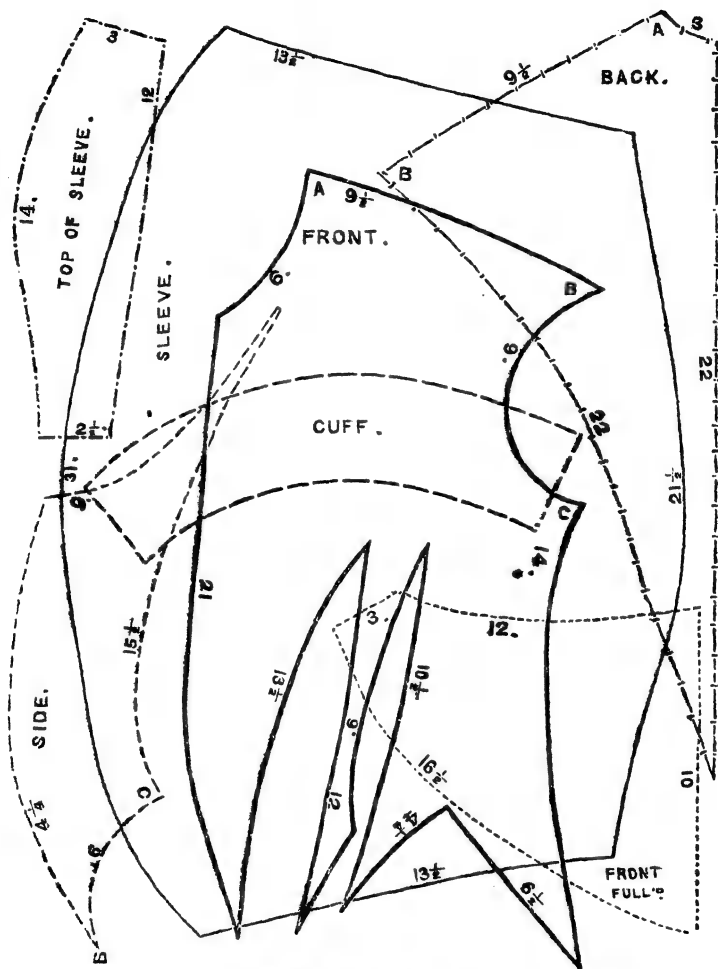


DIAGRAM OF DRESS BODY.

a yard in width. This article of dress has always a hood, which is finished with a large bow behind as well as another to match at the fastening in front.

RIBBON HEAD-DRESS

We give a very elegant little head-dress, just received from Paris, which we think will be very

acceptable to the numerous subscribers to this journal. It is easily made, but has a striking air of style when worn. The front is a plait of three in cerise-coloured ribbon. Before commencing to plait the ribbon, each piece should be folded down the centre, and a narrow strip of stiff net laid within. This gives the necessary firmness to the

bandeau. The back is formed of three rows of ribbon, quilled at one edge, two of the quilled rows being turned upwards and one down; under this last a large bow with long ends is fastened, hanging down from the centre of the hair behind. We strongly recommend this head-dress to the notice of our lady readers.

GLOVES.

Many ladies are now wearing the Swedish, which are recommended by their softness and pliancy.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROUGE.

Our needlework illustration represents one of the newest and prettiest arrangements in fancy embroidery which has lately appeared on the Continent. The present warm season renders all light materials peculiarly desirable for the different purposes of dress; it is therefore requisite that the ornamental parts should correspond. This work is lighter than any other kind of embroidery, as it is chiefly composed of lace insertion. It is very beautiful for sleeves, caps, &c., and is easy of execution. In commencing, a pretty light lace insertion should be selected; this must be tucked down at each edge on to a sheet of paper at regular distances, according to our illustration; these rows must then be crossed with the same insertion, so as to leave vacant squares. This part of the arrangement must be executed with care, as the squares ought to be exactly the same size. The width of the insertion should be about half an inch. On the parts which cross each other, and which, of course, are double, a sprig or round spot is worked in well raised satin-stitch. This gives great richness and strength to the work. The vacant squares have now to be filled in with any pretty lace-stitch in very fine thread; this gives the very light and elegant appearance to the work. We can confidently recommend this very pretty work both for its novelty and beauty. Two different cottons are required for working it, No. 14 of the beautiful Persian thread of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of the same maker's *perfection* cotton. The former for the lace work, the other for the satin-stitch.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE HAIR.

Among our illustrations we have thought it desirable to give a very pretty ornament for the hair, which any lady can make at her own work-table with the most trifling trouble and expense, and which we think will be generally acceptable. To do this two sizes of the pearl beads are necessary, some small and delicate, with a few of larger dimensions. The first are to be strung on head wire, introducing a large one in the centre of each bow, and simply twisting the ends of the wire together, so as to make it secure. Five of these being thus prepared are to be put together, and, being well secured, are to be fastened on a bow of black velvet, which is in its turn to be attached to a good hair-pin. The centre is formed with a head of the larger size.

These ornaments for the hair are worn over the forehead a little towards the left, and three behind. They are very elegant, the pearl beads contrasting so extremely well with the velvet.

JULIA.—Our correspondent will see that her wishes have been fulfilled. We hope the approbation will be general.

SCENE.—We fully hope that the illustration given will prove exactly what is wished. It will be found both fashionable and elegant. In reply to the last question, it is good and characteristic.

ELLEN.—The most simple way to trace patterns upon muslin, &c., is to get a little powdered blue and mix it with soap; then with a bit of rag rub it upon paper, so as to colour the paper all over on one side: after that is done, lay the coloured side upon the cambric, and your pattern above it, then with the end of a lead pencil, or a stout needle, trace over the lines of your design, and you will have a clear tracing to work from. When the article is washed, the colour leaves the muslin entirely.

A. D.—As costume is surrounded by many interests, being closely connected with manners as well as manufactures, that of every age deserves attention. We shall, therefore, have much pleasure in keeping the request of our correspondent in view.

Things Worth Knowing.

TO CLEAN ERMINE VESTIBLES.—Take some flour, rub in with a piece of flannel, shake well, and the fur will look quite new again.

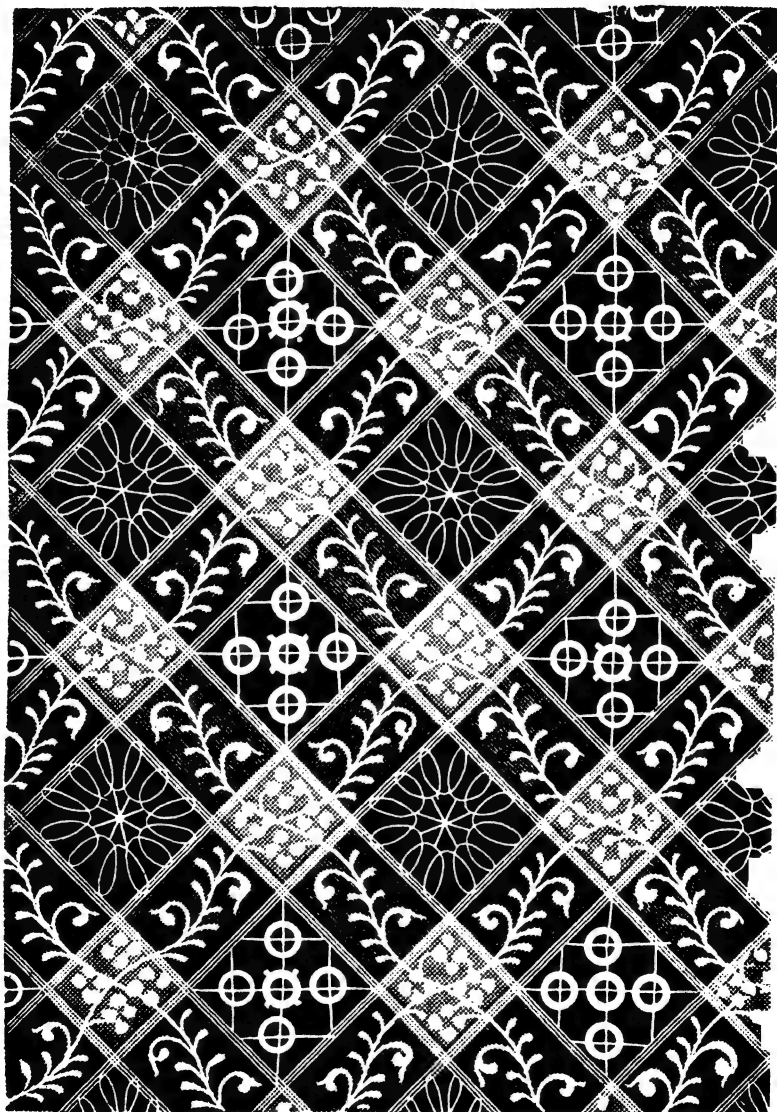
A RECEIPT FOR PARSNIP WINE.—Wash the parsnips clean, and cut them in slices the thickness of a penny; to one gallon of parsnips add two gallons of water, boil till the parsnips are soft, then strain it off. Put three pounds and a half of sugar to the gallon; cut four lemons, boil them in a little of the wine, and put them in while it is warm; set it with a little yeast, the same as beer. Let it stand a day or two before you put it in the cask to work.

A RECEIPT FOR POMADE.—Three ounces of olive oil, three-quarters of a drachm of the oil of almonds, two drachms of palm oil, half an ounce of white wax, a quarter of a pound of lard, and three-quarters of a drachm of the essence of bergamot.

RASPBERRY WINE.—One quart of raspberries to every quart of water; bruise, and let them stand two days; strain off the liquor, and to every gallon put three pounds of sugar; let it stand two months in a barrel, then bottle, adding to each bottle a tablespoonful of brandy.

A PLEASANT DRINK FOR WARM WEATHER.—Into one pint and a half of fourpenny ale turn an effervescing bottle of ginger beer; the draught is refreshing and wholesome, as the ginger corrects the action of the beer. It does not deteriorate by standing a little, but, of course, is best taken fresh.

TO MAKE NOYEAU EGUAL TO MARTINEQUE.—Blanche and also very thin three ounces of nut, and the same of bitter almonds, put them into two quarts of whiskey. In four days after, dissolve forty ounces of lump sugar in one quart of water, add that and the thin oil rind of a lemon to the whiskey and almonds. Shake it every day for three weeks, then strain it through muslin, and filter it through whitened-brown paper. Of course the longer it keeps, the stronger and better it becomes.



FANCY EMBROIDERY.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

"GOOD heavens! what is this?" exclaimed at the same time several persons who were assembled together in the dining-room of the Chateau de Burey.

The Countess de Moncar had just inherited, by the death of a very distant and not very much lamented relative, an old chateau, with

which she was entirely unacquainted, although it was situated not more than fifteen leagues from her usual summer residence. Madame de Moncar, one of the most elegant, and almost one of the prettiest women of Paris, had no particular affection for the country. Leaving the capital in June to return in October, she was accompanied to the Morvan by some of the lady companions of her winter pleasures, and some young gentlemen selected from among her most devoted partners in the dance.

Madame de Moncar was married to a man much older than herself, and who did not always give her the protection of his presence.

Without taking too great advantage of her liberty, she was a graceful coquette, an elegant trifler, whom it required but a compliment, a civil word, the success of an hour, to make perfectly happy, and who was fond of inspiring love that she might always have an adorer at her side, to pick up the flower which fell from her bouquet; and when some of her lofty connexions remonstrated seriously with her, she would reply—

"Why should I not laugh and take life gaily? It is a less dangerous course than to remain in solitude, listening to the beatings of my own heart! Indeed, to speak truly, I hardly know that I have a heart."

The fact is, that the Countess de Moncar hardly knew herself what to think upon this subject. The most important thing for her was to leave this point in doubt all her life; and she considered it prudent not to give herself time to reflect upon the matter.

One delightful September morning she started with her guests for the unknown chateau, with the intention of spending the morning there. They took a cross road which was represented as being passable, and as reducing the journey to twelve leagues. This road proved to be as bad as possible: they lost their way in the woods, and one carriage broke down; and, after all, it was not until about midday that our travellers, dying with fatigue, and by no means impressed by the picturesque beauties of the route, reached the Chateau de Burcy, the aspect of which promised but little compensation for what they had undergone.

It was a large building with blackened walls. In front of the entrance, a kitchen-garden, not at that time in cultivation, was continued from terrace to terrace—for the chateau was built upon the side of a wooded hill, and had no level ground around it; rocky mountains dominated it on every side; and the trees, which sprung up from between the rocks, were covered with dark and gloomy foliage. The establishment appeared as deserted as its location was wild. Madame de Moncar stood spell-bound upon the threshold of her old chateau.

"This does not resemble much a party of pleasure," she said. "I feel almost disposed to cry at the sight of this desolate

place. However, here are some fine trees, some huge rocks, and a roaring torrent: there is a certain beauty in all this, perhaps; but it is too serious for me," she continued, with a smile. "Let us go in and examine the interior."

"Yes, let us see if the cook, who started yesterday as an advance-guard, has arrived more fortunately than we have done," answered her hungry companions.

It was soon ascertained that an abundant breakfast would be shortly ready, and the interval was occupied in a ramble through the chateau. The old articles of furniture enveloped in worn-out covers, the arm-chairs with but three legs left, the shaky tables, the discordant sounds of a piano forgotten and left there some twenty years, furnished matter for a thousand jests. Gaiety reappeared.

It was unanimously determined to laugh at the inconvenience of everything. Besides, for this party of young and idle people, the day was a pic-nic kind of event, almost an expedition of peril, the originality of which was beginning to tell upon the imagination.

A fagot had been lighted in the great fire-place in the parlour, but the gusts of smoke which escaped in every direction had driven all the guests into the garden. The appearance of this garden was singular: the stone benches were covered with moss; the terrace walls, which had fallen in many places, had left room between the imperfectly-joined stones for numberless wild plants, some of which grew up straight and lofty, while others crawled upon the earth like flexible vines; the paths were covered with grass; the beds reserved for cultivated flowers had been invaded by wild ones, which spring spontaneously wherever Heaven sends a drop of rain or a ray of sunshine; the white bindweed surrounded and choked the monthly roses; wild mulberries were interspersed with red currants; fern, sweet-scented mint, and thistles armed with threatening prickles, grew confusedly among a few forgotten lilies.

The moment that our travellers entered the inclosure, thousands of creeping things, alarmed at the unusual noise, escaped in the grass, and the birds left their nests and flew from branch to branch. The silence which had so long reigned in this quiet

spot gave place to the noise of voices and joyous bursts of laughter. The solitude was a mystery to all; to none was it suggestive of reflection. It was disturbed and profaned without respect. Each of the party had some episode to relate connected with the most delightful evenings of the past winter. A mutual exchange was made of flattering allusions, of expressive looks, of hidden compliments; in a word, of those numberless nothings which make up the conversation of those who endeavour to please before they have acquired the right to be serious.

The butler, after searching in vain through the galleries of the chateau for a bell, finally determined to notify the guests by calling from the garden-steps that breakfast was ready. The smile with which he performed this duty indicated that, like his mistress, he resigned himself, for that day, to the absence of etiquette and the usual proprieties of the household. The guests rushed laughingly to table. They forgot the old chateau, the desert in which it was situated, and the gloom which surrounded it; all talked at the same time, and they drank the health of the hostess, or rather of the fairy whose single presence converted this ruinous old pile into an enchanted castle. Suddenly every eye was turned towards the windows of the dining-room.

"What is this?" they asked.

The object that attracted their attention was a little gig with large wheels, as high as its wickerwork body, which passed in front of the chateau, and drew up at the door. It was drawn by a small grey horse, whose eyes seemed to be threatened by the shafts, which pointed upwards at a considerable angle from the front of the vehicle. The hood was raised, so that nothing could be seen within except two arms covered with the sleeves of a blue blouse, and a whip which tickled the grey horse's ear.

"Good gracious, ladies!" exclaimed Madame de Moncar, "I forgot to inform you that I felt myself absolutely compelled to invite to our breakfast the village doctor, an old man who formerly rendered many services to the family of my relative, and whom I have met once or twice. Do not be afraid of our new guest; he is but little given to talking. After a few words

of politeness, we will act precisely as though he were not here; besides, I do not imagine that he will be disposed to prolong his visit."

At this moment the door of the dining-room opened, and Doctor Barnabé walked in. He was a little old man, very feeble and frail, but with a remarkably gentle and calm expression of countenance. His white hair was tied behind his head in a queue, after the olden fashion. There was a little powder on his temples and on his wrinkled forehead. He wore a black coat, and breeches ornamented with steel buckles. On one of his arms hung a wadded surlout of snuff-coloured silk, in his other hand he carried a large cane and a hat. Everything about the village doctor's dress indicated that he had taken special pains that day with his toilet; but his black stockings and his coat were covered with splashes of mud, as if the poor old man had met with a fall into some ditch on the road-side. He stood still at the threshold of the door, surprised at the presence of so numerous a company. The traces of a slight embarrassment appeared for a moment upon his face; he then recovered himself, and bowed without speaking. At the entrance of this singular figure the guests were seized with a great desire to laugh, which they suppressed more or less successfully. Madame de Moncar alone, as mistress of the house, was unwilling to be deficient in politeness, and kept her countenance.

"Good heavens, doctor! have you been upset?" she asked.

Doctor Barnabé, before answering, glanced at all the young faces around him, and, notwithstanding his apparent simplicity, could not possibly avoid noticing the hilarity which his appearance occasioned. He answered quietly—

"I have not been upset. A poor waggoner fell under the wheels of his cart; as I was passing by, I assisted him up."

And the doctor seated himself in the only empty chair at the table. He took his napkin, unfolded it, passed one end through the button-hole of his coat, and spread the rest over his breast and his lap.

At this proceeding many of the guests smiled, and something like stifled laughter broke the silence. This time the doctor did not even raise his eyes. Very likely he noticed nothing.

"Is there much sickness in the village?"

asked Madame de Moncar, while the newly-arrived guest was being served.

"Yes, madame, a good deal."

"Is the neighbourhood, then, unhealthy?"

"No, madame."

"What, then, is the occasion of so much sickness?"

"The great heat during harvest-time, and the cold and dampness in winter."

One of the guests, with an affectation of seriousness, joined in the conversation.

"Then, sir, in this healthy country, people are ill all the year round?"

The doctor raised his little grey eyes to the person who addressed him, looked him in the face, hesitated, and seemed to be either endeavouring to keep back or to find a reply.



Madame de Moncar kindly came to his rescue.

"I know," she said, "that you are here the providence of all that suffer."

"Oh, you are too good!" answered the old man.

And he seemed to be entirely absorbed by a slice of *pâté* to which he had just helped himself.

Doctor Barnabé was then left to himself, and the conversation resumed its course.

If the eyes of any present happened to fall accidentally upon the quiet old man, some slight sarcasm upon him was slipped into the conversation of the moment, and

was supposed to pass unnoticed by the subject of it.

This was not because those young gentlemen and ladies were not habitually polite and good-natured; but that day, the journey, the excitement of the breakfast, their meeting, and the laughter which had commenced with the events of the day, had all combined to produce an unreasonable gaiety—a communicative spirit of raillery which rendered them merciless to the victim with which chance provided them. The doctor appeared to be eating unconcernedly, without raising his eyes, listening, or speaking; they took him to be both deaf and dumb, and proceeded to finish their breakfast without restraint.

When they arose from table, Dr. Barnabé drew back a few steps, leaving each gentleman to select the lady whom he wished to lead to the parlour. One of Madame de Moncar's companions remain-

ing without escort, the village doctor advanced timidly towards her, and offered her, not his arm, but his hand. The young lady's fingers were scarcely touched by those of the doctor, who, bending slightly in token of respect, advanced with slow and measured steps towards the parlour. This proceeding provoked new smiles; but the old man's face remained so cloudless that they declared he must be blind as well as deaf and dumb.

Doctor Barnabé, after leaving his companion, sought the smallest and plainest chair in the parlour. He pushed it to one side, at a distance from all the company, seated himself in it, placed his cane between his knees, crossed his hands upon its head, and leaned his chin upon his hands. In this meditative position he remained in silence, and from time to time he closed his eyes as if a gentle sleep, which he neither courted nor avoided, were upon the point of overpowering his senses.

"Madame de Moncar," exclaimed one of the party, "I presume that it is not your intention to inhabit these ruins and this desert?"

"No, I have no such intention; but there are high rocks and wild woods here. Monsieur de Moncar might be tempted to come here in the shooting-season to spend some months."

"But then it would become necessary to tear down and rebuild."

"Let us make a plan!" exclaimed the young countess; "let us go out and trace upon the ground the future garden of my domains."

This pleasure-party seemed to be fated to be unlucky. At this very moment a heavy cloud burst, and a fine close rain began to fall. It was consequently impossible to leave the parlour.

"Good gracious! what shall we do," resumed Madame de Moncar; "the horses require several hours of rest. It is evident that the rain will continue some time. The grass which grows all around is so wet that it will be out of the question to walk upon it for a week to come; all the strings of the piano are broken. There is no such thing as a book anywhere within ten leagues. This parlour is cold and gloomy enough to kill one. What shall we do?"

In truth, the party, just now almost

boisterously cheerful, were beginning gradually to lose their gaiety. Giggling and laughter were succeeded by silence. All approached the windows to look at the sky, which was dark and covered with clouds. All hope of a walk was abandoned. They seated themselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit, upon the old articles of furniture. An effort was made to renew the conversation; but there are thoughts which require, like flowers, a little sunshine. All these young heads seemed to bow, beaten down by the storm, like the poplars in the garden, which were rocking in the breeze. An hour was passed anything but pleasantly.

The hostess, somewhat discouraged at the failure of her party of pleasure, leaning languidly against the balcony of a window, was looking idly at what was before her.

"You see there upon the hill," she said, "a little white house. I shall have it torn down; it interrupts the view."

"The white house!" exclaimed the doctor.

For more than an hour Doctor Barnabé had remained motionless on his chair. Joy, *ennui*, sunshine, and rain, had all come in succession, without provoking a single word from him. His presence was completely forgotten; so that when he uttered the three words, "The white house!" every eye suddenly turned towards him.

"What interest do you take in that house, doctor?" asked the countess.

"Good heavens! madame, act as though I had not spoken. It will be torn down, undoubtedly, since such is your pleasure."

"But why would you regret the absence of such a tumble-down structure?"

"Because—dear me!—because it was once occupied by persons whom I loved; and——"

"They expect to return to it, doctor?"

"They died long ago, madame; they died when I was young."

And the old man glanced sadly at the white house which stood on the hill-side, surrounded by woods, like a daisy in the midst of the grass.

There succeeded a momentary pause.

"Madame," whispered one of our travellers in Madame de Moncar's ear, "madame, there is some mystery here. See how solemn our Esculapius has become. Some pathetic drama has been enacted there;

some youthful love-adventure, perhaps. Ask the doctor to tell us the story."

"Yes, yes!" was repeated in a low tone on every side; "the story! a tale! a tale! And if interest is wanting, we shall have at least the eloquence of the orator to amuse us."

"Not so, gentlemen," answered in a whisper Madame de Moncar; "if I request Doctor Barnabé to tell us the story of the white house, it is upon the express condition that nobody will laugh."

Everybody having promised to be serious and polite, Madame de Moncar approached Monsieur Barnabé. "Dear doctor," she said, "see what dreadful weather we have; how gloomy everything is! You are the eldest of us all—tell us some story! Make us forget the rain, the fog, and the cold."

Monsieur Barnabé looked at the countess with an expression of great astonishment.

"There is no story," he said. "What occurred in the white house is very simple, and is interesting only to me, who was attached to these young people; strangers would not call it a story. And, besides, I can neither speak nor narrate at length to listeners. Still more, what I have to tell is sad, and you have come here for amusement."

The doctor again leaned his chin upon his cane.

"Dear doctor," resumed the countess, "the white house shall stand untouched if you will tell us why you love it."

The old man appeared somewhat moved; he crossed and recrossed his legs, took out his snuff-box and returned it to his pocket without opening it, and then, looking the countess in the face, and pointing with his thin and trembling hand to the building in the distance, said, "You will not tear it down?"

"I promise you that I will not."

"Well! so be it, then. I will do it for their sake; I will save the house which witnessed their happiness. Ladies," continued the old man, "I am no speaker; but I believe that the poorest talker can make himself understood when he relates what he has himself seen. I warn you that this story is not a gay one. A musician is called in to sing and dance—a physician where there is sickness, and death is approaching."

A circle was formed around Dr. Barnabé,

who, keeping his hands crossed upon the head of his cane, began the following story, surrounded by his audience, who were quite prepared to amuse themselves at his expense.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

CHINA.

WHEN a Chinese is asked how many systems of philosophic or religious belief exist in his country, he answers, three—viz., *Yu*, the doctrine of Confucius; *Fo*, or Buddhism; and the sect of *Taou*, or Rationalists; but Confucianism is the orthodox, or State religion of China; and the other two, though tolerated as long as they do not come into competition with the first, have been rather discredited than encouraged by the government.

Religion in China presents an extremely peculiar aspect. In all other great kingdoms of Asia, both ancient and modern, it has been administered by a powerful priesthood, supported by the State, resting on a complicated creed, and surrounded by the pomp of superstitious rites. But in this empire the national religion—viz., that professed by the learned and the great, and which has always laboured to proscribe every other—is founded on very simple principles, and comprises very little that can be branded with the name of idolatry. The belief of an Almighty superintending power, under the name of Tien, Heaven, or of the Great Shang-ti, or Spirit, with sacrifices offered on certain high occasions in his honour, comprehends almost the entire circle of orthodox faith and observance. Yet, though it is thus elevated above the false doctrines with which the neighbouring countries are infected, it has many deficiencies, and is, besides, deeply imbued with a systematic scepticism. But the charge of direct Atheism, which has sometimes been brought against the primitive religion of China, seems to be without foundation.

Religion is said to sit very easily on the Chinese; and, in their feelings on this head, they resemble the ancient Pagans—the worship of their gods forming part of their civil institutions and daily habits, but never deeply influencing their passions. Indeed, they present it as a lofty object,

which man is to view with admiration, not as a principle which is to be his guide through life, his support in calamity, and his hope in death.

The sense of propriety, the beauty of virtue, veneration for ancient maxims, and obedience to the laws—not any motive derived from above—these were the principles on which Confucius founded his system of ethics.

The Chinese possess very crude ideas respecting a future state, but the rites performed in honour of ancestors would lead us to believe that they were not altogether ignorant of the existence of spirits; but this tenet never seems held out, on any occasion, either as the ground of hope or as the support of virtue.

Instead of a future retribution, Chinese moralists and legislators endeavour to support virtue by the sanction of rewards and punishments as administered by Divine Providence in the present world—contrary to the teaching of inspiration, and the experience of our own senses, by which we see that one event happeneth to the righteous and to the wicked, and that rain and sunshine are bestowed without respect of persons, falling upon the just and the unjust equally—"This is the immutable law of Heaven," says Confucius, "all those who do good are loaded with felicity, and all those who do evil are loaded with misery."

The performance of religious worship at the proper and appointed times has given rise to the great exactness with respect to their calendar, which is remarkable throughout the empire of China.

The sacrifices of the Chinese were originally offered up in the open fields, or on some mountain, upon what they called the *Tau*, which signifies a quantity of stones thrown together in a round form. A double fence, called *kiao*, composed of turf and branches of trees, was raised around this; and, in the space between the two fences, two lesser altars were erected, on the right and left, upon which, immediately after the sacrifice offered up to the *Tien*, they sacrificed, also, to the *Ching*, or good spirits of every rank, and to their virtuous ancestors.

The sovereign alone had the right of sacrificing upon this *Tau*; and the custom of sacrificing to inferior spirits may be

traced even to the days of *Fo-hi* himself. This primitive altar very closely resembles the *Obo*, described by *Huc* in his recent travels in Thibet and China, whither the Tartars resort to worship the Spirit of the Mountain. He says, "The monument is simply an enormous pile of stones, heaped up without any order, and surmounted with dried branches of trees, from which hang bones, strips of cloth, and on which are inscribed verses in the Thibet and Mongol languages. At its base is a large urn, in which the devotees burn incense. They offer, besides, pieces of money, which the next Chinese passenger, after sundry ceremonious genuflections before the *Obo*, carefully collects and pockets for his own particular benefit."

It would, perhaps, be wrong to declare that Confucius is worshipped, but, besides calling him "the crown of the human race, the height of sanctity, the master and model of emperors," they have erected in honour of him and similar worthies, the Halls of Ancestors, whither, on solemn occasions, hundreds go in procession, with flags, banners, and gongs, prostrating themselves and beating their heads against the ground. A splendid festival is held, when choice dishes are presented, and prayers addressed, inviting them to come down and partake.

It is asserted that there are 1,560 temples dedicated to Confucius, in which are annually killed six bullocks, 27,000 pigs, 58,000 sheep, 2,800 deer, and 27,000 rabbits.

The higher solemnities in honour of Heaven are monopolized by the government, and can only be performed by the emperor or by the supreme magistrate in each district. If a private individual, or even a priest of *Fo*, presume to imitate them, it is declared "a profanation of these sacred rites, and derogatory to the celestial spirits," and is punished with eighty blows. The mandarins are intrusted with the task of preaching, and twice a month they hold an assembly of the people and deliver a discourse, inculcating their duties, among which obedience to the civil power holds a prominent place.

The priests of *Fo*, and particularly the ministers of the idol temples, appear to claim the power of bestowing temporal good and evil, and particularly of curing

diseases. A man, whose favourite daughter was ill, had paid large sums at a neighbouring temple, and obtained, in return, promises of a speedy recovery, which were so far from being realized, that the disease continued to make progress till it came to a fatal termination. The father, in despair, being determined upon revenge, raised an action at law against the god, arguing that, having received much money under pretence of effecting a cure, he had either pretended to a power which he did



AT PRAYER

not possess, or, having that power, had not exerted it. The charges being fully proved, the god was banished the kingdom, and his temple demolished.

The classical, or sacred, works of China consist in all of nine, i. e., "The Four Books" and "The Five Canonical Works." In the course of a regular education, the former of these are the first studied and committed to memory, being subsequently followed by the others; and a complete knowledge of the whole of them, as well as the standard notes and criticisms by which they are elucidated, is an indispensable condition towards the attainment of the higher grades of literary and official rank.

Ellis, who was connected with Lord

Amherst's embassy, speaks of a small mido, or temple, which he visited, dedicated to the God of Fire, where his igneous godship was seated on a throne, holding a drawn sword in one hand and a serpentine ring in the other; and in the course of another walk he visited a temple dedicated to the Eternal Mother. The figure of the goddess had a white cloth thrown over her and a crown on the head; in her hand she held a leaf; and, in fact, so struck were the Romish missionaries with the similarities of many points of the worship of Fo and their own ritual, that some, whose religion was only superficial, could scarcely perceive any distinction. The points of resemblance are, however, those very points which Protestants reject as unwarranted by Scripture, viz., the burning of incense, the worship of images, and particularly a female with a child in her arms, called the Universal Mother, who resembles the Madonna; the extensive monasteries, in which professors of both sexes immure themselves, abandoning their relations and the world; the stringing and counting of beads, and even the coarse robe, bound with cords, worn by the chiefs of the monastic orders.

In the province of Fokien is a mountain, the whole of which is an idol, or statue of the god Fo. This colossus is of such an enormous size that each of his eyes is several miles in circumference, and his nose extends some leagues.*

The doctrine of metempsychosis has introduced into China an infinite number of idols, who are all worshipped on the supposition that the spirit of Fo has transmigrated into the animals they represent. These idols, however, do not seem to be worshipped with much sincerity, but, like the images of saints in the more superstitious countries of Europe, are beaten and thrown into the dirt when their votaries do not obtain their desires, which they impute to the obstinacy or weakness of their idols.

The bonzes or priests are represented as a most avaricious and hypocritical race of men, ready to subject themselves to the most intolerable tortures in order to obtain money from the compassion of the public, when they cannot get it in any other way.

In order to perpetuate their sect, they purchase young children, whom they take care to instruct in all the mysteries and tricks of their profession; but as a rule they are very ignorant, and few of them able to give any tolerable account of the tenets of their own sect. They are not subject to a regular hierarchy, but acknowledge superiors amongst themselves, whom they call grand bonzes, who have the first place in all religious assemblies, and great profit is derived from certain religious clubs, both of men and women, at which the bonzes are always called to assist. Their wealth is likewise augmented

by pilgrimages to certain places where there are temples more or less revered, and where a multitude of absurd ceremonies are performed.

Considerable efforts have been made by the missionaries to introduce into this great empire a knowledge of Gospel truths, and not without some hope of success. In fact, they encounter less obstruction in the disposition of the people and the frame of society than in any other country of Asia. There is not, as in India, a sacerdotal caste holding a rank and influence superior to all others, nor is the national religion so interwoven with the habits of ordinary



CHINESE IDOLS.

life that it cannot be renounced without the sacrifice of every temporal good. The Chinese are abundantly superstitious, but the priests possess neither place nor power, and, instead of exacting homage, are obliged to court the favour of their votaries.

The Queen of Heaven is supposed to have the control of the weather, and in seasons of severe drought the government issues proclamations commanding a general fast and abstinence from animal food; the local magistrate, in his official capacity, goes to the temples and remains fasting and praying for successive days and nights, supplicating for rain.

The material universe appears to be an

object of worship; for when the imperial high priest worships Heaven, he wears robes of an azure colour, in allusion to the sky; and when the earth is propitiated, his dress is yellow, to represent the clay of this earthly sphere. When the sun is the object, his dress is red, and for the moon he wears a pale white.

The altar of sacrifice to Heaven is round, to represent the sky, that on which sacrifices to earth are laid is square.

At the grand state worship of Nature neither priests nor women are admitted, and it is only when the special sacrifice to the patroness of *silk* takes place, that the Empress herself and the several grades of female rank at Pekin may take a part.

The doctrine of good works meriting salvation is closely imitated in China, men there being directed to keep a debtor and creditor account with themselves of the acts of each day, and at the end of the year to wind it up. If the balance is in their favour, it serves as the foundation of a stock of merits for the ensuing year, and if against them, it must be liquidated by future good deeds. To save a person's life ranks in the above as an exact set-off to the opposite act of taking life away; and it is said that this deed of merit will prolong a person's life twelve years!

These notions are not peculiar to the Buddhist sect, but prevail universally among the Chinese, who are as little troubled with sectarian divisions as any people in the world.

To conclude, the priests of the Celestial Empire, like unto many of other sects, whose highest honour and delight should be to teach great truths unto the people, scarcely ever address themselves to the understanding, but are content with repeating the prayers in an unintelligible language, so that their devotions are simply matters of form—the same words being repeated a hundred times. How certainly do we find "vain repetitions" in every false system of religion throughout the whole world! and, in spite of their outward ceremonial differences, how similar are all their principles! M. S. R.

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

REVENGE.

"Certainly in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior."—LORD BACON'S ESSAYS.

And him beside rides fierce revenging wrath,
Upon a lion loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in
him swelled.

His ruffian raiment all was stained with blood
Which he had spilled, and all to rage yrent;
Through unadvised rashness wexen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Nor cared for blood in his avengement.
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel fits he often would repent,

Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless
haste.

SPENSER, born 1553, died 1598.—*Fairy Queen*,
[Canto 4.]

Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes,
Met in the upper regions of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose
Revenge.

GEORGE CHAPMAN, born 1557, died 1634.—*Bussy*
[D'Anbois, a tragedy.]

Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so, my bloody thoughts, with violent
pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble
love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.

SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—*Othello*.
[Act 3, Scene 3.]

Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as
swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my Revenge.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Scene 3.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
He who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind.
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW, 1613.—*Fair Queen of*
[Jeany.]

His country's earth will cry out 'gainst your
cruelty,
And weep into the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour
you.

JOHN FLETCHER, born 1576, died 1625.—*The*
[False One.]

But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth.

BEAUMONT, born 1586, died 1616.—*Philaster*.
Nature doth wrestle with me, but Revenge
Doth arm my love against it.

JAMES SHIRLEY.—*The Maid's Revenge*.

To thee, that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the State, thine is the Tragedy.
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.—*Edward II.*, a tragedy.

Revenge, as swift as lightning, bursteth forth,
And clears his heart. Come, pretty child,
It is not thee I hate, or thee I kill.
Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,
Is it I loathe, is that, Revenge must suck.

JOHN MARSTON.—*Antonio's Revenge*.

Revenge, at first thought sweet,
Bitter, ere long, on itself recoils.

MILTON, born 1608, died 1674.

Thirst of revenge and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.

Quoth Ralpho, "Courage, valiant sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up."

BUTLER, born 1612, died 1680.—*Hudibras*,

[Part 1, Canto 3.

Then Revenge, married to ambition,
Begot black war.

COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.—*Ode 5*.

Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.

DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1701.—*Ode to Charles II*.

Oh! were your author's principle received,
Half of the labouring world would be relieved.
For not to wish, is not to be deceived.
Revenge would into charity be changed,
Because it costs too dear to be revenged:
It costs our comfort and our peace of mind.
And when 'tis compass'd, leaves a sting behind.

DRYDEN.—*Epistle to H. Higden, Esq.*

How many a Briton feels the rage
Of massive fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire Revenge alone has power to assuage.
Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.

CONGREVE, born 1672, died 1728.—*On*

[*the taking of Namur*.

Sempronius.

Rise, father, rise, 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise and revenge her slaughtered citizens.
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd among us.

Lucius.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turned to peace.
To urge the foe to battle,
Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair,
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome;
Now let us show submission to the Gods.
We took up arms not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth.

Sempronius.

Lucius seems fond of life. When liberty is gone
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and relieve my country,
By Heavens, I would enjoy the pangs of death
And smile in agony.

ADDISON, born 1672, died 1719.—*Cato*,

[Act 2, Scene 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
In whom Revenge is virtue.

YOUNG, born 1681, died 1765.

Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
His glowing eye-balls roll in living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks the embattled host, and hopes the
bloody day.

Poë, born 1688, died 1744.—*Iliad, Book 19*.

Call for Revenge, O stupid Ram;
The heart that wants Revenge is base.
Know those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbering sons to war;
And well Revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

GRAY, born 1688, died 1732.—*Fable. The Boar*
[*and the Ram*.

My soul, my friend, my soul is all on fire,
Thirst of Revenge consumes me! The Revenge
Of generous emulation; not of hatred.

THOMPSON, born 1700, died 1748.—*Coriolanus*.

[Act 1, Scene 1.

Oh, 'tis a cause

To arm the hand of childhood and rebrace
The slackened sinews of time-wearied age.
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great Revenge shall rise.

GRAY, born 1716, died 1771.—*Agrippina, a tragedy*.

With a frown

Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread—
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat,
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected pity at his side
His soul-subsiding voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unsalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

COLLINS, born 1720, died 1756.—*Ode to the Passions*

How startled frenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs,
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws:
See, with her gripping vulture claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the opening wound.

BEATTIE, born 1735, died 1803.—*Ode to Peace*.

He changed not; with a dreadful piety
Studying Revenge, listening to those alone
Who talked of vengeance; grasping by the hand
Those as their zeal (and none were wanting),
Who came to tell him of another wrong
Done or imagined.

ROGERS, born 1763, died 1855.—*Italy*.

This, then, is my reward—and I must love her!
Scorned, shuddered at! yet love her still, yes!
yes!
By the deep feeling of Revenge and Hate
I will still love her, woo her—win her too
My soul shall triumph.

COLERIDGE.—*Remorse, Act 3, Scene 2*.

In him the savage virtues of his race,
Revenge and all ferocious thoughts, were dead;
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

WORDSWORTH, born 1770, died 1850.—*Feast of*
[*Brougham Castle*

Vengeance to God alone belongs,
But when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame.
And ne'er the time shall I forget
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange;
What were his thoughts I cannot tell,
But in my bosom mustered hell
In plans of dark revenge.

SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.—*Marion, Canto 6.*

Low murmuring sounds along the banners fly—
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply.

CAMPBELL, born 1777, died 1844.—*Pleasures of Hope.*

We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be
tasted,

The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our hills shall be mute, and our fields shall lie
wasted,

Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's
head.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recol-
lections,

Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness
fall,

Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our
affections,

Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

TOM MOORE, born 1779, died 1852.—*Irish Melodies.*

They did not know how pride can stoop
When baffled feelings withering droop;
They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.

BROWN, born 1788, died 1824.—*Siege of Corinth.*

Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
Sweet is revenge, especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Don Juan.

Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,

The foul cubs like their parents are;

Their den is in their guilty mind,

And conscience feeds them with despair.

SHELLEY, born 1793, died 1822.—*Heller.*

What! have I roused

Your spleens with so few simple words as these?

O joy! for now I see you are not lost.

O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes

Wide glaring for revenge.

KEATS, born 1795, died 1821.—*Hyperion.*

We were two daughters of one race,
She was the fairest in the face;

The wind is blowing in turret and tree;

They were together, and she fell.

Therefore Revenge became me well;

O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night,

I made my dagger sharp and bright;

The wind is raving in turret and tree;

As half asleep his breath he drew,

Three times I stabbed him thro' and thro';

O the Earl was fair to see!

TENNISON, Poet Laureate.—*The Sisters.*

THETA.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

DIPLOMACY.

THE day following his arrival, George presented himself at an early hour at Messrs. Jackson and Co.'s offices. He had already taken the advice of a solicitor, to whom he had been recommended.

"Gentlemen," said he, in good English, "I come to you under the auspices of New York friends, whose letters are here. I have received large purchases from England, and shall want bills on Liverpool or Manchester, for which I will give you the amount."

The partners looked at one another.

"The value in cash? Certainly, sir; and for what amount will you want these bills?"

"Perhaps forty or fifty thousand dollars."

After consulting one another, the partners answered—

"We can give you bills for fifty thousand dollars, at eight days' sight, on Davidson, the first house in Manchester, who owe us more than that sum."

"Very well," said George, "be so good as to prepare a set of bills to my order. I will bring you the needful as soon as possible."

He then settled the terms of the transaction, and went away.

He, however, soon returned with the lawyer, who was waiting for him, and thus explained himself—

"Gentlemen, you just now declared to me that the house of Davidson and Co. owed you fifty thousand dollars, which you would place at my disposal against the same sum deposited here in your hands."

"Yes, that was the agreement, sir."

"And have you no knowledge of any legal attachment which claims this money, and which renders these bills valueless, which you were about to hand me?"

"What do you mean, sir? Do you suppose—"

"I do not suppose anything, gentlemen; but here is an attachment from M. Wolff, of Paris, which has been duly signified to you, and which suspended all payment of your account to Davidson. Here are M. Wolff's detailed accounts, to whom you owe, on long-standing accounts, forty-nine thousand, seven hundred and seventy dollars,

as well as the interest on that sum. You see, gentlemen, how embarrassing it would be if, after declaring the amount was due to you at Manchester, you did not accept M. Wolff's receipts in exchange for those bills on Davidson."

The lawyer then explained to them, with great precision, how serious an affair it would be to them, Messrs. Jackson and Co., as the whole transaction could be proved by witnesses.

The bills had, meanwhile, been prepared to the order of M. George.

The attachment which had been served upon them rendered these bills of no value to any one else but M. Wolff, who alone had the power of withdrawal, and, consequently, these bills were fraudulent, and the delinquency was flagrant. The firm of Jackson tried to dispute the point, but soon deciding with all that sharpness which appears to be the peculiarity of those living in a new country, and fearing an exposure which would hasten their ruin, they took M. Wolff's receipts in exchange for bills to M. Wolff's order on Davidson, of Manchester.

George went away with his legal adviser, whose presence had been of so much assistance to him. From that time he was entirely assured of success in his difficult undertaking. Davidson was an old clerk of M. Wolff's, and had long been his friend. Established at Manchester, he had written to M. Wolff about the hopeless state of Messrs. Jackson's affairs, of Quebec, and pointed out the only way by which he could get his money.

George then sent the first of these bills to M. Wolff, knowing well they would be paid at sight, as the cash was ready; and he himself retained the second copy of the same bills, to prevent any mistakes.

Thus everything took place as he had foreseen, and George, who, in spite of his simplicity, was already a good man of business, could indulge in the legitimate and allowable pleasure, to an honest heart, of having checkmated dishonest men.

A few days later, the bankruptcy was declared, and had it not been for George's promptness, everything would have been lost to M. Wolff. After business comes pleasure. George had still an excursion to make into the country, to visit his correspondents at Montreal, Kingston,

Toronto, and other towns, which spring up, as if by enchantment, in this vigorous soil. In Lower Canada he found a country which had preserved the remembrance of its French origin in its religion and manners. The fertile lands, covered with a rich harvest, shaded by long lines of apple trees, reminded him of the beautiful scenes of Normandy. In every village the pointed steeples of the churches and the pious sound of the bells added to the illusion, and affected him deeply. He sometimes strayed into these rustic temples to offer a prayer for his mother, and one, perhaps, for an unknown friend. He crossed lakes in American steamers, which are like floating towns, and swiftly glided over the rapids in the boats of the Yankees, who reckon danger nothing and time everything.

He had read Chateaubriand, who ably but pompously described these countries, and found the country much changed, thanks to a rapidly-advancing civilization.

There, where Chateaubriand saw huts of savages and half-naked women nursing their children on a hammock of lindweed, he saw rising up a magnificent town, crossed by railways, furnished with everything desirable from Europe, with its fashions, its newspapers, its pianos, and its eccentricities.

At Montreal the ladies possessed the fashions of Paris. In this new country, where the arts are still in their infancy, for they come after everything else, he was very much astonished at being introduced to a picture dealer. Alas! what he saw in this exhibition would have disheartened any amateur. Coloured lithographs of most discordant hues nearly deprived him of his eyesight, and the specimens of art which Europe had exported to these latitudes were not such as to give the Canadians a high notion of the talent of our artists. But he remarked with interest the conscientious studies of some young painters of the country, and he could see that art, in its turn, would develop itself and spread its noble branches over this fruitful land, which industry had already so transformed. The dealer told George that many ladies who had visited France had set the fashion of painting flowers, and that it was impossible for him to procure good copies; he only had a collection of old

engravings from the Rue St. Jacques. George made a bargain with him for the execution and prompt despatch of a dozen bouquets of flowers from Nature, and he could not help thinking this chance might perhaps be of service to a certain artist, who with so much talent might not find sufficient employment in France.

His business was finished, he hastened back to New York, from which city communication is so easy; and, after having made the best use of his time there in furthering M. Wolff's interests, he took his passage on the first steamboat leaving for Havre. A fortnight after, he alighted one morning at a house in the Chaussée d'Antin, where, with our readers, we have visited before.

"Complete success!" said M. Wolff on perceiving George, "the money is here, and there is your share, which you have well earned." And giving him a pocket-book which did not contain less than twenty-five bank-notes, he heartily welcomed him back to Paris. "You are a thorough man of business," said he; "and we were just in time, for, had we been eight days later, the money now at Davidson's disposal would have gone to others, and our friends would not have been allowed to reserve it for us. Now you must rest yourself, for you need a little leisure. Your work would have accumulated in your absence, but that we have seen to it and provided for it accordingly. I do not wish to see you for eight days."

"I shall go, then, and visit my mother, whom I have not seen for so long a time," said George, and, after having thanked M. Wolff for his kindness, he left with a happy heart.

Which of you, my kind and fair readers, but could guess where a quick conveyance transported our young traveller? Of course you have guessed rightly?

He found himself in the Jardin des Plantes at the hour when the lecture on painting took place, and it was not without a feeling of disappointment that he saw at a glance, when he entered the room, that the place which most interested him was empty. He took courage, and addressed himself to M. Redouté, who said to him, smiling, "It is, perhaps, not as M. Wolff's proxy that you appear here this time?" and he led him into his study.

"No," said George, drawing a paper from his portfolio, "here is an order which I have received whilst travelling, and although it appeared to me unworthy of your talent, monsieur, yet it would be, perhaps, within your pupil's province; and I fancy, after having compared the works which you were so kind as to show me the other day, the frank and open manner of the person who is absent to-day, pleased me more than anything else. May I ask your advice on the subject?"

Redouté examined the note, and said—

"You have given us a proof of your taste and judgment, and I will further add that an order could not have fallen into better hands. You will see two sisters worthy of all respect; they were recommended to me by friends, and I shall be happy if the advice which you ask of me proves useful to them."

There remained now but one question for George to ask, but his courage failed him.

"Perhaps you would like to know where these young ladies live?" said Redouté, with a little malice in his look; "I only know that they come from St. Germain, and are called Mesdemoiselles Duval. The one that you have seen is the youngest, and her name is, I believe, Mademoiselle Jeanne. Try to do them all the service you can, for they have not been very fortunate or happy. I can give you no other recommendation."

George left him with a look which was full of thanks, and which seemed to answer the thought which was in Redouté's mind.

The following day, without any other information, George set out for the country, where he hoped to find the Demoiselles Duval, who, to judge from what he had heard, gave painting lessons.

If France—as its inhabitants are wont to think—is the finest country in the world, St. Germain is, perhaps, the most lovely spot in France; yet, beautiful as all around him was, everything improved in George's eyes by the strange feelings and vague hopes by which he was agitated. Misfortune is such a pure element when undeserved, that George flattered himself he was going to meet individuals quite worthy the interest that he had already felt, inspired by the open countenance of Jeanne, and Redouté's few words.

It was not, however, without a little fear that he entered the church, which is close to the side of the castle, at the entrance of the town, to ask God's blessing and success for his honest and pious enterprise.

If the cathedrals of large towns awe you on solemn days by their luxury, sumptuous ornaments, splendid lights, and sweet singing, the little church of St. Germain is quite worthy a visit, in solitude and silence, by the faithful who wish to offer God their prayers. Its feeble light inspires meditation and thought. The church was almost deserted. George crossed himself with the holy water, and sat himself down in a chapel of the Virgin. He had been there some time, thanking God for the protection which He had granted him, when he saw two young ladies pass before him, and turn slowly towards the door. He soon overtook them; and George, touching his finger with holy water, held out his hand to Jeanne, who in return extended hers, and, leaning on her sister's arm, said to George—

"I always keep it"—and she pointed her finger towards me—the poor little pin which fastened her black scarf.

The sister did not appear to understand what was being said, and all went out of the church together. The position might have been embarrassing to many, but simplicity and virtue make everything easy and natural.

"Mademoiselle," said George, on leaving the church, "allow me to profit by this accidental meeting to make a proposition to you relative to your work, from M. Redouté's recommendation."

"Monsieur," said Jeanne, "if you have the introduction of our much-loved master, you are welcome to our home."

The two sisters set forward, and George walked respectfully by their side. The eldest spoke in a low voice to the other, and said to her—

"Will you not explain to me, Jeanne, what this meeting is?—how is it that you know this young man?—where have you seen him? Have you, then, any secrets from me?"

"I will explain everything to you, dear sister; do not fear anything. I do not know him, but I can almost answer for him. Do we not know what is right, and

have we not the remembrance of our mother to guide us, as if she were still with us! Leave me to speak to him."

They crossed the castle square, and were soon in the garden.

"You have never been in this neighbourhood before?" said Jeanne.

"Never, mademoiselle. I have a great deal of business to do, and but little liberty. This magnificent landscape, this pure air, this beautiful forest; everything appeared lovely to me; and one cannot tread on this soft turf without wishing to come back again, and, perhaps, remain here for ever."

"That is really what all our friends say. But, in spite of all your work, perhaps you apply yourself to painting a little? And do you know M. Redouté?"

"A very little, mademoiselle. I came in contact with him about an order for a picture; and one day, wanting some drawings of flowers for studies, and having noticed your work when I had the honour of meeting you once before, I thought perhaps it might suit you to undertake the business."

"He is a picture dealer, then?" said the eldest sister.

"I don't know anything about him," said Jeanne, moving herself a little distance from George; "but you see very well this young man is quiet and agreeable; he could not have come here with any other than good intentions."

And she made him speak again, hoping to get some knowledge of him by his answers and countenance before he passed the threshold of their house.

"I did not quite understand you when you lent me that pin; but you committed it very seriously to my keeping," said she smiling, "and I have taken great care of it; for, to be candid with you, I had a presentiment that one day or another this precious deposit would be reclaimed, and you see I have not been deceived."

"Mademoiselle, although I have particular reasons for desiring to keep this poor little pin, I will still leave it to your care; but we have more important business to discuss together to-day."

"What! do you know me? Has any one been speaking to you about us?"

"Well, mademoiselle, your features were not altogether unknown to me, and I

believe I should have recognized you among a thousand."

"Is it, then, this pin which has enabled you to make this great discovery?" said she, smiling.

"Perhaps it is; for whilst giving it to you, I saw in your eyes an image which called to mind sorrowful remembrances."

"I think, monsieur, we should do better to speak of painting; and let me warn you, I am very particular in business matters. But one word more, I beg of you; what, monsieur, is the story of the picture which answers to my description, and which you keep in order to stop me when you should meet with me? It seems so very incomprehensible, and I like plain, straightforward people."

George quietly opened his portfolio, and showed the young ladies the page on which was the copy from the Munich picture.

"You see we are already old acquaintances," said he, in a low voice.

The two sisters remained in profound astonishment on seeing this faithful likeness, which already bore rather an old date, corresponding likewise with the appearance of the paper and the marks of the pencil. However, they resolved to act with prudence, and soon arrived at a little house situated on the borders of the forest.

Large rose trees, climbing to the top of the little house, added much beauty to its modest front; the ground-floor was occupied by Madame Blanchemain, proprietor of the cottage, and who acted as a friend and protector to the two sisters. Their little apartment was on the floor above.

"My good Madame Blanchemain," said Jeanne, who was the first to enter, "here is a gentleman who wishes to see our paintings. Be good enough to entertain him for a few minutes, whilst we go and find him some specimens to save him trouble."

And they went out together.

"Will you sit down, sir?" said Madame Blanchemain. "It is lovely weather to-day, but a little warm. I think we shall have a storm; but that won't do much harm. It will be a good thing for the grapes, and we sadly want a good year. I have a little field near Mariel which is doing beautifully, and the wine is not bad; it is not the very best, but it is tolerable,

and with water one can manage to drink it. It is wine which bears water very well. Would monsieur like to refresh himself?"

George made a gesture of thanks—there was no room to speak—and madame continued without interruption—

"Now, I am sure you will be satisfied with these ladies' work; whether for business, or lessons, or anything. Here we always say, 'these ladies.' It is a habit: but we ought to say, 'these young ladies,' oughtn't we, monsieur? Ah, yes. Good, gracious, always gentle and sensible, and always content. And with what? With nothing. But, after all, they have good reason to be contented, poor angels! for they are contented with themselves. But we must not say anything, here they are coming down. I will tell you that—

Do you want any of their pictures? for they have a great many prepared—they are always at work. But business is not very good this year. And with you—how is it with you? Dear me! what pretty flowers this little Jeanne makes—she is so clever with her hands! But you are going to see them all; don't say anything."

How was it possible, pray, for George to say anything when Madame Blanchemain was speaking all the time?

The two sisters entered, carrying portfolios, and they displayed their goods. Madame Blanchemain was seated near the window, Jeanne was standing before a large table covered with her drawings, and George was seated on the other side, like a buyer.

But Jeanne had boasted a little, when she suggested she was clever in business matters; and a scene took place there rarely to be met with in commercial transactions.

"Anna," said Jeanne to her sister, with a vexed look, "why did you bring down this drawing? You know I am not satisfied with it; it is not worth showing."

On the contrary, George looked over the portfolio with curiosity, and was satisfied that everything was charming.

"What brilliancy of style!" said he. "It is as if one were walking in a rich flower-garden."

"They are only daubs," said Jeanne. "I am going to begin this crown of roses again, which does not turn sufficiently."

"Don't begin it again," said George; "it cannot be better."

"But it appears to me you are changing characters," said Anna. "Monsieur is the buyer; and he it is who ought to find fault, and you, you ought to praise your wares."

"So I ought," said Jeanne; "let us begin again." And, with a smile half-visible, she said, with great earnestness, "Monsieur, here are some very pretty paintings;

we have a complete assortment of them. Would monsieur like to choose any of them?" And, turning towards her sister, "I think that is the way," said she.

"Yes, that will do better," said Anna.

George then imitated her serious tone, and said—

"As you have nothing better at present, I will take this bouquet of daisies, and bunch of red poppies and cornflowers, if the price will suit me."



"Monsieur," said Jeanne, "conscientiously I could not let you have them for less than——"

She turned confusedly towards her sister, who said—

"Go on. You have done it very well. You really look like a tradeswoman."

"Well," said Jeanne, "it is impossible for me to let you have them for less than twenty-five francs each—fifty francs the pair; but you must patronise us again."

"How well she understands business," said Madame Blanchemain, liking the price; "she sells them as well as she paints them; she understands everything."

"Twenty-five francs!" said George, looking annoyed, "it is impossible for me to pay that price for such paintings."

"Indeed!" said Madame Blanchemain, joining in the conversation, "the price is very low indeed, and they have well earned it, these dear young ladies, and you must not mind giving them a poor twenty-five francs. If you only knew how early they rise to work! but perhaps you will never know it. Why, indeed?—because in Paris you are all in bed when they have already been busy for hours. But you don't know them."

The two sisters had vainly tried to put

a stop to this flow of language; at last Jeanne, taking the old lady's arm softly, said—

"My good Madame Blanchemain, leave me to sell my goods. He will give us what he pleases."

"Mademoiselle," said George, "I cannot pay you for bouquets like those less than fifty francs each, or a hundred francs the pair. If I order a dozen of them, perhaps you will be able to let me have them for that price."

"But, monsieur, you are mistaken," said Jeanne, after a moment's reflection, "you offer me double what I ask."

"That is the price fixed by my employer, and I cannot alter it. This first transaction will, perhaps, lead to more, so I advise you to accept it."

"Now this is the right way of doing business," again struck in Madame Blanchemain, "and I am reconciled to monsieur, for it troubled me to see him lowering the prices of the pictures; but now I see that he is a connoisseur, and he was only joking; but it is not too much to pay; such pictures as those are worth at least fifty francs. Would monsieur like to take something? Do you see, monsieur—"

She tried to recollect George's name, and, for a very good reason, not finding it, she went on—

"These young people, they would give every thing away, they are so generous. Now the bargain is made, I must tell you that they don't know how to take care of themselves, and, if they had not honest people like you to deal with, they really would part with all for almost nothing."

"Monsieur," said Anna, who had somewhat assumed in the house the part of a matron, "we take seriously what you have said to my sister, as you are introduced to us by M. Redouté, but still we have not the honour of knowing you."

"Mademoiselle," said George, who had foreseen the question, "here is my correspondent's order; I hope it will be followed by many more. You see that the prices which are mentioned do not allow me to pay less than the terms I have offered you. If you will allow me, I will pay madame the price of the two subjects which I have chosen."

And he counted five gold pieces into Madame Blanchemain's hand, who received

them with great pleasure. It is just possible he would have been a little embarrassed had he put them into Jeanne's hands.

"Good, good!" said Madame Blanchemain, "it will be well employed in house-keeping; don't you think so, young ladies? Short reckonings make long friends; then—well I never—"

George interrupted her, for he saw there were no other means of speaking.

"Of the ten other paintings I leave to you the choice and style of the composition, provided they are of the same size, and all from Nature. Here, madame, is my name, and the address of the banker who will pay for the ten subjects, which are wanted immediately."

He gave a memorandum to Madame Blanchemain.

"But," said Jeanne, looking at her sister, "ten bouquets will take us a long time; we must find and choose beautiful flowers. I don't think I can finish more than one in a week. Would not monsieur come sometimes and look at my work? for my drawing might sometimes be not quite correct, and a little good advice would be very acceptable."

Anna did not answer, and there was a dead silence.

"If you will allow me," said George, "I will come sometimes to visit this beautiful country, and to learn how you are getting on."

"Monsieur George," said Jeanne, "I should much like to ask you one more question."

George bowed.

"I should like to know, if it is not asking too much, where this drawing comes from, that one might take to be my portrait, only that I have not always such a sorrowful look."

"Sit down, then," said Madame Blanchemain, "and tell us the story. Why, Jeanne is like that peasant of Fourgueux—do you remember, young ladies? Just think, monsieur; we were walking out one day, and these young ladies, who must always be doing something—we were sitting under some apple-trees—there was Mdlle. Anna, with her sketch-book, drawing a dirty hovel, with a pigeon-house, with ivy, you know, which one would consider nothing. Then came a fury from I don't know where, and asked what we were

doing. Then she wanted us to make an apology for having copied her house, and thought we must be English. Oh, how we laughed!—didn't we, Anna? So perhaps Jeanne does not wish to have her portrait taken without her permission."

George here interrupted her. Confidence soon springs up between people at his age. In a few words he related the history of his life, and simply told them the circumstances of his meeting with Correggio's picture at Munich. Jeanne seemed thoughtful. Anna was afraid to engage her sister in any fresh recital. Madame Blanchemain kept up the conversation. On seeing how reserved the young ladies were, George thought it was time to retire.

"Mademoiselle," said he to Anna, "we have done some business." And he held out his hand; Anna gave hers reluctantly.

"Ah, well," said Madame Blanchemain, "I don't give my white hand (this was one of her jokes)—I must embrace you, for Heaven has sent you here;" and everything was lost in Madame B——'s volubility.

George embraced Madame Blanchemain and departed. His last look met that of Jeanne, who was quiet and serious, and each retired with different feelings.

The day was beautiful. George was in no hurry to depart. He wished to wander in the depths of the forest to collect his thoughts, and to think over the events of that morning. Everything appeared to him pleasant, interesting, and agreeable. The simple familiarity of the good old Madame Blanchemain did not appear ridiculous to him, for he guessed that the talkative dame was a friend, a confidant, a guardian, almost a mother, to these orphans. He understood that Jeanne had put herself under God's protection before touching his hand under the church porch. He remembered the prudence with which Jeanne had questioned him on the road, before giving him access to her house, and he guessed her sister's fears. He approved of their reserve for not having introduced him on his first visit to their own room, and for having availed themselves of Madame Blanchemain's presence. Neither did it escape him, from the communications on the part of the old lady, that Jeanne and Anna had suffered, and that his assistance might prove very acceptable.

Finally, he was satisfied with the excellent compositions which they had shown him, but still more charmed with Jeanne's feeling and simplicity, with the good-natured look of her sister, who watched over Jeanne like the tenderest of mothers. He was pleased with his day's work, and, after having traversed the shady woods, reposed on the soft and fragrant turf, and breathed the intoxicating perfume which the sap of the mighty oak sends forth, he returned to Paris, giving a last look at the immense horizon.

Jeanne, Anna, and Madame Blanchemain remained sitting in the little room on the ground floor.

"Well, Jeanne," said Anna, "here we are. What did we promise our poor mother? That a stranger should never enter our house without being recommended by the friends that she left us; and you have told him to come back again. I heard you."

"Don't fear anything, good sister," said Jeanne; "you see I knew very well how to make him speak. We know him now, and, besides, I had already seen him before."

"You never told me," replied Anna, a little sharply.

Jeanne blushed slightly, and related, in an off-hand manner, the story of the pin, which she had promised to keep.

"My children," said Madame Blanchemain, "it is well to be prudent, and, thank God, you have nothing to reproach yourselves with on that score, I'm sure; but, if you wish to sell your paintings, if you have spent all your money in gaining knowledge, you must not shut the door to your customers. You must be reasonable, my little Anna. Am I not here to take care of you? But still you must learn one day to do without me. And there is another thing that you always forget, my poor children, that is, that you want money. You never complain—you are always in a good temper—but I know very well how you live. Yes, yes, I know very well," and with the back of her large hand she wiped one of her eyes, which always cried more easily than the other. "Well, here is the money which belongs to you, for you have nobly earned it," and she made the fine gold pieces ring again in her hand. "Here, little housekeeper," said she to Anna,

"take this, and, because you have not been too greedy of profit, Providence has interfered, and there will soon be five times as much. Now embrace me, and show me all these pictures again, because I am going to lay my cloth, and it would be a pity to spoil them."

The young ladies embraced her, thanked her for her goodness, and went upstairs to their room contented and light-hearted.

(To be continued.)

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

WE concluded our last article with an emphatic appeal to all mothers to repudiate and disallow the sleeping of the infant with the nurse, and on no account to violate the injunction in their own persons. We have already pointed out the evils of this most objectionable habit, on the ground of impure air and the positive detriment to the health of the child—it therefore only remains for us to direct attention to the other sources of harm that result from this too frequent proceeding. Mothers, in the fulness of their affection, believe there is no harbour, sleeping or awake, where their infants can be so secure from all possible or probable danger as in their own arms; yet we should astound our readers if we told them the statistical number of infants who, in despite of their mothers' solicitude and love, are annually killed, unwittingly, by such parents themselves, and this from the persistency in the practice we are so strenuously condemning. The mother frequently on awaking discovers the baby's face closely impacted between her bosom and her arm, and its body rigid and lifeless, or else so enveloped in the "head-blanket" and superincumbent bed-clothes as to render breathing a matter of physical impossibility. In such cases, the jury in general return a verdict of "*Accidentally overlaid*," but one of "*Careless suffocation*" would be more in accordance with truth and justice. The only possible excuse that can be urged, either by nurse or mother, for this culpable practice, is the plea of imparting warmth to the infant. But this can always be effected by an extra blanket in the child's

crib, or, if the weather is particularly cold, by a bottle of hot water enveloped in flannel and placed at the child's feet; while all the objections already urged—as derivable from animal heat imparted by actual contact—are entirely obviated. There is another evil attending the sleeping together of the mother and infant, which, as far as regards the latter, we consider quite as formidable, though not so immediate as the others, and is always followed by more or less of mischief to the mother. The evil we now allude to is that most injurious practice of letting the child suck after the mother has *fallen asleep*—a custom that naturally results from the former, and, as we have already said, is injurious to both mother and child—injurious to the infant by allowing it, without control, to imbibe to distension a fluid sluggishly secreted and deficient in those vital principles which the want of mental energy and the sympathetic appeals of the child on the mother so powerfully produce on the secreting function on which its healthy life depends; while the mother wakes in a state of clammy exhaustion, with giddiness, dimness of sight, nausea, loss of appetite, and a dull, aching pain through the back and between the shoulders. In fact, she wakes languid and unrefreshed from her sleep, with febrile symptoms and hectic flushes, caused by her baby vampire, who, while dragging from her her health and strength, has excited in itself a set of symptoms directly opposite, but fraught with the same injurious consequences—"functional derangement."

We beg that our lady readers will not set down these objections to a too prevalent practice as *mere objections* for the sake of finding fault, and to advance our own views on the subject; or that those mothers who have reared a family on the familiar system, and been fortunate enough to escape through their maternal duties without accident, or the evidence of any particular harm, will not on that account, or because we propose an innovation on the old custom, condemn our advice, or dissuade more youthful mothers from adopting a course that is based on physical principles, is the result of reflection and experience, and which our strong desire to benefit the mother and add to the health

of the child induces us so urgently to insist upon.

THE MILK.

As Nature has placed in the bosom of the mother the natural food of her offspring, it must be self-evident to every reflecting woman that it becomes her duty to study, as far as lies in her power, to keep that reservoir of nourishment in as pure and invigorating a condition as possible, for she must remember that the *quantity* is no proof of the *quality* of this aliment.

As it would demand too much space, and involve too abstruse a description, to tell her how to test this fact for herself, we shall merely direct her how best to preserve the food of her child in a state of health and purity.

The mother, while suckling, as a general rule, should avoid all sedentary occupations, take regular exercise, keep her mind as lively and pleasantly occupied as possible, especially by music and singing. Her diet must be light and nutritious, with a proper sufficiency of animal food, and of that kind which yields the largest amount of nourishment; and, unless the digestion is naturally strong, vegetables and fruit should form a very small proportion of the general dietary, and such preparations as broths, gruels, arrowroot, &c., still less. Tapioca or ground rice pudding, with several eggs, may be taken freely, but all slops and thin potations, such as that delusion called chicken-broth, should be avoided, as yielding a very small amount of nutriment and a large proportion of flatulence. All purely stimulants should be avoided as much as possible, especially spirits, unless taken for some special object, and that medicinally; but as a part of the dietary they should be carefully shunned. As lactation is always an exhausting process, and as the child increases in size and strength, and the drain upon the mother becomes great and depressing, something more even than an abundant diet is required to keep the mind and body up to a standard sufficiently healthy to admit of a constant and nutritious secretion being performed without detriment to the physical integrity of the mother or injury to the child who imbibes it; and as stimulants are inadmissible, if not positively injurious, the substitute required is to be found in *malt liquor*. To the lady accustomed to

her Madeira and sherry this may appear a very vulgar potation for a delicate young mother to take instead of the more subtle and condensed elegance of wine; but as we are writing from experience, and with the avowed object of imparting useful facts and beneficial remedies to our readers, we allow no social distinctions to interfere with our legitimate object.

Every nation or people, through ages of experience, or by some secret source of wisdom, has discovered some vinous preparation that best agrees with the physical well-being of the natives, and has consequently become the national beverage. The arrack of China, the toddy of the Polynesian, and the wines of France and southern Europe, are examples of this fact. In England and some of the states of northern Europe, the vinous fermentation of the malt, under the general name of beer, has been for ages the established drink, and, as we are addressing ourselves to Englishwomen, we only recommend that which an experience of more than a thousand years proves the most natural for the constitution, and best suited to the atmosphere and physical state of the people. But we have now to consider malt liquor more in the light of a dietetic medicine than as a national beverage. We have already said that the suckling mother should avoid stimulants, especially spirituous ones; and though something of this sort is absolutely necessary to support her strength during the exhausting process, it should be rather of a *tonic* than of a stimulating character; and as all wines contain a large per centage of brandy, they are on that account less beneficial than the pure juice of the fermented grape might be. But there is another consideration to be taken into account on this subject—the mother has not only to think of herself, but also of her infant. Now wines, especially port, very often, indeed most frequently, affect the baby's bowels, and what might have been grateful to the mother, becomes thus a source of pain and irritation to the child afterwards. Sherry is less open to this objection than other wines, yet still it very frequently does influence the second participant, or the child whose mother has taken it.

The nine or twelve months a woman usually suckles must be, to most mothers, a

period of privation and penance, and unless she is deaf to the cries of her baby, and insensible to its kicks and plunges, and will not see in such muscular evidences the gripping pains that rack her child, she will avoid every article that can remotely affect the little being who draws its sustenance from her, and who is so acutely affected by all that in any way influences her. As the best tonic, then, and the most efficacious indirect stimulant that a mother can take at such times, there is no potation equal to *porter* and *stout*, or, what is better still, an equal part of *porter* and *stout*. Ale, except for a few constitutions, is too subtle and too sweet, generally causing acidity or heartburn, and stout alone is too potent to admit of a full draught, from its proneness to affect the head; and quantity, as well as moderate strength, is required to make the draught effectual; the equal mixture, therefore, of stout and porter yields all the properties desired or desirable as a medicinal agent for this purpose.

Independently of its invigorating influence on the constitution, porter exerts a marked and specific effect on the secretion of milk, more powerful in exciting an abundant supply of that fluid than any other article within the range of the physician's art; and, in cases of deficient quantity, is the most certain, speedy, and the healthiest means that can be employed to insure a quick and abundant flow. In cases where malt liquor produces flatulency, a few grains of the "carbonate of soda" may advantageously be added to each glass immediately before drinking, which will have the effect of neutralizing any acidity that may be in the porter at the time, and will also prevent its after-disagreement with the stomach. The quantity to be taken must depend upon the natural strength of the mother, the age and demand made by the infant on the parent, and other causes; but the amount should vary from one to two pints a-day, never taking less than half-a-pint at a time, which should be repeated three or four times a-day.

We have said that the period of suckling is a season of penance to the mother, but this is not invariably the case; but, as so much must depend upon the natural strength of the stomach, and its power of assimilating all kinds of food into healthy chyle, it is impossible to define exceptions.

Where a woman feels she can eat any kind of food, without inconvenience or detriment, she should live during her suckling as she did before; but, as a general rule, we are bound to advise all mothers to abstain from such articles as pickles, fruits, cucumbers, and all acid and slowly digestible foods, unless they wish for restless nights and crying infants.

As regards exercise, we would certainly neither prohibit a mother's dancing, going to a theatre, nor even to an assembly. The first, however, is the best indoor recreation she can take; and a young mother would do well to amuse herself in the nursery often with this most excellent means of healthful circulation. The only precaution necessary is to avoid letting the child suck the milk that has lain long in the breast, or is heated by excessive action.

Every mother who can should be provided with a breast pump or glass tube, so as to draw off the superabundance that has been accumulating in her absence from the child, or the first gush excited by undue exertion—the subsequent supply of milk will be secreted under the invigorating influence of a previous healthy stimulus.

As the first milk that is secreted contains a large amount of the saline elements, and is thin and innutritious, it is most admirably adapted for the purpose Nature designed it to fulfil, but which, unfortunately, it is seldom permitted, in our artificial mode of living, to perform.

Art, however, more dictatorial than Nature, has completely ignored the uses of this natural aperient, and, instead of allowing the milk to do its ordained office of cleansing the child, by a means at once a medicine and a food—and more perfect for the first, and better adapted to the second, than any human ingenuity has yet discovered—the physician, stepping in, pours into the delicate stomach of the new-born baby a dose of disgusting castor-oil, under the old woman's plea that it is "a safe and wholesome medicine." And where Nature, in its first yearnings, craved for a *drink* and a *stimulant* to the blood, it is outraged by an unctuous drug, that preternaturally excites its body to an action perfectly unnecessary; or where neither nurse nor doctor insists upon inaugurating life with such obnoxious means, another process, less revolting, but equally objec-

tionable, is adopted by the matron who takes charge of the infant put into her hands. As soon as she is seated before the fire, she makes up a vicious compound of sugar, water, and gin, and complacently proceeds to administer her *nostrum* in teaspoonfuls, wondering, in an hour after, what can have given baby the wind, as, with a hiccup that jerks its head forward as if galvanized, the infant expels in spasms the engendered gas from its abused stomach. These are grave errors in medical practice, and gross faults in the social management of children, which we trust every mother will set a determined resolution to oppose. The remedy is in her own hands, and if she would not begin by weakening her infant's stomach, let her insist that the moment her baby is dressed, and before any sustenance passes its lips, it shall be given to her, to apply to the natural fountain of health and life, and let her have the grateful consciousness that her infant has taken from her, not only its being, but its first draught of sustaining nourishment.

So opposed are we to the objectionable plan of physicking new-born children, that, unless for positive illness, we would much rather, and invariably do, administer medicine *through* the mother for the first eight or ten weeks of its existence. This practice, which few mothers will object to, is easily effected by the parent, when such a course is necessary for the child, taking either a dose of castor-oil, half an ounce of tasteless salts—the phosphate of soda—one or two teaspoonfuls of magnesia, a dose of lenitive electuary, manna, or any mild and simple aperient, which, almost before it can have taken effect on herself, will exhibit its action on her child.

One of the most common errors that mothers fall into while suckling their children, is that of fancying they are always hungry, and consequently overfeeding them; and with this, the great mistake of applying the child to the breast on every occasion of its crying, and, without investigating the cause of its complaint, and under the belief that it wants food, putting the nipple into its crying mouth, until the infant turns in revulsion and petulance from what it should accept with eagerness and joy. At such times, a few teaspoonfuls of water, slightly chilled, will often in-

stantly pacify a crying and restless child, who has turned in loathing from the offered breast; or, after imbibing a few drops, and finding it not what nature craved, throws back its head in disgust, and cries more petulantly than before. In such a case as this, the young mother, grieved at her baby's rejection of the tempting present, and distressed at its cries, and in terror of some injury, over and over ransacks its clothes, believing some insecure pin can alone be the cause of such sharp complaining—an accident that, from her own care in dressing, however, is seldom or ever the case.

These abrupt cries of the child, if they do not proceed from thirst—which a little water will relieve—not unfrequently occur from some unequal pressure, a fold or twist in the "roller," or some constriction round the tender body. If this is suspected, the mother must not be content with merely slackening the strings; the child should be undressed, and the creases and folds of the hot skin, especially those about the thighs and groins, examined, to see that no powder has caked, and, becoming hard, has irritated the parts. The violet powder should be dusted freely over all to cool the skin, and everything put on fresh and smooth. If such precautions have not afforded relief, and, in addition to the crying, the child plunges or draws up its legs, the mother may be assured some cause of irritation exists in the stomach or bowels—either acidity in the latter or distension from overfeeding in the former—but, from whichever cause, the child should be "opened" before the fire, and a heated napkin applied all over the abdomen, the child being occasionally elevated to a sitting position, and, while gently jolted on the knee, the back is to be lightly patted with the hand.

Should the mother have any reason to apprehend that the cause of inconvenience proceeds from the bladder—a not unfrequent source of pain—the napkin is to be dipped in hot water, squeezed out, and applied immediately over the part, and repeated every eight or ten minutes, for several times in succession, either till the natural relief is afforded, or a cessation of pain allows of its discontinuance. The pain that young infants often suffer, and the crying that results from it, is, as we

have already said, frequently caused by the mother inconsiderately over-feeding her child, and is produced by the pain of distension, and the mechanical pressure of a larger quantity of fluid in the stomach than the gastric juice can convert into cheese and digest.

Some children are stronger in the enduring power of the stomach than others, and get rid of the excess by vomiting, concluding every process of suckling by an emission of milk and curd. Such children are called by nurses "thriving children," and generally they are so; simply because their digestion is good, and they have the power of expelling with impunity that superabundance of aliment which in others is a source of distension, flatulence, and pain.

The length of time an infant should be suckled must depend much on the health and strength of the child, and the health of the mother, and the quantity and quality of her milk; though, when all circumstances are favourable, it should never be less than *nine*, nor exceed *fifteen* months; but perhaps the true time will be found in the medium between both. But of this we may be sure, that Nature never ordained a child to live on suction after having endowed it with teeth to bite and to grind; and nothing is more out of place and unseemly than to hear a child, with a set of twenty teeth, ask for "the breast."

The practice of protracted wet nursing is hurtful to the mother by keeping up an uncalled-for, and, after the proper time, an unhealthy drain on her system, while the child either derives no benefit from what it no longer requires, or it produces a positive injury on its constitution. After the period when Nature has ordained the child shall live by other means, the secretion of milk becomes thin and deteriorated, showing in the flabby flesh and puny features of the child both its loss of nutritious properties and the want of more stimulating aliment.

Though we have said that twelve months is about the medium time a baby should be suckled, we by no means wish to imply that a child should be fed exclusively on milk for its first year; quite the reverse; the infant can hardly be too soon made independent of the mother. So, should illness assail her, her milk fail, or any domestic cause abruptly cut off

the natural supply, the child having been annealed to an artificial diet, its life might be safely carried on without seeking for a wet-nurse, and without the slightest danger to its system.

For this purpose, as soon after the third month as possible, the child should be gradually accustomed to the "bottle," till it finally receives sustenance by that means three or four times a day, up to the eighth or ninth month, when the spoon and more solid food is to be substituted for the bottle. The nature of such foods, and the manner of preparing them, we shall leave till we come to speak of "Rearing by Hand."

The advantage to the mother of early accustoming the child to artificial food is as considerable to herself as beneficial to her infant; the demand on her physical strength in the first instance will be less severe and exhausting, the child will sleep longer on a less rapidly digestible aliment, and yield to both more quiet nights, and the mother will be more at liberty to go out for business or pleasure, another means of sustenance being at hand till her return. Besides these advantages, by a judicious blending of the two systems of feeding, the infant will acquire greater constitutional strength, so that if attacked by sickness or disease, it will have a much greater chance of resisting its virulence than if dependent alone on the mother, whose milk, affected by fatigue and the natural anxiety of the parent for her offspring, is at such a time neither good in its properties nor likely to be beneficial to the patient.

The diseases that infants are subject to during suckling will be treated of in the order in which they most frequently succeed each other, when we have concluded the next part of our subject, and will be preceded by some remarks on the maternal disease of "milk fever."

All that we have further to say in this article is an advice to mothers, that if they wish to keep a sound and unchapped nipple, and possibly avoid what is called a "broken breast," never to put up the breast with a wet nipple, but always to have a soft handkerchief in readiness, and the moment that delicate part is drawn from the child's mouth, to dry it carefully of the milk and saliva that moisten it, and, further, to make a practice of suckling from each breast alternately.



ANNA SEWARD.

RATHER more than a hundred years ago here dwelt among the romantic hills of Derbyshire a family of the name of Seward, from whence sprang the industrious Anna, the subject of our present memoir—the rearest of all dribblers of the Della Cruscan school, and perhaps the grandest specimen of the powers of persevering dulness in the whole range of English literature.

Miss Seward was born at Eyam in 1747, her mother being one of the daughters of Mr. Hunter, the head master of Lichfield school and the preceptor of Johnson; her father, the rector of Lichfield, and prebendary of Salisbury, was a man of literary taste, being the author of some poems in Dodsley's collections, and also the editor of an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. In early life, having

been the travelling companion of some hopeful young nobleman, he was fully competent to undertake the education of his precocious daughter, who, at the tender age of three years, could repeat portions of Milton's "L'Allegro," and before her tenth birthday knew the three first books of "Paradise Lost." At a very early period she commenced imitating the various authors to whom her father had so carefully introduced her, and attempted a metrical version of the Psalms, bringing out, before she was twelve years old, "An Address to the First Fine Day of a Backward Spring."

Some of her early productions having been shown to Dr. Darwin, he was so struck by their promise (for she was but a child when she first commenced writing), that he declared that they could not be her own, and suspected her deceiving father of having greatly assisted in their composition. So, watching his opportunity, he caught the young poet alone, and having tested her talent, then and there was convinced of her rhyming powers, and remained her firm friend ever after.

However, at that time, literature was deemed an undesirable pursuit for a young lady in Miss Seward's situation — the heiress of an independent fortune, and destined to occupy a considerable rank in society. Her mother, though an excellent woman and an affectionate parent, possessed no taste for her daughter's favourite amusement, and, as Anna's love of letters grew with her years, Mr. Seward withdrew his countenance, probably under the apprehension that his continued encouragement might produce in his daughter that dreaded phenomenon — a learned lady.

Poetry was prohibited, and for ten years Miss Seward obediently resorted to other amusements, and to the practice of ornamental needlework, in which she is said to have excelled.

Her even course of life was, in 1764, interrupted by the sudden death of her only sister, who was on the eve of marriage to a Mr. Porter, a merchant of Leghorn. After the loss of her sister, she formed a very strong and romantic attachment to Miss Honoria Sneyd, who afterwards became the second or third wife (we forget which) of Mr. Edgeworth, the father of the justly celebrated Maria Edgeworth.

But, living as Miss Seward did at Lichfield, the birth-place of Johnson and Garrick, and the residence of Darwin Day, Edgeworth, Sir Brooke Boothby, and other semi-literary characters, we need not be greatly surprised that, when she came to years of maturity, she chose her own studies and selected her own friends. Indeed, so indefatigably did Anna Seward from that time work with her pen, that she managed to establish herself as one of the poetical lights of that age. Besides various contributions to magazines, she emitted separately, and with her name, in the last twenty years of the century, such a succession of elegies, monodies, odes, sonnets, poetical epistles, and adieux, that after her death they filled three octavo volumes.

It was Sir Walter Scott who republished these miserable attempts. Miss Seward having imposed upon him the honour of being her literary executor, he pronounced her poetry (in private) execrable, and then wrote a panegyric on her at the commencement of her volume, which begins with these words, "The name of Miss Seward has for many years held a high rank in the annals of British literature!" But, as a very able writer in the "Penny Cyclopædia" remarks, "Posterity, from whose judgment there is no appeal, and with whom the factitious causes of popularity have no weight, have consigned her poems to oblivion, and there is no protesting against this judgment."

Besides her poetical remains, Miss Seward left nearly 400 letters as a bequest to Archibald Constable, who, in 1811, brought out six volumes of her epistolary correspondence! affording, it is true, a mass of materials (there are 300 letters published) for the study of her character, which was a strange mixture of vanity, bad taste, affectation, and pedantry; but more dreary, affected outpourings it has never been our misfortune to read, and we know not which is the greatest mystery, that a woman of education could be so blind to her own weakness and poverty of feeling and expression, or that a publisher could be found condescending enough to print such intolerable twaddle.

Decidedly the volume by which she is most favourably known is a work she gave to the world in 1804, under the title of "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin,

chiefly during his residence at Lichfield, with anecdotes of his friends and criticisms on his writings." This book is destitute of all requisites for biography, wanting in penetration and delineation of character, and is only interesting for certain pleasing anecdotes which have escaped the notice of contemporary writers.

Perhaps the following short extract from the preface of these memoirs will give as good an idea of Miss Seward's bombastical style as any with which we are acquainted.

"My work," she says, "consists of the following particulars:—the person, the mind, the temper of Dr. Darwin; his powers as a philosopher, physician, and poet; the peculiar traits of his manners; his excellences and faults; the Petrarchan* attachment of his middle life, more happy in its result than was that of the bard of *Vaucluse*; the beautiful poetic testimonies of its fervour, while yet it remained hopeless; an investigation of the constituted excellences and defects of his magnificent poem, the '*Botanic Garden*;' remarks upon his philosophic prose writings; the characters and talents of those who formed the circle of his friends while he resided at Lichfield, and the very singular and interesting history of one of them, well known in the lettered world (Mr. Thomas Day), whose domestic history, remarkable as it is, has been unaccountably omitted by the gentleman who wrote his life."

After the death of his first wife, Dr. Darwin purchased an old house in the city of Lichfield, and, to quote Miss Seward's words, "to this *rus in urbe* of Darwinian creation, resorted, from its early rising, a knot of philosophic friends in frequent visitation—the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, many years deceased—he was skilled in astronomical science, modest and wise; the ingenious Mr. Kier, of Westbromwich, then Captain Kier; Mr. Boulton, known and respected wherever mechanic philosophy is understood; Mr. Watt, the celebrated improver of the steam-engine; and, above all others in Dr. Darwin's personal regard, the accomplished Dr. Small, of Birmingham, who bore the blushing honours of his talents and virtues to an untimely grave."

Miss Seward's own character has been

drawn by Sir Egerton Brydges and by Mr. Edgeworth. The former says of the "*Swan of Lichfield*"—for that is the title which Dr. Darwin has given her—"She had not the art of making friends, except among the little circle whom she flattered, and who flattered her. She both gave offence and provoked ridicule by her affectation, and bad taste, and pompous pretensions. It cannot be denied that she sometimes showed flashes of genius, but never in continuity. She believed that poetry rather lay in the diction than in the thought;* and I am not acquainted with any literary letters which exhibit so much corrupt judgment and so many false beauties as hers. Her sentiments are palpably studied, and disguised, and dressed up. Nothing seems to come from her heart, but all is to be put on. I understand the André family say that, in the '*Monody on Major André*,' all about his attachment and Honoria Sneyd, &c., is a nonsensical falsehood of her own invention. Among her numerous sonnets, there are not above five or six which are good, and I cannot doubt that Dr. Darwin's hand is in many of her early poems." A cruel hit, that last of Sir Egerton's, seeing that the illustrious Anna charged the Doctor with appropriating some fifty lines she had written under the inspiration of a first visit to his Lichfield Paradise, and adopting them, without acknowledgment, as the introduction to the first canto of his "*Botanic Garden*!"

Mr. Edgeworth, relating his introduction to the literary coterie at Lichfield, says among the foremost was Miss Seward, "who was at that time in the height of youth and beauty, of an enthusiastic temper, a votary of the Muses, and of the most eloquent and brilliant conversation. Our mutual acquaintance was soon made, and it continued to be, for many years of my life, a source of never-failing pleasure. It seems that Mrs. Darwin had a little pique against Miss Seward, who had, in fact, been her rival with the Doctor. These ladies lived upon good terms, but there frequently occurred little competitions, which amused their friends, and enlivened the uniformity that so often renders a country town insipid. The evening after my arrival Mrs. Darwin invited Miss

* He married a widow after a rather long cohabitation.

* An opinion with which we fully agree.

Seward, and a very large party of her friends, to supper. I was placed beside Miss Seward; and a number of lively sallies escaped her that set the table in good humour. I paid Miss Seward, however, some compliments on her own beautiful tresses, and at that moment the watchful Mrs. Darwin took this opportunity of drinking *Mrs. Edgeworth's health*; *Miss Seward's surprise was manifest*; and, like Wertaer's Charlotte, she very properly went on cutting bread and butter."

Probably the evening gatherings of the manufacturers of verse, held every fortnight during the Bath season at the elegant villa of the celebrated Lady Miller, influenced Miss Seward as much as any of the frequenters of the Lichfield clique; for, for six years this meeting of small minds was regularly held, and the verses which had been produced during the intervening weeks duly deposited in an antique Etruscan vase, and drawn out by gentlemen appointed to read them aloud and judge of their rival merits, and who were commissioned to select the three poems from the collection which they thought most worthy of the myrtle wreaths decreed as the rewards and honours of the day; the names of the persons obtaining these prizes were then made known by Lady Miller, and once a year the most ingenious of these were published. Four miserable volumes appeared; but, in justice to these amiable simpletons, we must add that the profits were applied to the benefit of a charity in Bath. Very many of Miss Seward's elegies and epigrams were deposited in the Wedgwood ware vase, and were printed with all due honours—her "Monody on Major André" passing through two editions, and "Louisa," a poetical novel, attaining to a third reprint! And if her productions, bad as they were, were some of the best contributions to this Bathaston poetry, how intolerable must have been those lines which such critics consigned to oblivion!

We have carefully looked over her poems, wishing to make an extract, and give a specimen of her talents (?), but so miserably dull are the lines—so utterly devoid of taste, feeling, and life—that we have been obliged to abandon the task in despair. Had Miss Seward lived in the present century, her name would never have

been known beyond her own family circle—her poetical effusions would have been rejected by the least competent editor of the most insignificant provincial paper—and her epistolary correspondence would have found no publisher in "the Row," or out of it, so complacent as Constable in 1811; for, without any exaggeration, we have twenty every-day correspondents whose letters betray infinitely more observation, deeper feeling, and a far greater perception of character, than can be found in any one of the three hundred letters bearing the signature of Anna Seward.

M. S. R.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

HAVING last month supplied instructions and a design for a fashionable promenade dress, we this month give the newest evening costumes for the approaching autumn season.

The body, which will be seen in our illustration, is called the Drapery Body. It is peculiarly becoming to the figure, whether slender or stout; for it is a mistake to suppose that fullness of material increases the apparent size, as, on the contrary, it has a tendency to conceal the real dimensions, and is, therefore, equally advantageous to both classes of ladies.

The materials in which this dress can be suitably made allow of some variety. For a ball, white tulle possesses a simple elegance, as also pink or blue, and either black or white net. If something more expensive be desired, then the Châmbéry gauze will be found a very elegant material. The English barège also makes up extremely well when of a plain colour. If a more durable article be required, a black Brussels taffeta or any of the soft summer silks are all eligible.

The drapery body has a peculiarity of style. The point in the front is long and narrow, while those under the arms and at the back are quite moderate, allowing the folds of the skirt to spread handsomely out from beneath. The drapery trimming of the body is of the same material as the dress. It is not given in the working pattern, being only a piece of the material nine inches wide and a couple of yards long.

When the dress is of a white material the bands and bows are in satin ribbon of ocean green, with a deep rich fringe to match, laid on just beneath. If in some other of the light fabrics named, then these trimmings are of the same colour, or of black velvet, with a fringe to match the dress. The bow which is attached to the side of the body and the one which loops up the skirt below are to be quite alike. These give an air of peculiar style, and have a marked effect. The double skirts still keep their hold on public favour, in spite of their long reign of popularity.

In dresses generally soft colours continue fashionable. To assist the choice of our subscribers, especially those residing in the country



EVENING COSTUME FOR THE AUTUMN SEASON.

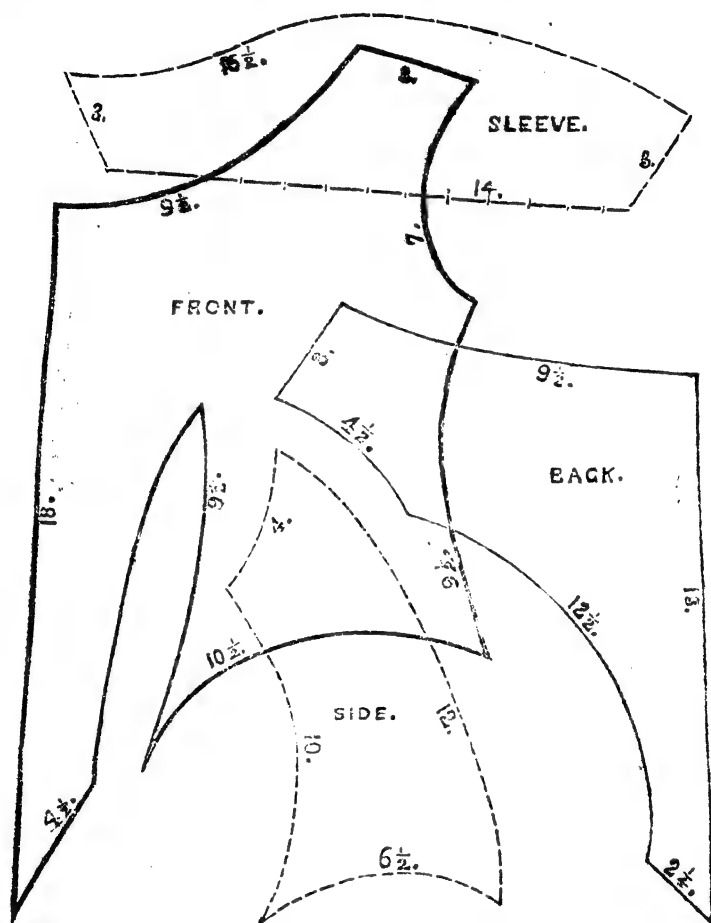


DIAGRAM OF EVENING DRESS.

we may mention that a dove-coloured silk made with a double skirt, the upper one being trimmed with *plissé à la vicille*, is in the very best taste of the season. The body is kept quite plain, the sleeves having a double puffing at the top, with two graduated flounces below, each of which is bordered with the same trimming, which is also carried up the front in the place of buttons. With this dress a scarf is worn of the same silk, being plaited down at the back and fastened with a ribbon to match.

The Burnous cloak has received a new proof of the singular favour in which it continues to be held, in its adaptation to the heat of summer weather. It is now worn in clear muslin, having coloured tassels attached to its falling hood, and producing a very good effect.

In France the Mousquetaire hat, so long prevalent in its approximations on both sides of the Channel for sea-side and rustic wear, is now giving place to the picturesque English gipsy, the Empress and her ladies having adopted them tied

down with a scarf. Under the influence of a similar great example, the China grass mantle is much favoured for autumn costume at the English watering-places, her Majesty the Queen having given them the stamp of fashion by appearing in one when embarking at Gravesend on her Continental trip.

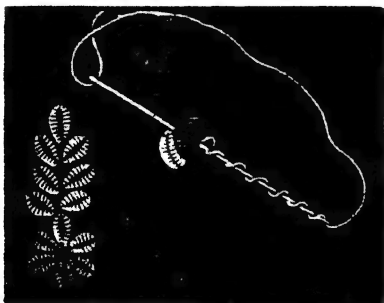
The most fashionable bonnet for the autumn is a straw trimmed in the French style. These have their cartains in the straw, and are bound all round with either scarlet or green velvet, being trimmed with black silk edged with a narrow black lace. With the first a plume of cock's feathers is worn on one side, with the other a bunch of red berries with green leaves.

The lighter summer bonnets, which will retain their place as long as the warm weather lasts, are of simple puffs of white net or crape ornamented with daisies, buttercups, and primroses, interspersed with little tufts of hanging grass. The favourite colours for the ribbons are mauve or ocean green.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADMOISELLE ROCHE.

THOSE of our subscribers who have lately been on the Continent must have been struck with the beautiful specimens of embroidery there exhibited, the most minute and elegant designs being executed with a degree of neatness which, to all appearance, must have required the utmost proficiency, as well as a considerable amount of patience and time, to accomplish. This beautiful work is, however, produced not only with perfect ease, but also with great despatch, as its name implies, being called "Point de la Poste." It will be found a most valuable sort of work to those who practise embroidery, and, being quite a novelty, it has every claim to be especially noticed.



To render our description perfectly easy to be understood, we have given a small illustration showing the manner of passing the thread round the needle. Every double leaf requires the needle to be twice inserted. It is done by putting the needle through the muslin the length of the leaf and twisting the thread round the point of it about twelve times; before drawing the needle through, place the thumb of the left hand on the needle—this prevents the thread from being drawn up. Draw this twisted thread close up to the muslin, and pass the needle through the length of

the leaf. This forms the half of the double leaf. The needle is again brought out, the same as the first, close to the last stitch, and repeated. A few experiments will render any lady able to acquire the greatest facility in executing this beautiful style of work. We have given a design for a sleeve to be worked on clear muslin. The stems and lines must, of course, be worked in the usual way. It is especially necessary to use a smooth and even cotton. The very best for this work is Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionné. The number must be selected according to the size of the pattern; for the one given, Nos. 20 and 24 will be sufficiently fine and perfectly well suited for its purpose.

MISS P.—We beg to acknowledge the favour received. The articles are very pretty, and we shall be glad to have the necessary explanations. The specimens shall be duly returned.

POLLIE.—We are extremely sorry that previous arrangements, which were quite compulsory, prevented us from having the real pleasure of complying with this request. The shortness of the time precluded the possibility.

LOUISA.—We are much obliged for the suggestion; but the process in question is only applicable when the surface is raised.

MARION.—We will answer next month.

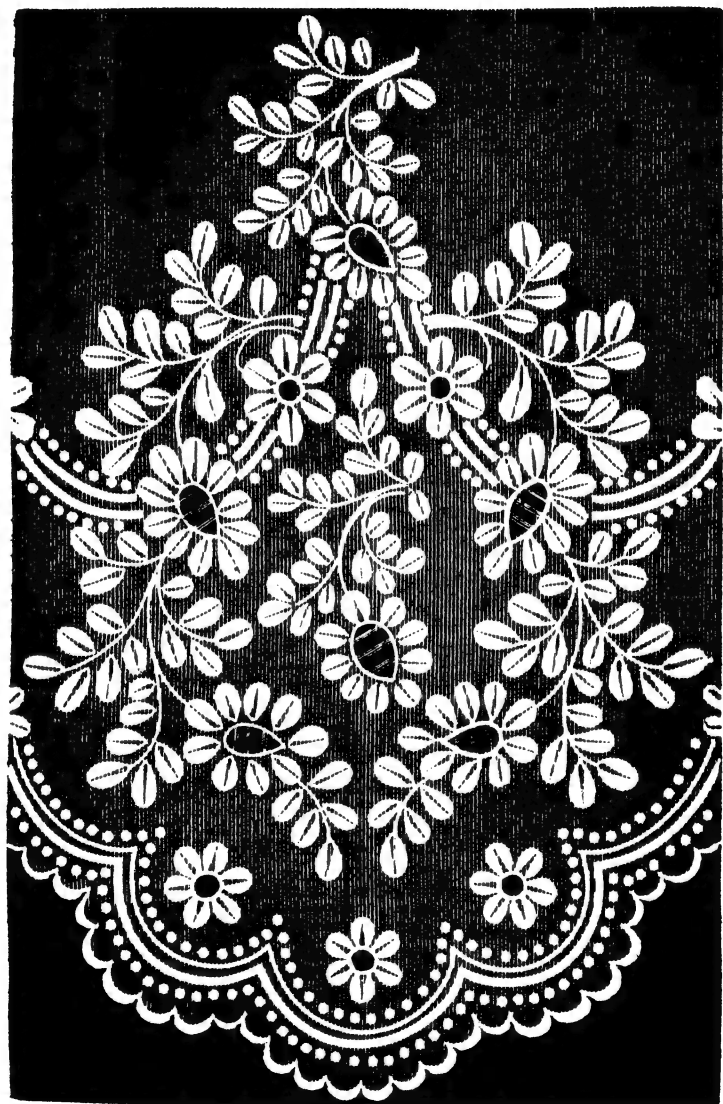
Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

LEMON CREAMS.—Peel two lemons, then pour on to the peels half a pint of boiling water, let it stand an hour or two, squeeze the juice on half a pound of lump sugar; beat the whites of three eggs and the yolk of one together, take out the peels, mix all together, and strain them; stir them on the fire till they are as thick as cream.

CUCUMBER VINEGAR.—Pare and slice fifteen large cucumbers, and three or four large onions, a few shalots, and a clove or two of garlic. Then put a layer of slices of cucumber in a deep jar, and strew over it some pepper and salt, and a little cayenne pepper; then a layer of onions and shalots, with pepper and salt as before; repeating alternate layers of cucumbers and onions till the jar is half full, when three pints of vinegar are to be poured on the whole. After standing four days, the vinegar is to be poured off, and is ready for use. It is a great improvement to cold meat.

EXCELLENT WALNUT CATSUP.—Take walnuts of the full size for pickling; cut and pound them in a marble mortar to obtain the juice. To a pint of this juice put a pound of anchovies. Boil till the anchovies are dissolved, and then strain through a piece of muslin. Then boil again, and add a quarter of an ounce of mace, half a quarter of an ounce of cloves, some whole white pepper, and seven or eight shalots, a few cloves of garlic, and a pint of white wine vinegar. Boil all together till the shalots become tender; then strain, and when cold bottle for use.

HILTON PUDDING.—Take some thick slices of bread, cut off the crust, and soak it well in milk, remove it into a dry dish and wash it over with egg, and grate a small quantity of nutmeg on it. Boil some lard, and put in the prepared bread; fry it of a light brown. When served up pour white wine sauce and scatter powdered sugar over it.



EMBROIDERY—"POINT DE LA POSTE."



INSIDE AN ASYLUM; OR, METHOD AND MADNESS.

DURING the autumn of 18—, while on a tour through the extreme Southern provinces of France, my route led me within a few miles of a *Maison de Santé*, or private mad-house, about which I had heard much, in Paris, from my medical friends. As I had never visited a place of the kind, I thought the opportunity too good to be lost; and so proposed to my travelling companion (a gentleman with whom I had made casual acquaintance a few days before) that we should turn aside, for an hour or so, and look through the establishment. To this he objected—pleading haste, in the first place, and, in the second, a very unusual horror at the sight of a lunatic. He begged me, however, not to let any mere courtesy towards himself interfere with the gratification of my curiosity, and said that he would ride on leisurely, so that I might overtake him during the day, or, at all events, during the next. As he bade me good-bye, I bethought me that there might be some difficulty in obtaining access to the premises, and mentioned my fears on this point. He replied that, in fact, unless I had personal

No. 6, VOL. VII.

knowledge of the superintendent, Monsieur Maillard, or some credential in the way of a letter, a difficulty might be found to exist, as the regulations of these private mad-houses were more rigid than the public hospital laws. For himself, he added, he had, some years since, made the acquaintance of Maillard, and would so far assist me as to ride up to the door and introduce me; although his feelings on the subject of lunacy would not permit of his entering the house.

I thanked him, and, turning from the main road, we soon came upon the building, which was a fine castellated mansion, standing within a high wall.

As we rode up to the gateway, I perceived it slightly open, and the visage of a man peering through. In an instant afterwards this man came forth, accosted my companion by name, shook him cordially by the hand, and begged him to alight. It was Monsieur Maillard himself. He was a portly, fine-looking gentleman of the old school, with a polished manner, and a certain air of gravity, dignity, and authority, which was very impressive.

My friend, having presented me, mentioned my desire to inspect the establishment, and, receiving Monsieur Maillard's assurance that he would show me all attention, now took leave, and I saw him no more.

When he had gone, the superintendent ushered me into a small and exceedingly neat parlour, containing, among other indications of refined taste, many books, drawings, pots of flowers, and musical instruments. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth. At a piano, singing an aria from Bellini, sat a young and very beautiful woman, who, at my entrance, paused in her song, and received me with graceful courtesy. Her voice was low, and her whole manner was subdued. I thought, too, that I perceived the traces of sorrow in her countenance, which was excessively, although, to my taste, not unpleasantly pale. She was attired in deep mourning, and excited in my bosom a feeling of mingled respect, interest, and admiration.

Presently a smart footman in livery brought in a tray with fruit, wine, and other refreshments, of which I partook, the lady soon afterwards leaving the room. As she departed I turned my eyes in an inquiring manner towards my host.

"No," he said, "oh, no—a member of my family—my niece, and a most accomplished woman."

"I beg a thousand pardons for the suspicion," I replied, "but of course you will know how to excuse me. The excellent administration of your affairs here is well understood in Paris, and I thought it just possible, you know——"

"Yes, yes—say no more. While my former system was in operation, and my patients were permitted the privilege of roaming to and fro at will, they were often aroused to a dangerous frenzy by injudicious persons who called to inspect the house. Hence I was obliged to enforce a rigid system of exclusion; and none obtained access to the premises upon whose discretion I could not rely."

"While your former system was in operation!" I said, repeating his words. "Do I understand you, then, to say that the 'soothing system' of which I have heard so much is no longer in force?"

"It is now," he replied, "several weeks since we concluded to renounce it for ever."

"Indeed! you astonish me!"

"We found it, sir," he said, with a sigh, "absolutely necessary to return to the old usages. The danger of the soothing system was, at all times, appalling; and its advantages have been much over-rated. I believe, sir, that in this house it has been given a fair trial, if ever in any. We did everything that rational humanity could suggest. I am sorry that you could not have paid us a visit at an earlier period, that you might have judged for yourself. But I presume you are conversant with the soothing practice—with its details?"

"Not altogether. What I have heard has been at third or fourth hand."

"I may state the system then, in general terms, as one in which the patients were managed, humoured. We contradicted no fancies which entered the brains of the mad. On the contrary, we not only indulged but encouraged them; and many of our most permanent cures have been thus effected. There is no argument which so touches the feeble reason of the madman as the *reductio ad absurdum*. We have had men, for example, who fancied themselves chickens. The cure was, to insist upon the thing as a fact—to accuse the patient of stupidity in not sufficiently perceiving it to be a fact—and thus to refuse him any other diet for a week than that which properly appertains to a chicken. In this manner a little corn and gravel were made to perform wonders."

"And you had no punishments of any kind?"

"None."

"And you never confined your patients?"

"Very rarely. Now and then, the malady of some individual growing to a crisis, or taking a sudden turn of fury, we conveyed him to a secret cell, lest his disorder should infect the rest, and there kept him until we could dismiss him to his friends—for with the raging maniac we have nothing to do. He is usually removed to the public hospitals."

"And you have now changed all this—and you think for the better?"

"Decidedly. The system had its disadvantages, and even its dangers. It is now, happily, exploded throughout all the *Maisons de Santé* of France."

"I am very much surprised," I said,

"at what you tell me; for I made sure that, at this moment, no other method of treatment for mania existed in any portion of the country."

In this manner I conversed with Monsieur Maillard for an hour or two, during which he showed me the gardens and conservatories of the place.

"I cannot let you see my patients," he said, "just at present. To a sensitive mind there is always more or less of the shocking in such exhibitions; and I do not wish to spoil your appetite for dinner. We will dine. I can give you some *veal à la Menchoult*, with cauliflowers in *velouté* sauce—after that a glass of *Clos de Vougeot*—then your nerves will be sufficiently steadied."

At six, dinner was announced; and my host conducted me into a large *salle à manger*, where a very numerous company were assembled, twenty-five or thirty in all. They were, apparently, people of rank, certainly of high breeding, although their habiliments, I thought, were extravagantly rich, partaking somewhat too much of the ostentatious finery of the *vieille cour*. I noticed that at least two-thirds of these guests were ladies; and some of the latter were by no means accoutred in what a Parisian would consider good taste at the present day. Many females, for example, whose age could not have been less than seventy, were bedecked with a profusion of jewellery, such as rings, bracelets, and earrings, and wore their bosoms and arms shamefully bare. I observed, too, that very few of the dresses were well made—or, at least, that very few of them fitted the wearers. In looking about, I discovered the interesting girl to whom Monsieur Maillard had presented me in the little parlour; but my surprise was great to see her wearing a hoop and farthingale, with high-heeled shoes, and a dirty cap of Brussels lace, so much too large for her that it gave her face a most ridiculously diminutive expression. When I had first seen her she was attired, most becomingly, in deep mourning. There was an air of oddity, in short, about the dress of the whole party which, at first, caused me to recur to my original idea of the "soothing system," and to fancy that Monsieur Maillard had been willing to deceive me until after dinner, that I might experience

no uncomfortable feelings during the repast, at finding myself dining with lunatics; but I remembered having been informed, in Paris, that the southern provincialists were a peculiarly eccentric people, with a vast number of antiquated notions; and then, too, upon conversing with several members of the company, my apprehensions were immediately and fully dispelled.

The dining-room itself, although perhaps sufficiently comfortable and of good dimensions, had nothing too much of elegance about it. For example, the floor was uncarpeted; in France, however, a carpet is frequently dispensed with. The windows, too, were without curtains; the shutters, being shut, were securely fastened with iron bars, applied diagonally, after the fashion of our ordinary shop-shutters. The apartment, I observed, formed, in itself, a wing of the *chateau*, and thus the windows were on three sides of the parallelogram; the door being at the other. There were no less than ten windows in all.

The table was superbly set out. It was loaded with plate, and more than loaded with delicacies. The profusion was absolutely barbaric. There were meats enough to have feasted the Anakim. Never, in all my life, had I witnessed so lavish, so wasteful an expenditure of the good things of life. There seemed very little taste, however, in the arrangements; and my eyes, accustomed to quiet lights, were sadly offended by the prodigious glare of a multitude of wax candles, which, in silver candelabra, were deposited upon the table, and all about the room, wherever it was possible to find a place. There were several active servants in attendance; and, upon a large table, at the farther end of the apartment, were seated seven or eight people with fiddles, fies, trombones, and a drum. These fellows annoyed me very much, at intervals, during the repast, by an infinite variety of noises, which were intended for music, and which appeared to afford much entertainment to all present, with the exception of myself.

Upon the whole, I could not help thinking that there was much of the *blarnie* about everything I saw; but then the world is made up of all kinds of persons, with all modes of thought, and all sorts of

conventional customs. I had travelled, too, so much as to be quite an adept in the *nil admirari*; so I took my seat very coolly at the right hand of my host, and, having an excellent appetite, did justice to the good cheer set before me.

The conversation, in the meantime, was spirited and general. The ladies, as usual, talked a great deal. I soon found that nearly all the company were well educated; and my host was a world of good-humoured anecdote in himself. He seemed quite willing to speak of his position as superintendent of a *Maison de Santé*; and, indeed, the topic of lunacy was, much to my surprise, a favourite one with all present. A great many amusing stories were told, having reference to the *whims* of the patients.

"We had a fellow here once," said a fat little gentleman, who sat at my right—"a fellow that fancied himself a teapot; and, by the way, is it not especially singular how often this particular crotchet has entered the brain of the lunatic? There is scarcely an insane asylum in France which cannot supply a human teapot. Our gentleman was a Britannia-ware teapot, and was careful to polish himself every morning with buckskin and whiting."

"And then," said a tall man, just opposite, "we had here, not long ago, a person who had taken it into his head that he was a donkey—which, allegorically speaking, you will say, was quite true. He was a troublesome patient; and we had much ado to keep him within bounds. For a long time he would eat nothing but thistles; but of this idea we soon cured him by insisting upon his eating nothing else. Then he was perpetually kicking out his heels—so—so—"

"Mr. De Kock! I will thank you to behave yourself!" here interrupted an old lady who sat next to the speaker. "Please keep your feet to yourself! You have spoiled my brocade! Is it necessary, pray, to illustrate a remark in so practical a style? Our friend here can surely comprehend you without all this. Upon my word, you are nearly as great a donkey as the poor unfortunate imagined himself. Your acting is very natural, as I live."

"*Mille pardons, ma'mselle!*" replied Monsieur De Kock, thus addressed; "a thousand pardons! I had no intention of

offending. Ma'mselle Laplace—Monsieur De Kock will do himself the honour of taking wine with you."

Here Monsieur De Kock bowed low, kissed his hand with much ceremony, and took wine with Ma'mselle Laplace.

"Allow me, *mon ami*," now said Monsieur Maillard, addressing myself, "allow me to send you a morsel of this veal *à la St. Menchoult*—you will find it particularly fine."

At this instant three sturdy waiters had just succeeded in depositing safely upon the table an enormous dish, or trencher, containing what I supposed to be the "*monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*." A closer scrutiny assured me, however, that it was only a small calf roasted whole, and set upon its knees, with an apple in its mouth, as is the English fashion of dressing a hare.

"Thank you, no," I replied; "to say the truth, I am not particularly partial to veal *à la St.*—what is it?—for I do not find that it altogether agrees with me. I will change my plate, however, and try some of the rabbit."

There were several side-dishes on the table, containing what appeared to be the ordinary French rabbit—a very delicious *morceau*, which I can recommend.

"Pierre," cried the host, "change this gentleman's plate, and give him a side-piece of this rabbit *au chat*."

"This what?" said I.

"This rabbit *au chat*."

"Why, thank you, upon second thoughts, no. I will just help myself to some of the ham."

There is no knowing what one eats, thought I to myself, at the tables of these people of the province. I will have none of their rabbit *au chat*—and, for the matter of that, none of their *cat-au rabbit* either.

"And then," said a cadaverous-looking personage near the foot of the table, taking up the thread of the conversation where it had been broken off—"and then, among other oddities, we had a patient, once upon a time, who very pertinaciously maintained himself to be a Cordova cheese, and went about, with a knife in his hand, soliciting his friends to try a small slice from the middle of his leg."

"He was a great fool, beyond doubt," interposed some one, "but not to be compared

with a certain individual whom we all know, with the exception of this strange gentleman. I mean the man who took himself for a bottle of champagne, and always went off with a pop and a fizz, in this fashion."

Here the speaker, very rudely, as I thought, put his right thumb in his left cheek, withdrew it with a sound resembling the popping of a cork, and then, by a dexterous movement of the tongue upon the teeth, created a sharp hissing and fizzing, which lasted for several minutes, in imitation of the frothing of champagne. This behaviour, I saw plainly, was not very pleasing to Monsieur Maillard; but that gentleman said nothing, and the conversation was resumed by a very lean little man in a big wig.

"And then there was an *ignoramus*," said he, "who mistook himself for a frog; which, by the way, he resembled in no little degree. I wish you could have seen him, sir"—here the speaker addressed myself—"it would have done your heart good to see the natural airs that he put on. Sir, if that man was *not* a frog, I can only observe that it is a pity he was not. His croak thus—o-o-o-o-gh—o-o-o-o-gh!—was the finest note in the world—B flat; and when he put his elbows upon the table thus—after taking a glass or two of wine—and distended his mouth thus, and rolled up his eyes thus, and winked them with excessive rapidity thus, why then, sir, I take it upon myself to say, positively, that you would have been lost in admiration of the genius of the man."

"And then," said somebody else, "then there was Petit Gaillard, who thought himself a pinch of snuff, and was truly distressed because he could not take himself between his own finger and thumb."

"And then there was Jules Desouléries, who was a very singular genius indeed, and went mad with the idea that he was a pumpkin. He persecuted the cook to make him up into pies—a thing which the cook indignantly refused to do. For my part, I am by no means sure that a pumpkin-pie à la Desouléries would not have been very capital eating indeed!"

"You astonish me!" said I; and I looked inquisitively at Monsieur Maillard.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said that gentleman, "he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho!

ho!—hu! hu! hu!—very good indeed! You must not be astonished, *mon ami*; our friend here is a wit—a *drolle*—you must not understand him to the letter."

"And then," said some other one of the party, "then there was Bouffon Le Grand—another extraordinary personage in his way. He grew deranged through love, and fancied himself possessed of two heads. One of these he maintained to be the head of Cicero; the other he imagined a composite one, being Demosthenes' from the top of the forehead to the mouth, and Lord Brougham's from the mouth to the chin. It is not impossible that he was wrong; but he would have convinced you of his being in the right; for he was a man of great eloquence. He had an absolute passion for oratory, and could not refrain from display. For example, he used to leap upon the dinner-table thus, and—and—"

Here a friend, at the side of the speaker, put a hand upon his shoulder, and whispered a few words in his ear; upon which he ceased talking with great suddenness, and sank back within his chair.

"And then," said the friend who had whispered, "there was Boullard, the teetotum. I call him the teetotum, because, in fact, he was seized with the droll, but not altogether irrational crotchets, that he had been converted into a teetotum. You would have roared with laughter to see him spin. He would turn round upon one heel by the hour in this manner—so—"

Here the friend, whom he had just interrupted by a whisper, performed an exactly similar office for himself.

"But then," cried an old lady, at the top of her voice, "your Monsieur Boullard was a madman, and a very silly madman at best; for who, allow me to ask you, ever heard of a human teetotum? The thing is absurd. Madame Joyeuse was a more sensible person, as you know. She had a crotchets, but it was instinct with common sense, and gave pleasure to all who had the honour of her acquaintance. She found, upon mature deliberation, that, by some accident, she had been turned into a Cochin-China cock; but, as such, she behaved with propriety. She flapped her wings with prodigious effect—so—so—so—and, as for her crow, it was delicious! Cock-a-doodle-doo!—cock-a-doodle-doo—cock-a-doodle-de-doo-doo-doo-do-o-o-o!"

"Madame Joyeuse, I will thank you to behave yourself!" here interrupted our host, very angrily. "You can either conduct yourself as a lady should do, or quit the table forthwith—take your choice."

The lady (whom I was much astonished to hear addressed as Madame Joyeuse, after the description of Madame Joyeuse she had just given) blushed up to the eyebrows, and seemed exceedingly abashed at the reproof. She hung down her head, and said not a syllable in reply. But another and younger lady resumed the theme. It was my beautiful girl of the little parlour!

"Oh, Madame Joyeuse was a fool!" she exclaimed; "but there was really much sound sense, after all, in the opinion of Eugénie Salsafette. She was a very beautiful and painfully modest young lady, who thought the ordinary mode of habilliment indecent, and wished to dress herself always by getting outside, instead of inside, of her clothes. It is a thing very easily done, after all. You have only to do so—and then so—so—so—and then so—so—so—and then—"

"*Mon Dieu!* Ma'mselle Salsafette!" here cried a dozen voices at once, "what are you about!—forbear!—that is sufficient! we see very plainly how it is done!—hold! hold!" and several persons were already leaping from their seats to withhold Ma'mselle Salsafette from putting herself upon a par with the Medicean Venus.

"And how many patients have you in charge at present, M. Maillard?" said I.

"At present we have not more than ten altogether."

"Principally females, I presume?"

"Oh, no—every one of them men, and stout fellows, too, I can tell you."

"Indeed! I have always understood that the majority of lunatics were of the gentler sex."

"It is generally so, but not always. Some time ago, there were twenty-seven patients here; and of that number, no less than eighteen were women; but, lately, matters have changed very much, as you see."

"Yes—have changed very much, as you see," here interrupted the gentleman who had broken the shins of Ma'mselle Laplace.

"Yes—have changed very much, as you see," chimed in the whole company at once.

"Hold your tongues, every one of you!" said my host, in a great rage. Whereupon the whole company maintained a dead silence for nearly a minute. As for one lady, she obeyed Monsieur Maillard to the letter, and thrusting out her tongue, which was an excessively long one, held it very resolutely with both hands, until the end of the entertainment.

"And this gentlewoman," said I to Monsieur Maillard, bending over and addressing him in a whisper—"this good lady who has just spoken, and who gives us the cock-a-doodle-de-doo—she, I presume, is harmless—quite harmless, eh?"

"Harmless!" ejaculated he, in unfeigned surprise, "why—why, what can you mean?"

"Only slightly touched?" said I, touching my head. "I take it for granted that she is not particularly—not dangerously affected, eh?"

"*Mon Dieu!* what is it you imagine? This lady, my particular old friend, Madame Joyeuse, is as absolutely sane as myself. She has her little eccentricities, to be sure—but then, you know, all old women—all *very* old women, are more or less eccentric!"

"To be sure," said I, "to be sure—and then the rest of these ladies and gentlemen—"

"Are my friends and keepers," interrupted Monsieur Maillard, drawing himself up with *hauteur*—"my very good friends and assistants."

"What! all of them?" I asked—"the women and all?"

"Assuredly," he said—"we could not do at all without the women; they are the best lunatic nurses in the world; they have a way of their own, you know; their bright eyes have a marvellous effect—something like the fascination of the snake, you know."

"To be sure," said I—"to be sure! They behave a little odd, eh?—they are a little *queer*, eh?—don't you think so?"

"Odd!—*queer*!—why, do you *really* think so? We are not very prudish, to be sure, here in the South—do pretty much as we please—enjoy life, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"To be sure," said I—"to be sure."

"And then, perhaps, this *Clos de Vougeot* is a little heady, you know—a little *strong*—you understand, eh?"

"To be sure," said I—"to be sure."

"Now, my good young friend," he said kindly, pressing my hand, "join me now in a glass of Sauterne."

We drank. The company followed our example without stint. They chatted, they jested, they perpetrated a thousand absurdities, the fiddles shrieked, the drum row-de-dowed, the trombones bellowed like so many brazen bulls of Phalaris, and the whole scene, growing gradually worse and worse, as the wine gained the ascendancy, became at length a sort of Pandemonium *in petto*. In the meantime, Monsieur Maillard and myself, with some bottles of Sauterne and Vougeot between us, continued our conversation at the top of the voice. A word spoken in an ordinary key stood no more chance of being heard than the voice of a fish from the bottom of Niagara Falls.

"And, sir," said I, screaming in his ear, "you mentioned something before dinner about the danger incurred in the old system of soothing. Have you had practical reason to think liberty hazardous in the case of a lunatic?"

"Here?—in my own experience?—why, I may say, yes. For example, no very long while ago, a singular circumstance occurred in this very house. The 'soothing system,' you know, was then in operation, and the patients were at large. They behaved remarkably well, especially so; any one of sense might have known that some devilish scheme was brewing from that particular fact, that the fellows behaved so remarkably well. And, sure enough, one fine morning the keepers found themselves pinioned hand and foot, and thrown into the cells, where they were attended, as if they were lunatics, by the lunatics themselves, who had usurped the offices of the keepers."

"You don't tell me so! I never heard of anything so absurd in my life!"

"Fact; it all came to pass by means of a stupid fellow, a lunatic, who, by some means, had taken it into his head that he had invented a better system of government than any ever heard of before—of lunatic government, I mean. He wished to give his invention a trial, I suppose, and so he persuaded the rest of the patients to join him in a conspiracy for the overthrow of the reigning powers."

"And he really succeeded?"

"No doubt of it. The keepers and kept were soon made to exchange places. Not that exactly either, for the madmen had been free, but the keepers were shut up in cells forthwith, and treated, I am sorry to say, in a very cavalier manner."

"But I presume a counter-revolution was soon effected. This condition of things could not have long existed. The country people in the neighbourhood, visitors coming to see the establishment, would have given the alarm."

"There you are out. The head rebel was too cunning for that. He admitted no visitors at all, with the exception, one day, of a very stupid-looking young gentleman of whom he had no reason to be afraid. He let him in to see the place, just by way of variety, to have a little fun with him. As soon as he had gammoned him sufficiently, he let him out, and sent him about his business."

"And how long did the madmen reign?"

"Oh, a very long time indeed, a month certainly, how much longer I can't precisely say. In the meantime, the lunatics had a jolly season of it, that you may swear. They doffed their own shabby clothes, and made free with the family wardrobe and jewels. The cellars of the *chateau* were well-stocked with wine; and these madmen are just the devils that know how to drink it. They lived well, I can tell you."

"And the treatment—what was the particular species of treatment which the leader of the rebels put into operation?"

"Why, as for that, a madman is not necessarily a fool, as I have already observed; and it is my honest opinion that his treatment was a much better treatment than that which it superseded. It was a very capital system indeed—simple—neat—no trouble at all—in fact it was delicious—it was—"

Here my host's observations were cut short by a tremendous series of yells, which seemed to proceed from persons rapidly approaching.

"Gracious Heavens!" I ejaculated, "the lunatics have undoubtedly broken loose."

"I very much fear it is so," replied Monsieur Maillard, becoming excessively pale. He had scarcely finished the sentence before loud shouts and imprecations were heard beneath the windows;

and, immediately afterwards, it became evident that some persons outside were endeavouring to gain entrance into the room. The door was beaten with what appeared to be a sledge-hammer, and the shutters were wrenched and shaken with prodigious violence.

A scene of the most terrible confusion ensued. Monsieur Maillard, to my excessive astonishment, threw himself under the sideboard. I had expected more resolution at his hands. The members of the orchestra, who, for the last fifteen minutes, had been seemingly too much intoxicated to do duty, now sprang all at once to their feet and to their instruments, and, scrambling upon the table, broke out, with one accord, into "The Marseillaise," which they performed, if not exactly in tune, at least with an energy superhuman, during the whole of the uproar.

Meantime, upon the main dining-table, among the bottles and glasses, leaped the gentleman who, with such difficulty, had been restrained from leaping there before. As soon as he fairly settled himself, he commenced an oration, which, no doubt, was a very capital one, if it could only have been heard. At the same moment, the man with the teetotum predilections set himself to spinning around the apartment with immense energy, and with arms outstretched at right angles with his body; so that he had all the air of a teetotum in fact, and knocked everybody down that happened to get in his way. And now, too, hearing an incredible popping and fizzing of champagne, I discovered at length that it proceeded from the person who performed the bottle of that delicate drink during dinner. And then, again, the frog-man croaked away as if the salvation of his soul depended upon every note that he uttered. And, in the midst of all this, the continuous braying of a donkey arose over all. As for my old friend, Madame Joyeuse, I really could have wept for the poor lady, she appeared so terribly perplexed. All she did, however, was to stand up in a corner, by the fire-place, and sing out incessantly, at the top of her voice, "Cock-a-doodle-de-doooooooh!"

And now came the climax—the catastrophe of the drama. As no resistance, beyond whooping and yelling and cock-a-

doodleing, was offered to the encroachments of the party without, the ten windows were very speedily, and almost simultaneously, broken in. But I shall never forget the emotions of wonder and horror with which I gazed, when, leaping through these windows, and down among us *pêle-mêle*, fighting, stamping, scratching, and howling, there rushed a perfect army of what I took to be chimpanzees, orang-outangs, or big black baboons of the Cape of Good Hope.

I received a terrible beating; after which I rolled under a sofa and lay still. After lying there some fifteen minutes, however, during which time I listened with all my ears to what was going on in the room, I came to some satisfactory *dénouement* of this tragedy. Monsieur Maillard, it appeared, in giving me the account of the lunatic who had excited his fellows to rebellion, had been merely relating his own exploits. This gentleman had, indeed, some two or three years before, been the superintendent of the establishment; but grew crazy himself, and so became a patient. This fact was unknown to the travelling companion who introduced me. The keepers, ten in number, having been suddenly overpowered, were first well tarred, then carefully feathered, and then shut up in underground cells. They had been so imprisoned for more than a month, during which period Monsieur Maillard had generously allowed them not only the tar and feathers (which constituted his system), but some bread and abundance of water. *The latter was pumped on them daily.* At length one escaping through a sewer, gave freedom to all the rest.

The "soothing system," with important modifications, has been resumed at the *chateau*, yet I cannot help agreeing with M. Maillard, that his own "treatment" was a very capital one of its kind. As he justly observed, it was simple, neat, and gave no trouble at all—not the least.

This is the only time I ever met with an adventure in a lunatic asylum; indeed, it was the first visit I had ever paid to one, and it shall be my last, unless my dear Amelia, or any other portion of my family, desiring to place me in durance, succeed, with the assistance of two too-compliant apothecaries, in putting me under the care of Dr. Tarr or Professor Fether.



THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

A MOTHER.

GEORGE only passed through Paris, and hastened to profit by the few days' holiday that had been granted him, to visit his good mother, whom he had not seen for several years.

She lived in a small town of Normandy, and was spending the last years of a life already crossed by many severe trials in quietude and prayer.

After having provided, by her own exertions, for the maintenance of her numerous family, she felt the need of retirement. Her daughters, married and established in neighbouring towns, often came to keep her company in fine weather; and an unexpected inheritance provided those comforts and conveniences of life for her old age which at other times she had often missed.

George found her alone. He had quitted his home young, and since that time his visits had been very rare. Necessity, that wise counsellor, had made him old beyond his years, and he was a man now who returned to the maternal roof. The old servant who had brought him up was still there, quite delighted to announce his return.

The house was cheerful and well situated; everything breathed comfort, order, neatness, and simplicity. He found his mother kneeling before her *pris-Dieu*; he assisted her to rise, for she was weak and aged; but in her advanced age her features had preserved that dignity and nobleness which was the expression of her soul. She received him tenderly.

"I was just thinking of you, dear son, and thanking God for having blessed my

old age in giving me such consolation after the troubles of my life. Left to yourself, you have committed no errors; your religious feeling and filial piety have kept you in the good path. How many times have I regretted not being able to spend my last days near you! but I feel that I am too old to change my plans. I am destined to remain here, where your sisters take care of me. Your letters do me good, and help me still to live. Monsieur Wolff has himself written to me, telling me how pleased he was in having you with him. God bless you, my son, for having gladdened the last days of your loving parent."

"Dear mother," said George, "it is a cruel law of Nature which separates families. I feel that I ought to have remained, to repay you, by my piety and unceasing reverence, for the cares, anxieties, sufferings, and sacrifices of your past life. Do you still remember that table, round which we all used to sit, great and small? How we listened, with respect and love, to your good and kind sayings? All are gone now. Some have already left the world; others are living far away; and to-day there will be only us two at the large family table. And when I am gone, you will be left alone with your remembrances."

"There is nothing painful in the recollection of a well-spent life, my dear child; you will know that some day. I am like the tired traveller who, arrived almost at his journey's end, stops to rest himself, and calls to mind the dangers of his travels before entering the town which is to be his last resting-place. But to-day I wish to think of the happiness of seeing you, of conversing with you. What a number of things you have to tell me—the places you have seen and your plans for the future!"

Most pleasant interviews were held between this pious mother, who was only waiting God's call, and this son, who had just commenced his race on earth with fidelity and courage. She leant lovingly on his arm, she took short walks in the surrounding country, and was proud of the good sense, the integrity, and attainments of her George.

One day, when she found him dreaming a little (a mother discovers everything), she said to him—

"You have told me all about the past,

George, but you have said nothing about the future. You work hard; you love the vanities of the world but little; your position is honourable, and you have saved money, thanks to M. Wolff's liberality, who I know is much attached to you. You will one day want a wife, good and pious, that Heaven's blessing may be on your house; modest and simple, that your happiness may be found at home and not abroad; and courageous too, for she must know how to undergo days of trial. I do not ask that she should be beautiful, but should like her to be agreeable, so that, by comparison with others, she might appear to advantage. I do not desire her to be learned, but I should like her to have a taste for the good and beautiful. I do not wish her to be rich, but I should like her to possess a mind which would be able to enjoy prosperity or support adversity."

"My dear mother," said George, much agitated, "why is each word which comes from your lips like a word which comes from my heart? Why is she whom you wish for me, like her of whom I dream as a fitting companion for the rest of my days? It is that I have lived your life, that I have been maintained by your wise care, and have learned from you to love the good, the beautiful, the true. I like riches because they help to make people happy; but I must work for these good gifts, and not ask them from her whose support and guardian angel I should wish to be. You have read my soul as you used to do when I was a child, and when, looking me in the face, you knew so well how to tell my most secret thoughts; yes, you have truly spoken. Your life now is peaceful, and you have no further need of my assistance. My wishes lead me to devote myself to some one; to labour and to be useful. I often ask myself of what use is my labour, if it does not profit some one who needs assistance? What need is there of watching, if it does not protect the sleep of those who rest? what is the use of living, if I live only for myself?"

"Dear son, when you indulge in these reflections, which are sometimes dangerous, you are near finding her whom Providence has reserved for you, and, perhaps, indeed, whom you have already met."

"Am I then still your little child, dear

mother, and have you again read my secret in my face, which I shall confide to no one but my mother?"

"George," said his mother, after having listened to the recital of his meeting with Jeanne and journey to St. Germain, "in many things you have the sense and experience of a man; you have always been guided by your own good sense; but your good heart, your devotion, your desire to sacrifice yourself, might lead you into a position you might regret. What you have told me of the private life of these young persons certainly appears interesting and honourable. You also have the recommendation of a person who knows them indirectly: but you know nothing of them, of their relations, of their family, or the cause of their misfortune. But mind, I am making no opposition, my dear son; you shall not go from here without my consent, and my blessing upon her whom you have chosen; whose image was engraven on your heart even before her person was known to you. But take heed of the wanderings of your imagination. It is the only prayer which is left for me to make to you. Be cautious for some time. Promise nothing; keep your secret in your own heart; be useful to her to whom you wish to devote your life. But, above all, be prudent; retain your dignity and independence, and if, after a year of trials, you still have the same opinion, then take her for your wife, and you will have fulfilled all my wishes. There, however, is my consent, dear son. It was prepared, for I did not wish that an accident or illness should retard your plans."

And she drew from a desk an envelope containing a blank signature. George found in it also several notes of a thousand francs.

"They are yours, and well you deserve them, dear son. They are your savings, which you have sent me in hard times. Fortune, smiling once again, has allowed me to keep them for you."

"Indeed," said George, "it was with happiness I consecrated my first labours to you—a trifling compensation for all that you have done for me. Dear mother, do not take away this sweet recollection."

"Well," said his mother, "I will keep this pious saving, but I shall give it to your dear Jeanne to furnish her house.

You shall be her treasurer. There, I have said it. You see I only give a mother's advice as a marriage portion; and recollect, if circumstances require it, you can marry to-morrow, and that, introduced by you, your wife shall be received here as my child."

George promised his mother to act with all the caution she had advised, spent a few days near her with his sisters, who had come to meet him, said "Adieu" for the last time, and returned to his labours full of joy and hope.

SO SOON!

The eight days' holiday granted by M. Wolff had not quite expired. So far, George had spent his time in following his heart's best wishes; he had now an aim which he should diligently pursue. Day after day did he confess it as he sat at his mother's feet. But is he going back before his furlough is expired, to see his benefactor and resume his occupations, for which, henceforth, he will have a fresh stimulant? We certainly thought so at first, when we saw him start from his mother's house. But why, then, do we meet him the following day, walking carelessly at the entrance to the Forest of St. Germain, among the clumps of beautiful trees and hawthorns, whence you can see Madame Blanchemain's little house, with its vines and large rose trees, spreading to its very top their rich verdure, laden with flowers? Why? Why, indeed, is he here? Do you think he himself knows?

As the smallest particle of gold goes silently and surely to join itself to its parent vein; as the dew-drop inevitably descends to lose itself in the limpid brook; as the loadstone, by an all-powerful law, turns towards the pole, so the heart seeks love, so the strong seek the weak, so the good man seeks the truth, so the wicked, alas! recognises his fellow and draws towards him. Attraction and connexion exist everywhere, and man, who believes he is acting by his own will, will be surely led towards the good if he listen to the voice of conscience and duty; towards evil if he listen to his desires and bad passions.

Thus it is that George, with his noble heart, in one of the most charming countries in the world, protected by the shadow o

venerable trees, breathing the refreshing breeze, relied on his own virtuous intentions, and looked at the white house behind the bushes, and said to himself, "Work on and pray, poor children; I will take care of you. My heavenly parent and my earthly one have sanctioned it."

Our wise George, however, thought a glimpse of the white house would be sufficient for his love, and that he would then be able to leave, carrying with him, as a remembrance from the wood, a rose which was bending towards him, resembling the one that Jeanne wore in her hair when he saw her for the first time.

But then, George, why do we find you sitting in the room on the ground-floor, *litt-le-à-litt-le* with Madame Blanchemain, gravely arguing with her as to the most wholesome and suitable food to give to her canaries, which she was just feeding?

You are playing truant, my child, and you can't tell, yourself, how it was you entered the house.

The fact is, you came out of the forest, through the garden, to pass a little nearer to the white house; the door was open; Madame Blanchemain was near this door; you wished merely to bow and pass on—which was not a very ingenious plan—the good old lady called you back, and now you are caught, and we suspect you are in the right cage.

"Monsieur George, here you are again amongst us," said she to him. "They have been talking a great deal about you upstairs. The ladies are at church. It is not that they are more devout than they ought to be, for it is a good habit for young people, and, besides, people who don't go say they have not the time. Well, do you know, Monsieur George, I have noticed that those who go to church are always up in good time in the morning, always have their household duties done before other people, and, in that, receive their reward. As for me, I attended mass at six o'clock. You see my little place was put in order long ago; now I have only to look after my poor canaries, who wait for me impatiently. Ah, the greedy little things, they are happy enough, and they sing like angels. Sing away, poor little things, you shall not want anything so long as I am here. Ah, Monsieur George, see what we come to when we get

old and have no children. We get attached to poor animals, whom we take care of. But I have more happiness than that; I have my little lodgers. They are like my own children; they enliven the house, which, without them, would be very gloomy, although I know how to employ myself, as you see. But won't you take something? You have not breakfasted. Now, listen, we are going to breakfast together. You are intimate enough with us now to show us this mark of friendship." George made a sign of assent. "I say with us, for what you have done for them is the same as for me, and you have found out the best way of assisting them, which is to give them work: for it is not easily found here, although their friends say to them, 'You will find plenty to occupy your time in Paris.' But they don't wish to leave their mother's country, and they wish to live here with a few old friends near them."

And she went on laying her cloth, talking all the time.

"You shall have some fresh eggs and good coffee. I am accustomed to look after it, because it is the only thing that she likes, that little Jeanne, when she has been working all day and she comes here in the twilight. I give her a little cup of it, and then she goes to sleep in the large arm-chair there, while her sister is doing needlework. As for me, if I were to take a thimbleful of coffee at night, I should not be able to close my eyes! But young people—— Looking at her as she sleeps so peacefully, I and her sister admire the goodness and kindness of her nature—for we watch over her like a child; but, mind you, this child is, nevertheless, the man of the house for courage and resolution. Her sister, Anna, who could carry her in her arms, fast asleep, like a feather, is more timid, and would not do anything without consulting her."

The cloth was laid with extreme precision. Madame Blanchemain placed George opposite the window. This position commanded a view of the garden, and one could perceive through the gaps in the foliage the vast horizon terminated by the blue mountains.

George, although very well informed, did not object to the society of simple people when he found them unaffected and obliging; for he considered the real polite-

ness of the heart far before the grimaces of fashionable society. It was with these feelings that he enjoyed this unexpected hospitality, and the beautiful view from the open window, with the roses intruding on its frame, and thrusting their inquisitive heads into the room. Perhaps, indeed, he had already commenced making his observations, and by the means of these little flowers hoped to draw from so easy a source some account of the past life of his *protégées*.

"How do you find those eggs? I hope they are done as you like them. They are Cochinchina's. They lay all the year round. I will take you to see my poultry-yard at the end of the little garden."

When the much-bepraised coffee was served with a jug of excellent cream, George brought back the conversation to the young ladies.

"You knew their mother?" said he.

"Yes, I knew her well," answered Madame Blanchemain, "and, as I was her best friend, they wished to live near me, for then we could often talk of her. Madame Duval, left a widow, had withdrawn from her husband's business a sum which, with her own industry, would have been enough to bring up her children. She had the imprudence to trust this sum in doubtful hands; and this caused her much care and anxiety, not for herself, but for her daughters. Illness followed, then weakness, and afterwards misfortune. You see I cannot trust myself to relate the end of this story. Jeanne was sixteen, Anna nineteen years old. She intrusted them to my care, but she was not able to give me any explanation of the state of her affairs, which I so much wanted. The poor children were really not able to do anything. Everything failed them at once. Perhaps you have not noticed that white streak which runs across Jeanne's black hair, which changed in a night. I took these two pale and desolate creatures for a walk in the forest, to tire them, and rest their weary minds. I could not draw a word from them. At last, religion, love of occupation, and a desire to fulfil the wishes of their mother, gave them tongue, and I always expected the assistance of Providence for them when the Almighty sent you to them; for, as sure as that is a

Cochin-China egg, you are an honest and worthy young man. M. George, I know something of faces, and I, who am as a mother to them, will receive you with all my heart, as she would do, were she here to protect them. But the young ladies have returned; will you not go up stairs, and see the beautiful pictures they have prepared for you? I have seen them bringing home magnificent flowers. They have to work very hard up-stairs. But mind, don't say anything of what I have just told you. There is something so holy in their grief, that they do not allow everybody to speak of it; and they are proud of their misfortunes. Don't be long; and come back to see me. Whilst you are away I will take off my table-cloth, and put all in order; I cannot bear to see anything about. We all have our little ways, you know."

George thanked her, and nervously ascended the staircase which led to the little apartment on the first floor. He knocked timidly, opened it, and in a room ornamented with drawings, he found himself in the presence of Jeanne, who was sitting at a table laden with flowers.

She rose, looking very pale, supporting herself on the back of her chair.

"So soon!" said she, in an agitated tone of voice.

"Mademoiselle," said George, "those are very simple words of yours, and I quite deserve them. The pain they cause me will not alter that. You remind me, by those words, of my duty. I thought you had granted me the favour of coming to see your work; but I should have paid attention to your orders—or, at least, ought to have asked your permission. Pray pardon me." And bowing, with a sorrowful look he went away.

INTERPRETATION.

As soon as he had gone, Jeanne, left alone, sank down on her chair, and reflected on this unexpected apparition. She had been afraid of committing a fault in receiving this young man alone. Anna had not yet come in. She felt that the affair was still further advanced by her few words. Indeed, if George had been indifferent to her, what would have been more easy than to let him see her drawings and ask his advice, and to have

parted with him with all becoming politeness? But to dismiss him as she had done—was it not telling him something exactly the contrary? She might as well have said,

"You are something more to me than an amateur of paintings. You do not come to see my flowers, but to see me. I know you do. I expected you; and I ought not to appear as if I did. *So soon!*"

She felt very sorrowful and discouraged. Her sister, on entering the room, found her very pale and weak, and could not understand what had happened. In the evening Jeanne went to bed a little feverish.

George, on his part, was very much affected by this cold reception. He scarcely took leave of Madame Blanchemain, who said, laughingly, to him—

"We shall not complain of your making your visits too long."

He then entered the shady walks of the forest, which was the best place for his reflections. And now the light began to dawn upon his soul.

"If I were nothing to her," said he to himself, "she would have received me as she would anybody else. She feared my presence. Her pallor showed the agitation of her heart. Perhaps she was at that moment thinking of me, and of that little pin which already acts as a link between us."

Finally, never was a man so happy at having been dismissed with a reproachful word. And, what was more, he saw that he was the offended party, and would have the advantage in the silence which would follow this rapid interview.

Then he called to mind the attitude of the young girl, resting on the back of her chair, and the outline of her beautiful figure. Then he saw again that bouquet of flowers standing by her side, and, with all these sweet recollections in his bosom, he returned to Paris to continue with confidence his active and devoted life.

A FRIEND.

Meanwhile, what has been taking place in M. Wolff's home while we have been following George in his adventures? Madame Wolff was sorely discomposed at the part she had played in the garden, and deeply wounded by the boldness of which she supposed George guilty; the concerned look of her husband, and the sudden de-

parture of George, filled her with a thousand fears. Remorse agitated her and affected her health; she remained in her own room, resting on a sofa, and Borghèse never lost sight of her, fearing some awkward confession.

After George's return, and when Borghèse supposed that her friend had been sufficiently punished for her frivolity, she said to her—

"Louise, you hide your troubles from me; something vexes you, and makes you ill; haven't you yet recovered Lady Wilson's winning that pin wager? What is the matter with you?"

"Dear Borghèse," said Madame Wolff, "it is not Lady Wilson who is the cause of my indignation, it is . . . you will not be able to guess. . . . But I put entire confidence in you, and you have given me so many proofs of your friendship, that you must listen to my complaint, and give me your advice. I shall tell you all, and you only, for, knowing how indulgent and kind you are, I will trust this secret to your bosom. Do you recollect that ridiculous wager?"

"What then?" replied Borghèse, with astonishment.

"Well, this stupid pin, with which we had found means to occupy the whole house—you, yourself, did not you dare me with the others?"

"Yes; but is that the great secret? I recollect that you lost, and that you honourably paid Lady Wilson the few louis she won from you. Do you repent it? Lady Wilson, in spite of her caprices, is charitable, and your gold has been already of some service to a poor family; I have proofs of it."

"Oh, no! it is not the wager that I regret; but, as you don't know anything about it, Borghèse, I will tell you. I won the bet, and here is this naughty pin, which I do not know what to do with, and which I think must be bewitched, for the vexation I have suffered from it."

"But how is it, Louise, you paid the bet when you won it? Why were you so generous?"

"Well, to you only, Borghèse, do I acknowledge having won, because you are kind and charitable, because you know me, and because your M. George, whom you took for a saint, is an adventurous an-

audacious young man, of whom you must be careful. I should be ashamed to relate to any one else what happened to me."

"Good gracious! what can it be?" said Borghèse, with a surprised look; "and what has this poor young man done to you?"

"Well, this innocent profited by my being half-asleep, through his talking, to— to kiss me in the winter garden."

"Ah! that is very funny!" replied Borghèse; "fancy this schoolboy kissing the ladies with all the doors open!"

"You may laugh at it, Borghèse, and so be like the others, although I thought you better and more charitable. Do you believe, if I had thought of exposing myself to such insolence, I should have bargained with him for this beautiful relic? But that is not all. What took place may be all very innocent, but may be wrongly interpreted, and a bad construction put upon it. Did you notice M. Wolff's abrupt and anxious manner? And how can you account for the sudden departure of George? Is it a play in which they have given me a part to perform? Am I an unfaithful wife because an impertinent lad has touched me with his lips? And is this Don Juan, on account of that happiness, to be exiled? Oh, it is all perfectly ridiculous! Dear Borghèse, you can answer for me; you know the attachment, the love, I have for M. Wolff; you are acquainted with my whole life. You must come with me, and relate this pitiable story, that people may know that the pure, the wise George had the audacity to furtively and unceremoniously kiss his patron's wife."

"But still," said Borghèse, "people do not kiss ladies for nothing at all. I have been ten times with him, he has played the piano with me, and, as every one else has, I always found him respectful, indeed timid, when alone with him. Now did you not make some advances for it to come to that?"

"Good gracious! almost nothing; I was annoyed about the bet; you know I like to succeed in my little schemes, and I don't know why, I took a fancy to this pin, and then——"

"And then?" said Borghèse.

"Then I plucked a pomegranate blossom, and offered him the flower for his pin, the value of which increased in proportion to his desire to keep it."

"And then?"

"And then," continued Madame Wolff, "I put this flower in my waistband, and whilst I was asleep——"

"You were asleep, Louise? and you think all that very innocent? You see, however, what it has led to."

"I only know it too well," said Madame Wolff; "but I am not asking you to point out the moral, Borghèse, but how to get out of this stupid affair."

"I know—I know," replied Borghèse, "but only on two conditions will I tell you, and the first will appear intolerable to you."

"What is it, then?"

"My dear Louise, it is to listen to a sermon in three heads."

Madame Wolff extended herself on her sofa with a disappointed look.

Borghèse placed herself in an arm-chair before her, with the air of a judge.

"My dear lady," said she, "you are good, you are sensible, you love your husband, who is the most devoted and generous of men; you have a great deal of leisure, you have time for useful and charming occupations, you are in a most envied position, for you have the rare privilege of being able to bestow your liberality on those who suffer. Well, how do you employ this leisure? In frivolities, in listening to light conversations, in encouraging scandal, in contriving adventurous undertakings, like that from which you cannot now extricate yourself, in challenging by your coquetry the attention of an innocent young man, who was properly occupied with his duties. Have you now learned the danger of it?"

"Yes, dear Borghèse, you know that I have, for I have summoned you to my assistance."

"And now," said Borghèse, "another condition. If I release you from this danger, will you pardon me the means I thought best to employ—I, whom you defied to protect George under my white wing? And will you still allow me to act the part of a wise and prudent mother to this young man?"

"You know very well that I promise you everything you wish. But pray speak, naughty girl!"

"Well, do you know, I watched over you; for people cannot go to sleep under

myrtle-trees without danger. And now I give you back the kiss I took from you, and the flower that you reproach so much." And she threw a faded pomegranate at her feet. "It is I, your Borghèse, who am the impertinent fellow whom you have to complain of. Poor George is quite innocent of everything; he was already far away, so much did he dread your fascinations; and as to the pin, to which I have made you pay homage, I beg you to believe that it is not in the slightest bewitched."

"I am frantic," said Madame Wolff, too happy at this *dénouement*. "But why have you let me suffer for so long a time, and make a thousand suppositions about George's departure?"

"To punish you and revenge him," said Borghèse seriously.

The two friends embraced each other, and promised to keep the secret.

Madame Wolff was cured. That evening, in the drawing-room, every one was in good spirits. Madame Wolff, hanging on her husband's arm, received George with quite a maternal friendship; he had the honours of the evening, and they made him relate his travels. M. Wolff congratulated him, and showed the intention of interesting himself in his affairs. Peace and happiness had once more entered this house, thanks to the prudent foresight of a friend.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

PERSIA.

THE dominant religion of the largest portion of Western Asia, from the time of Cyrus to the conquest of that continent by Alexander the Great, was that religious system which had been founded, or rather reformed, by the celebrated Persian theologian, Zoroaster.

The opinions held, and the practices pursued for so many years by the ancient Persians, are extremely interesting and worthy our attention; and it is curious to notice the total change in the opinions of their descendants, who not only do not worship fire themselves, but are actually persecutors of those who do!

Zoroaster taught the existence of an eternal, holy, and almighty being, who created two other mighty beings, to whom

he imparted as much of his own nature as seemed good to him. The names of these two mighty beings were Ormuzd and Ahriman; the former, regarded as the source of all good, remained faithful to his creator; while the latter rebelled against his maker, and became the author of all the evil in the world. This doctrine of a good and evil principle was the foundation



PERSIAN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

of the whole religious system of the ancient Persians, who further believed that Ormuzd created man, and supplied him with all materials of happiness, while Ahriman, jealous of the work, endeavoured to mar it, and that but too successfully, by introducing evil into the world in the shape of savage beasts, poisonous reptiles and plants, sickness, and pain.



PERSIAN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

In consequence of these united creations, good and evil are now mixed together in every part of the world, and the adherents of Ormuzd and Ahriman—the followers of these two opposing principles—are supposed to be carrying on an incessant war throughout the length and breadth of the world.

This struggle of the two deities, and the quarrels of their disciples, will, according to the doctrine of Zoroaster, continue during 12,000 years, at the end of which period the adherents of Ormuzd shall everywhere

be victorious, and Ahriman and his followers be consigned to darkness for ever; or, according to another and pleasanter version of the story, he will become a convert to the truth and goodness; while, to

altars, nor statues, but offered their sacrifices on the tops of mountains. They adored fire, light, and the sun, as emblems of Ormuzd, whom they considered, as we have already stated, as the source of all light and purity. Their ceremonies were



PERSIAN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.



PERSIAN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

crown all, a new world—a world happier and better than the present—will be created.

The religious rites of the ancient Persians were exceedingly simple. According to Herodotus, they used neither temples,

regulated by a powerful sacerdotal class called the Magi.

Temples were, of course, erected in after ages, in which, when the disciples of Zoroaster performed their devotions, they turned towards the sacred fire which burnt



PRIEST OR KING WORSHIPPING TOWARDS THE SUN, WITH ALTAR AND SACRED FIRE.

upon the altar, but when they worshipped in the open air, their faces were to the sun, as the noblest of all lights, and that by which God sheds His divine influence over the whole world, and perpetuates the works of His creation.

It does not appear that the sun or fire were originally regarded as independent deities, but the symbolical worship prac-

tised by the Persians ended with them, as it did and ever will do with every other nation. After a few years, direct worship was offered by the great mass of the people to both sun and fire; the higher object of reverence and worship, whom these symbols were supposed to represent, being entirely overlooked, ignored, or forgotten! Nor is it improbable that a

stranger passing through ancient Persia might not, from what he heard and saw, have departed with the impression that Ormuzd was the god of the land; for there were many state inscriptions graven on stone, in which everything was constantly described as being done "by the grace of Ormuzd," and in which no other spiritual existence was recognised.

According to Zoroaster's system, man was to work out his own salvation, to fight his battles against the evil within and the evil without him as best he could, assisted only by Ormuzd and the aid of his angels. Still it was felt that all this might leave the mind unsatisfied, and the resource provided was the —priest, who, as the commissioned servant of Ormuzd, had power with heaven which others lacked. This thrusting in of the priest as a person having authority in the great concern between God and the soul, is the fatal plague-mark of every human invention in religion, in all countries and in every age.

One great distinction between the Persian and other religions must, however, be observed. Zoroaster (in common with many other false teachers), while inculcating the doctrine that salvation was secured by works, avoided the grosser error of making peace procurable by bodily mortifications, tortures, and fastings, and declared that it was to be effected only by acts of mercy, brotherly love, and public good. His views on this matter are illustrated by the following curious parable:—

"It is reported of Zoroaster that, one day, retiring from the presence of God, he beheld a man plunged in Gehenna: his right foot only being free and sticking out, Zoroaster cried, 'What is this that I behold?' He was answered, 'The man whom thou seest in this plight was formerly the lord of thirty-three cities, over which he reigned for many years without doing one good deed. Nothing but oppression, injustice, pride, and violence entered his mind. He was the scourge of multitudes, and, without regarding their misery, he lived at ease in his palace. But one day, as he was out hunting, he beheld a sheep caught by the foot in a thicket, and thereby held at such a distance from food that it must have perished. On seeing this, a new and strange impulse of pity touched the King's mind. He sought to

draw his horse, released the sheep from the thicket, and led it to the pasture. It is for this act of tenderness and compassion that his foot remains out of Gehenna, although, for the multitude of his sins, all the rest of his body is plunged therein.' Endeavour, therefore (runs the moral), to do all the good thou canst, without distrust or fear; for God is benign and merciful, and will reward richly the smallest good thou doest."

According to Strabo and other ancient writers, the Persians killed the victims for their sacrifices without knives, using a lever, with which they struck as with an axe. They had great inclosures, which they called "Pyretheas," in the midst whereof was an altar, on which the Magi preserved the ashes of their sacrifices, and kept a continual fire. They entered this sacred inclosure every day, making enchantments for the space of an hour, holding wisps of rods, and wearing mitres that came so low as to cover their lips and cheeks.

If we are to credit Herodotus, the ancient Persians, in offering their sacrifices, used neither garlands, nor meal, nor oblations, nor instrumental music; but he who offered the sacrifice brought the victim into a clean place, and invoked the god to whom he would sacrifice, having his mitre crowned with myrtle. Neither was it lawful for the priest to pray for himself in particular, but he must intercede for the King and the whole nation. After the flesh of the victim was roasted, it was cut in pieces, and young grass, especially clover, scattered over it, after which the Magi sang the Theogony—a kind of sacred song much used on such occasions—the conclusion of the ceremony being the carrying away of the roasted flesh by the priests.

When they sacrificed to Ahriman, a certain herb, called "Omomi," was bruised in a mortar and mingled with the blood of a wolf, and when this witches' broth was completely mixed, it was thrown into a dark cavern, into whose dismal recesses the sun never shone.

The sacred books of the Persians, called Zendavesta, are the source from whence our knowledge of the religion of the ancient Persians is principally derived.

We have already stated that, up to the time of Alexander the Great, Zoroaster's

was the dominant religion of Asia; under the Macedonian and Parthian monarchies, however, the doctrines of Zoroaster appear to have been considerably corrupted by the introduction of foreign opinions; but on the re-establishment of the Persian monarchy under Artaxerxes, great exertions were made to restore the religion of the Persians to its primitive purity. The exercise of every other worship was strictly prohibited, and the religion of Zoroaster again became the ruling faith of the East, and so continued until the rise of the Mahomedan power, and the conquest of Persia by the Arabs in the seventh century, who compelled the Persians to renounce their ancient faith. Some refused to abandon the religion of their ancestors, and fled for safety to the deserts of Kerman, or to Hindostan, where their descendants exist to the present day, under the general name of Parsees, or Farsis—a name derived from Pars, or Fars, the ancient title of Persia. A full and interesting account of the Parsees of India, and especially their religious usages, is given by Herbert, in his "Travels," and by Niebuhr. Their practice of exposing the dead to be devoured by vultures, described by both these travellers, fully agrees with what Herodotus and Strabo say of the customs of the Magi.

A few of the Parsees still remain in Persia, and are called by the Arabs Guebers, i. e., unbelievers; they are hated and despised by the modern Persians, and although they are an industrious and useful body of men, lead but a miserable life in their ancient and proper country.

Although the Mahomedans used every exertion to uproot everything connected with the ancient idolatry, yet it appears that traces of the old faith may yet be observed in the country; for instance, the figures emblazoned on the national ensign, and stamped upon the coin of the realm, are the lion and the sun, i. e., the figure of the sun rising over the back of a lion, while in some coins the lion is left out, and the sun alone placed; and it is a singular fact, a few years since, when one of their kings founded an order of knighthood, in honour of the French embassy sent by Napoleon, he called it the Order of the Sun. But the most striking of all the remains of the ancient religion is the

yearly feast, called the *Nurooz*, i. e., the new day, and this was the principal festival of the fire-worshippers of Persia. It was held when the sun entered the constellation of the Ram, in the month of March, and celebrated the benefits which the sun confers upon the earth. The modern Persians never acknowledge that they keep a feast of their idolatrous forefathers, and excuse themselves for keeping this feast by pretending that the creation of the world began on that day, and that on that day their favourite saint, Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomet, became chief (caliph) of the Arabians.

The feast *Nurooz* lasted in the olden times six days, the rich sent presents to the poor, all classes dressed themselves in their holiday clothes, and a large number of persons in all ranks kept open house. While the feast lasted, the days were enlivened by religious processions, music, dancing, species of theatrical entertainments, and rural sports. In the general joy, even the dead were not forgotten, nor the creatures of their imagination neglected; for the good-natured people placed rich messes from their own tables upon towers and house-tops, that the spirits of their departed friends, and the good and fair beings whom they called *Feris* (who seem to have resembled our *fairies* both in name and nature) might partake of the general good cheer.

At the present time the feast only lasts three days, and the arrival of the happy hour is announced by the firing of guns from the citadel about midnight, at the supposed moment when the sun enters the constellation Aries, immediately after which the government band takes up the note of gladness, and trumpets and drums keep up a joyful uproar for hours. In the morning every one that meets a friend in the street or elsewhere salutes him, according to the custom of the country, on both cheeks, and wishes him a joyful festival; exchanges of presents are made, and altogether the feast very closely resembles our own Christmas practices; but as a further description of this feast would involve the examination of Mahomedan customs, to which we intend devoting a separate chapter, we must conclude, begging our readers, as we conduct them from one false religion to another, to note how

the leading characteristics of each are developed in all, how fleeting was their influence, how feeble their light, how small the consolation they offered, and how certain their overthrow, the religion of each nation sinking as the national glory and power departed, proving that they sprang from beneath and not from above, and that, weighed in the balances of calamity and tried in the measure of adversity, they were found empty and wanting, and utterly unworthy the confidence of reasonable men!

M. S. R.

THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE JOY-BELLS RING NOT ALWAYS.

"It was a very long time ago, when I was young—for I, too, have been young. Youth is a fortune common to all, to the rich as well as to the poor, but which remains in the hands of no one. I had just passed my examination. I had been admitted to practice; and, perfectly convinced that by my agency death was to be driven from earth, I returned to my native village for the exercise of my great talents. The village is not far from here. From the window of my little bedroom I could see that side of the white house which is opposite to the one upon which you are now looking. My village would, very certainly, not appear in your eyes particularly beautiful. To me it seemed magnificent, I was born there, and I loved it. Everyone sees what he loves through a coloured medium. God permits us to be occasionally blind; for he well knows that it is not always an advantage in this world to see things in their true light. The place seemed to me, then, agreeable and cheerful; I could live there perfectly happy.

"The aspect of the white house, however, every time that on rising I threw open my blinds, impressed me disagreeably; it was always closed, noiseless and gloomy, like a thing abandoned of men. I had never seen the windows opened, the door unbolted, or the garden-gate swing on its hinges to give admittance to inhabitant or guest. Your relative, who did not know what to do with a cottage by the side of

price was rather high, and there was no one among us sufficiently rich to pay it.

"I hoped, however, that a tenant would be found; a good roof, thought I, which shelters no head is so much lost. After a while, I noticed daily some change in the appearance of the place. Boxes of flowers were tastefully placed against the walls to relieve their nakedness; flower-beds were traced out in front of the entrance; the walks were cleared of weeds and gravelled; and muslin curtains, as white as snow, glittered in the sun's rays when they fell upon the windows. At last, one day, a travelling-carriage, after rolling through the village, drew up in front of the little house. Who could these strangers be? No one knew; but every one in the village was dying to find out. For a long time nothing was known outside of what was going on in the cottage; we only saw the roses bloom and the grass grow green. Many were the commentaries made upon the mystery. At one time it was supposed that a party of adventurers were concealed there; at another, that the occupants were a young man and his mistress; in short, everything was surmised except the truth.

"Truth is so simple that we do not always think of it; as soon as the mind is put in action, it searches right and left, and never thinks of looking directly before it. As for me, I troubled myself very little about the matter. Whoever is there, thought I, they belong to our common race, and consequently cannot continue long without illness, and I shall be sent for. I waited patiently.

"As I had expected, one day a messenger was sent to say to me that Mr. William Meredith desired to see me. I immediately put on my holiday suit; and, endeavouring to assume a gravity becoming my profession, I walked through the village, with a full sense of my importance. There were many who envied me. People came to their doors to see me pass. 'He is going to the white house,' was whispered about. I walked leisurely, avoiding the appearance of a vulgar curiosity, bowing to my neighbours the peasants, and saying to them, 'I shall see you again, my friends. I shall see you later in the day—this morning I am busy;' and thus I went on until I reached the house there on the hill-side. When I

dwelling, I was delighted with the spectacle before me. The best ornament of the room consisted of flowers: they were so artistically arranged that gold could not have better adorned the interior of this cottage; curtains of white muslin at the windows, and arm-chairs covered with light-coloured chintz—this was all; but there were roses and jessamines, and flowers of all sorts as in a garden. The light came softened through the curtains, the air was filled with the fragrance of flowers; and, reclining upon a sofa, a young girl, or a young woman, as fair and fresh as everything that surrounded her, received me with a smile. A handsome young man, who was seated upon an ottoman by her side, arose when Doctor Barnabé was announced.

"Sir," he said to me with a very decided foreign accent, 'so much is said here of your scientific attainments that I expected to see an old man.'

"Sir," I answered, 'I have studied seriously. I am fully convinced of the responsibility and importance of my profession; you can have confidence in me.'

"Very well," he said, 'I place my wife under your charge. Her present situation requires both advice and precaution. She was born at a distance from here; she left family and friends to follow me. I have only my affection, but no experience, to enable me to nurse her. I rely upon you, sir; if it is possible, preserve her from all suffering.'

"While speaking these words, the young man looked at his wife with an expression so full of love that her large blue eyes glistened with tears of gratitude. She dropped the little cap which she was embroidering, and pressed her husband's hand in both her own. There was every reason for me to think their lot one worthy of being envied; but somehow I did not think so. I felt sad, but could not tell why. I had often, on seeing people weep, said, 'They are happy!' I saw William Meredith and his wife smile, and could not prevent myself from thinking they had troubles of their own.

"I seated myself near my charming patient. I had never seen anything so pretty as her lovely face, surrounded by long light curls.

"What is your age, madame?"

"Seventeen."

"Is the climate of your distant birth-place very different from ours?"

"I was born in America, at New Orleans. Mine is a brighter land than this!"

"She seemed to fear that she had expressed a regret, for she added—

"But every land is bright to her who dwells in her husband's house, and with him at her side."

"Her eyes sought those of her husband; and then she spoke, in a language unknown to me, some words so sweet to the ear that they could only be words of love.

"After a short visit, I withdrew, promising to return. I did return; and at the end of a couple of months I had become almost on terms of friendship with this young pair. Their happiness was not of an egotistical character; they still had time to think of others. They had hearts to understand that the poor village doctor, having no other society than that of uneducated peasants, considered the hour spent in refined conversation as a blessing not to be appreciated too highly.

"They related to me their travels; and after a little while, with the prompt confidence that characterizes youth, they told me their story. It was the wife who spoke as follows—

"Doctor," she said to me, 'far away over the sea, I have a father, sisters, relatives, and friends, whom I loved for a long time until I loved William; but then I closed my heart against those who refused to open theirs to my lover. William's father forbade him to marry me, because he was too noble for the daughter of an American planter; my father forbade me to love William, because he was too proud to give his daughter to a man whose family would not have received her with affection. They tried to separate us; but our love was too strong. For a long time we begged, wept, and implored the pity of those whom it was our duty to obey; they remained inflexible, and we continued to love on. Doctor, have you ever loved? I hope that you have, that you may make allowances for us. We were secretly married, and we fled to France. Oh, how beautiful did the ocean seem to me in that early season of our love! Reclining in the shadow of the great sails of the ship which dashed on from billow to billow, we spent

happy days, dreaming of the forgiveness of our families, and seeing nothing but joy in the future. Alas! it was not to be so. They determined to follow us; and my husband's ambitious family cruelly resolved to take advantage of some irregularity of form in our marriage in order to separate us. We have hidden ourselves in the midst of these mountains and these forests. Under a name which is not our own, we are living in perfect concealment. My father has never forgiven me; he has cursed me! This is the reason, doctor, why I cannot always smile, even when my dear William is near me!

"How devotedly they loved each other! I have never seen a heart so completely bestowed upon another as was Eva Meredith's upon her husband. Whatever her occupation might be, she seated herself in such a position as to be able, whenever she raised her eyes, to see William. She only read the book which he was reading. With her head reclining on her husband's shoulder, her eyes followed the lines upon which William's were resting; she wished that the same thoughts should enter the mind of each at the same moment; and whenever I crossed the garden on my way to the house, I could not avoid smiling, as I always noticed upon the sanded walks Eva's little footprint by the side of William's.

"What a difference, ladies, between that deserted old house which you see before you and the charming dwelling of my young friends! The walls covered with flowers! bouquets upon every table! delightful books filled with love-tales which resembled their loves! Gay birds singing around them! How pleasant it was to live there, and be loved a little by those who loved each other so much! But, alas! it is but too true that happy days are not long on earth, and that Providence never accords but a little happiness in this world.

"One morning Eva Meredith seemed to me to be ill. I questioned her with all the interest which I felt for her. She said to me abruptly—

"It is not necessary, doctor, to go so far to find the cause. You need not feel my pulse—it is my heart which is beating too strongly. Call me a child, if you please to do so, doctor, but I am in trouble this

morning. William is going to leave me: he is going to the neighbouring town beyond the mountain to get some money which has been remitted for us."

"And when will he return?" I asked.

"She smiled, almost blushed; and then with a look which seemed to say, 'Do not laugh at me,' she answered, 'This evening.'

"I could not prevent myself from smiling, notwithstanding her imploring look.

"At this moment, a servant led to the door the horse which Mr. Meredith was to ride. Eva arose, went down to the garden, approached the horse, and, stroking his mane, bent her head upon the animal's neck, perhaps in order to conceal the tears which were falling from her eyes. William came, and, springing upon his horse, tenderly raised his wife's head.

"Child!" he exclaimed, as he affectionately kissed her forehead.

"William! it is because we have never yet been separated so many hours at a time."

"William Meredith leaned his head towards Eva, and again kissed her beautiful blonde curls; he then plunged his spurs into his horse's side, and dashed off at a gallop. I am sure that he, too, was a little agitated. Nothing is so contagious as the weakness of those we love; tears provoke tears, and the courage which prevents us from mingling our tears with those of a friend is not to be admired.

"I withdrew, and, when I had returned to my own little room, began to reflect upon the happiness of loving. I wondered if ever an Eva would come and share with me my humble roof. I did not think of inquiring if I was worthy of being loved. Good Heavens! when we see persons devoted to each other, we easily perceive it is not on account of a thousand things, and for good reasons, that their love is so great; they love because it is necessary and inevitable for them to do so; they love because their hearts prompt them to love. Well! I set about seeking the good fortune of finding a heart which had need of loving, just as in my morning walks I might meet in my path a fragrant flower.

"Such were my dreams, although it is a somewhat blameable feeling to regret what we do not possess at the sight of the happiness of others. Is there not a little

envy in it? and if joy could be stolen as gold can, would not the theft suggest itself to our minds?

"The day had passed, and I had just finished my frugal supper, when a message came from Mrs. Meredith, begging me to call upon her. In five minutes more, I had reached the door of the white house. I found Eva still alone, seated upon a sofa, without work or book, pale and trembling.

"'Come, doctor, come,' she said to me, with her gentle voice. 'I can no longer remain alone. See how late it is! He should have been here more than two hours ago, and he has not yet returned!'

"I was surprised at the prolonged absence of Mr. Meredith; but, in order to calm his wife, I quietly answered, 'What can he know about the time necessary to complete his business, after he reached the town? He has probably been compelled to wait; the clerk was absent, perhaps. There may have been papers to sign and deliver.'

"Ah, doctor, I was sure that you would say something to console me. I did not hesitate to ask you to come. I required some one to tell me that it was silly to tremble as I do. How fearfully long the day has been! Doctor, are there any persons who find it possible to live alone? Do they not die at once as if deprived of half the air necessary for respiration? But eight o'clock is striking.'

"It was difficult for me to understand why William did not return. I could think of nothing else to say but, 'Madame, the sun has hardly set; it is still light, and the evening is magnificent. Come and breathe the fragrance of your flowers; come, let us go and meet your husband on the road.'

"She leaned upon my arm and walked towards the fence which inclosed the little garden. I endeavoured to draw her attention to the surrounding objects. She answered me at first as a child obeys; but I perceived that her thoughts were not with her words. Her eyes remained anxiously fixed upon the green gate, still ajar as at William's departure.

"She went and leaned upon the fence, and then allowed me to walk on, smiling her thanks from time to time; for in proportion as the evening advanced did she lose the courage of replying to me. She

gazed at the sunset, and the greyish shades which succeeded the brilliant rays marked with certainty the march of time. Everything around us was becoming obscure; the road, whose wide turnings we had until then been able to trace through the wood, disappeared from our eyes in the shadow of the great trees, and the village clock struck nine. Eva shuddered; I, myself, felt each stroke echo in my heart. I felt pity for what this woman must suffer.

"'Recollect, madame,' I answered (she had not spoken, but I answered the anxiety which spoke in all her features), 'recollect that Mr. Meredith can only return on a walk; the road through the wood is constantly intercepted by rocks which prevent a faster gait.'

"I spoke to her thus because I felt it was necessary to comfort her; but the truth is, that I was no longer able to account for William's absence. I, who was familiar with the distance, knew that I could have been twice to the town and back since William had left home. The evening dew was beginning to penetrate our clothing, and especially the muslin dress of the anxious girl. I again took her arm, and led her towards the house. She followed me mechanically. She was one of those gentle, or I may say weak characters, who submit to control even in their grief. She walked slowly, with her head down, and her eyes fixed upon the traces left in the sand by the gallop of her husband's horse. But how sad it was to return thus at night, and still without William! In vain we listened: all nature was in that profound silence which nothing disturbs in the country when night has come. How every feeling of anxiety increases then! The earth appears so gloomy and enveloped in darkness, that it seems to remind us that every thing in life, too, is destined to grow dark. It was looking at Eva that suggested to me these reflections; had I been alone, they would never have occurred to me.

"We went in. Eva seated herself upon the sofa and remained motionless, with her hands crossed upon her knees, and her head bent down. A lamp stood burning upon the mantel, and the light burnt full upon her face—never shall I forget its expression of grief. She was pale, very pale; her brow and cheeks were of the

came hue; the dampness of the evening air had deranged her hair, which fell in disorder upon her shoulders. Tears glistened in her eyes, and the trembling of her colourless lips indicated the effort which she made to prevent her tears from falling. She was so young that her sweet face looked like that of a child who has been forbidden to cry.

"I began to grow uneasy, and to be at a loss what to say to Mrs. Meredith. I recollected suddenly (it was, indeed, a doctor's thought) that, in the midst of her anxiety, Eva had taken nothing since morning, and her condition rendered it imprudent for her to prolong this abstinence from all food. At the first word which I spoke upon the subject, she raised her eyes to my face with an expression of reproach, and this time the movement of her eyelids caused two tears to drop upon her cheeks.

"'For your child, madame!' I said to her.

"'Ah! you are right,' she murmured.

"And she arose and walked to the dining-room; but in the dining-room the little table was prepared for two, and this struck me at the moment so sadly that I neither spoke nor moved. My increasing uneasiness made me quite awkward. I had not the skill to say things which I did not think. The silence continued.

"'And yet,' I said to myself, 'I am here to console her; she sent for me for this purpose. There are undoubtedly a thousand reasons to explain this delay; let me try to find one.' I tried and tried, and then I continued silent, cursing a hundred times a minute the want of wit of a poor village doctor.

"Eva, with her head supported upon her hand, did not eat. Suddenly she turned abruptly towards me, and, bursting into tears, said—

"'Ah! doctor, I see perfectly well that you, too, are uneasy.'

"'No; no, madame,' I answered, speaking at random. 'Why should I be uneasy? He has probably dined with the banker. The country is safe, and, besides, no one knows that he brings money back with him.'

"One of the causes of my anxiety had escaped me in spite of myself. I knew that a band of foreign reapers had passed

through the village that morning, on their way to a neighbouring department.

"Eva uttered a shriek.

"'Robbers! robbers!' she cried. 'I had not thought of that danger!'

"'But, madame, I only speak of it to say that it does not exist.'

"'Oh, the idea occurred to you, doctor, because you thought that this misfortune was possible! William, my William! why did you leave me?' she tearfully exclaimed.

"I was standing, overwhelmed by my want of tact, muttering some incoherent words, and feeling, as a climax to the misfortune, that my eyes were about filling with tears.

"'Come! I am going to cry,' I said to myself; 'there was nothing wanting but this.'

"At last an idea came to me.

"'Mrs. Meredith,' I said to her, 'I cannot see you so anxious and remain by you without finding anything to say to console you. I will go and look for your husband; I will take at random one of the roads of the wood; I will look everywhere, call, and go, if necessary, even to the town.'

"'Oh! thanks, thanks, my friend!' Eva Meredith exclaimed. 'Take the gardener and the servant with you; go in every direction.'

"We returned hastily to the drawing-room, and Eva rang the bell eagerly several times. All the inmates of the little house opened, at the same moment, the different doors of the room in which we were.

"'Follow Doctor Barnabé,' exclaimed Mrs. Meredith.

"At this moment the gallop of a horse was distinctly heard upon the sand of the walk. Eva uttered a scream of happiness which penetrated every heart. Never shall I forget the expression of divine joy which instantaneously lit up her face, still bathed in tears.

"She flew with me to the front door. The moon at that moment escaping from a veil of clouds shone full upon a horse covered with foam, without a rider, with bridle dragging upon the ground, and with empty stirrups flapping against his dusty flanks.

"A second scream—a scream of horror this time—escaped from Eva Meredith. She then turned towards me, her eyes

fixed, her mouth partly open, her arms hanging down.

"My friends," I shouted to the frightened servants, "light torches and follow me! Madame, we shall return soon, I hope, with your husband, who is slightly wounded; his foot sprained, perhaps. Keep up your courage; we shall soon return."

"I shall go with you," murmured Eva Meredith in a stifled tone.

"It is impossible," I exclaimed. "We must go quickly; we shall be compelled to go a distance, perhaps; and, in your situation, you would endanger your own life and that of your child."

"I shall go with you," Eva repeated.

"Oh! it was then that I felt in its full force how cruel was the isolation in which this woman lived! A father or a mother who had been there with her would have ordered her to remain, would have kept her back by force; but she was alone in the world; and to all my repeated intreaties she continued to answer in a choking voice—

"I shall go with you."

"We started. The moon was obscured by clouds; there was no light in the heavens nor on the earth. We could hardly distinguish our road by the uncertain flicker of our torches. A servant walked before. He held down the torch first to the right and then to the left, in order to throw the light into the ditches and the hedges which bordered the road. Behind him, Mrs. Meredith, the gardener, and I followed with our eyes the glare of the flame, searching in an agony of suspense for any object which might present itself to our sight. At intervals we called aloud Mr. Meredith's name; and after us a stifled voice sobbed out almost inaudibly the name of William, as if the heart counted upon the instinct of love to hear more easily her tears than our calls.

"We reached the wood. The rain was beginning to fall; and the drops, as they pattered upon the leaves of the trees, made so melancholy a sound that it seemed as if everything that surrounded us was weeping.

"The light garments in which Eva was clad were soon penetrated by the cold rain. Water was dripping upon the hair and the forehead of the poor child. She struck her feet against the stones in the road, and

frequently stumbled so as to fall upon her knees; but she got up again with the energy of despair, and followed on. It was very painful to me to see this. The red glare of our torches illumined successively every trunk of a tree, every rock. Sometimes, at an angle of the road, the wind seemed to extinguish this light, and then we would stop, lost in the darkness. Our voices had begun to tremble so in calling William Meredith, that they frightened us ourselves. I did not dare to look at Eva; I actually was afraid of seeing her fall dead before me.

"At last, while we were walking on, fatigued, discouraged, and in silence, Mrs. Meredith suddenly pushed us aside, rushed forward, and sprang through the bushes. We followed her. When we were able to lift up a torch to distinguish objects, alas! we saw her upon her knees at the side of William's body. He was stretched upon the ground, motionless—his eyes dimmed, and his brow covered with the blood which was flowing from a wound on the left temple.

"Doctor!" said Eva to me.

"This one word asked me, 'Is William still alive?'

"I leaned down; I felt William Meredith's pulse; I placed my hand upon his heart, and I remained silent. Eva continued to look me in the face; but gradually, as my silence was prolonged, I saw her tremble and bend, and then, without a word or cry, she fell upon the dead body of her husband.

"But, ladies," said Dr. Barnabé, turning towards his audience, "the sun is beginning to shine; you can, if you wish, go out of doors now. Let us proceed no further with this sad story."

Madame de Moncar came to the old man.

"Doctor," she said, "dear doctor, we implore you to go on; look at us, and you will not doubt the interest with which we listen to you."

And, indeed, there were no longer any contemptuous smiles upon the young faces which surrounded the village doctor. Perhaps even he might have seen tears glistening in some eyes. He resumed his story.

VERY MUCH WANTED! VERY MUCH INDEED!

THE window was open, and the last rays of the setting sun were shedding their influence round the room in which Mary, with her mother, was sitting. A gentle breeze wafted the fragrance of the flowers from the garden; the leaves of the bushes danced with joy, and the song of a glittering stream, that ran at a little distance, might be heard, as it were, forming an undertone to the "native wood-notes wild" of the numerous birds that fluttered among the branches of the neighbouring shrubbery. All things beyond the room in which Mary was, seemed to be steeped in a luxury of enjoyment. The sun was soft and radiant; the sky spread itself out in a sheet of unchequered blue; the earth was clothed in every shade of green, and the flowers were painted in every variety of colour; but all this could neither be seen nor felt by Mary, who was unhappy in the extreme. She was engaged with her studies. Books, "great and small," covered the table at which she sat, and she was now turning over the leaves of one, now those of another, until her delicate fingers ached and her beautiful eyes wandered with the irksomeness of the duty.

"Oh, these books!" cried Mary; "I have no end of trouble with these books."

"In what respect, my dear?" asked her mother.

"In having to hunt up what I want in so many different volumes, and in being so often disappointed in not finding it," returned Mary.

Her mother paused over the reply, and then asked if there were no work of a portable size, and at a reasonable price, that might contain all that is wanted in such departments of knowledge as have a close connexion with each other.

"None that I know of," said Mary; "but such a work is VERY MUCH WANTED."

"I should say, VERY MUCH INDEED," coincided the mother.

"Yes," continued Mary; "for here have I to consult one for geography, another for ancient history, another for modern history, another for biography, another for correct pronunciation, and so on, until I am both wearied and bewildered, and the

reading and study that ought to be a pleasure are converted into a lingering toil which often exhausts the energies of the body without proportionately enriching the mind."

At this moment the knock of the postman was heard at the door, and, almost immediately, the servant entered with a letter.

"From Uncle!" cried Mary, who knew the handwriting of the address.

"From Uncle!" repeated her mother in astonishment. "Why, he left us but yesterday. Is there anything wrong?"

By this time Mary had opened the envelope, and found that it contained both a note and a PROSPECTUS of a New WORK just about to be published. Nothing was wrong with Uncle. He was both well and hearty; but on his arrival in London, he had accidentally seen the advertisement of what, at home, was VERY MUCH WANTED. Accordingly, he immediately procured a Prospectus, and, forwarding it to Mary, expressed a desire that she should take in the Work it announced at his expense, "which would not be great"—so ran the note—"whilst its usefulness would be incalculable, not only in assisting her in her studies, but as an indispensable Household Volume to all who would wish to keep pace with the progress of the age in sound knowledge and general intelligence."

The Prospectus was now hastily opened, and was found to announce a

DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION,

TO APPEAR ON THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER, 1858;
TO BE COMPLETED IN 24 PARTS,
AND TO COST ONLY

THREEPENCE A MONTH!!

"Just what is wanted!" exclaimed Mary.

"How strange!" thoughtfully ejaculated her mother, "that it should be thus, as it were, put into our very hands when we were speaking about it, and when it is so VERY MUCH WANTED!"

"Yes, indeed! and I find," cried Mary, who had by this time glanced at the leading features of the Prospectus, "that it will contain the very kind of knowledge that I want, and that is in daily, yea, hourly requisition by almost everybody. Just listen.

"THE DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL

INFORMATION, she read aloud from the Prospectus, 'will comprise a complete gazetteer of geography, accompanied with accurate, clear, and beautifully engraved maps; a perfect cyclopædia of history, ancient and modern; a full compendium of universal biography; a carefully condensed epitome of mythology; a faithful chronological record, with the correct pronunciation of every proper name. Besides these, it will, where necessary, be copiously illustrated with woodcuts, and will, also, embrace a comprehensive abridgment of biographical and geographical biblical knowledge; so that, in a great measure, it will fulfil, independently of its other advantages, all the purposes of a dictionary to the sacred volume.'

"There!" cried Mary, "just what we wanted!"

"VERY MUCH INDEED!" exclaimed her mother, and the troubles of Mary were, for the present, at an end. She put aside the ponderous volumes by which she had been perplexed, disappointed, wearied, and irritated; smoothed her brow, and covered her countenance with smiles; looked out upon the reposing landscape, and already began to wish for—

THE
DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION,
TO BE PUBLISHED ON

THE 1st OF NOVEMBER, 1838,

AT
THREE PENCE A MONTH,
BY

S. O. BEETON, BOUVERIE ST., FLEET ST.,
LONDON.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

VEAL AND PARSLEY PIE.—Take a large handful of parsley, one good-sized lettuce, and a handful of spinach, wash and cut as for salad; pour over it enough boiling water to cover. Line the edge of your dish with a short crust, and place in it a layer of veal (cut as usual for pies), and seasoned with pepper, salt, and flour; on this put a layer of the parsley and lettuce, &c., having first drained the water from it, continue the layers until the dish is full, then add either milk or water for gravy. Cover with the crust, and bake in a moderate oven an hour and a quarter. When opened at table, add, if approved, a teaspoonful of thin cream. Breast or neck of veal is best, but lamb will do instead, and nearly as well in point of taste.

GRAVY FOR PIES.—Six ounces of butter,

six ounces of ground rice, six ounces of butter, six eggs, half the whites, a pint and a half of new milk, and one glass of brandy or rum.

EXCELLENT SWEETCAKE.—Work one pound of butter in a cream with the hand, add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, and the yolks of four, three quarters of a pound of good sugar, a little mace, pounded nutmeg grated, one pound of flour, one ounce of caraway seeds, and a glass of brandy.

ORANGE TART.—Squeeze pulp and boil four Seville oranges, and double their weight in sugar, and beat them thoroughly together, then add an ounce of fresh butter. Line a shallow dish with a fine puff crust, and lay in the orange jam.

SAGO PUDDING.—Boil one pint of new milk with three spoonfuls of sago (well-cleaned and picked), cinnamon, lemon, nutmeg and sugar, according to taste, and mix in three eggs; lay a puff paste round the edge of the dish, and bake the whole slowly. This pudding is excellent for invalids.

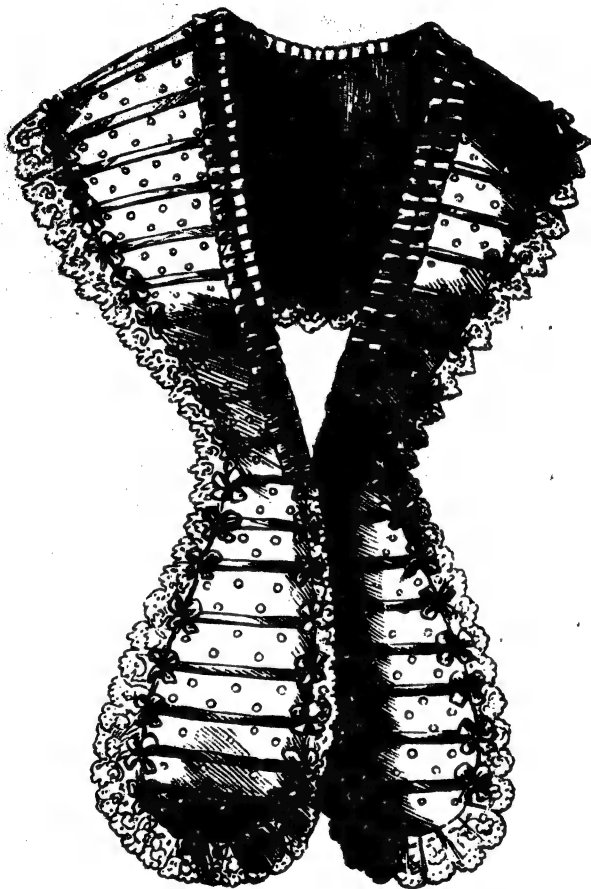
A SHEEP'S HEAD.—A sheep's head may be bought for about fourpence. It makes an excellent dish thus—Clean it well, by well washing in plenty of water, set it on with a gallon of liquor, when it boils put in a few carrots, turnips, parsnips (any or all), a few onions, a little parsley, a teaspoonful of pepper, three of salt, a quarter of a pound of Scotch oatmeal mixed with a little cold liquor. It will require stirring till it boils up again, then shut it close and let it stew till wanted. An hour and a half will do it nicely. It may be thickened with rice or barley, but oatmeal is the cheapest, and certainly the best.

AN IRISH STEW.—One pound of meat, cut in bits, three or four pounds of potatoes, peeled and scalded, three or four large onions, chopped up, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, a quart of water, or liquor from boiled meat, put in a saucepan over the fire, being careful to stir it about to prevent its burning. At the bottom put a layer of potatoes, then some of the chopped onions, with salt and pepper, then half the meat and a little more seasoning, then another layer of potatoes, then seasoning and meat, and seasoning again, then the rest of the potatoes, and, last of all, the liquor. Shut it closely down, and let it boil moderately for at least an hour. This is very good done with parsnips instead of potatoes, or part of each; it makes a savoury dish, and requires very little bread.

FOAM.—A pint of cream, a gill of white wine, a glass of brandy, three lemons, the peel grated, and three ounces of sugar; beat all together with whiskey till it becomes a solid froth, then put into jelly glasses.

THE FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

We have this month selected for illustration an article of dress which is at present in the highest fashion at Paris, and will, most probably, soon enjoy an equal degree of favour with the English ladies. We speak of the *Marie Antoinette Fashion*. This elegant article has peculiar advantages. It can be worn with any dress, the plainer the better, and at once converts it into a dress costume; and



MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.

Our example is direct from Paris. The shape is first to be cut out in rather stiff net, over which puffs of tulle are to be laid at regular distances. Between each division either a narrow black ribbon or a pink satin ribbon is to be laid. The border is formed of a blonde about three inches wide, very slightly frilled. At the end of each of the ribbons which divide the puffs a bow is placed; from the part where the ends cross each other these bows have their ends downwards. A quilting of ribbon is carried round the neck.

Our second illustration is also Parisian. It is a sort of body worn by young ladies of between six and ten years of age. It is made of either spotted or sprigged muslin, and trimmed round with a double row of either lace or rich embroidery. This is worn over either a silk or coloured muslin, and is confined round the waist with a rich ornamental silk cord and tassels, to match the under dress, which is made without a body. This article of dress is peculiarly French. It is light, elegant, and extremely convenient, as it can be worn over



YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

any variety of skirt, and at once converts whatever it thus accompanies into a costume suitable for any occasion.

The fineness of the weather has proportionately protracted the autumn fashions. By the sea-side the ladies still appear in their picturesque equipments of muslin, straw hats, and summer cloaks.

The most fashionable skirts are made double, with the upper one open at each side, and trimmed round with *stices à la vieille*. Waist ribbons are

worn having a bow with long ends hanging down in front, in cases where the basque is not adopted. Young ladies still wear the *casaque* of chequered *jaconnet* muslin, having only a skirt of the same beneath, without under body. These have just received an improvement in the shape of ribbon braces, which are highly ornamental, and render this favourite article of dress more advantageous to the figure. The same *casaque* is also still worn in black silk, when the braces are of black velvet.

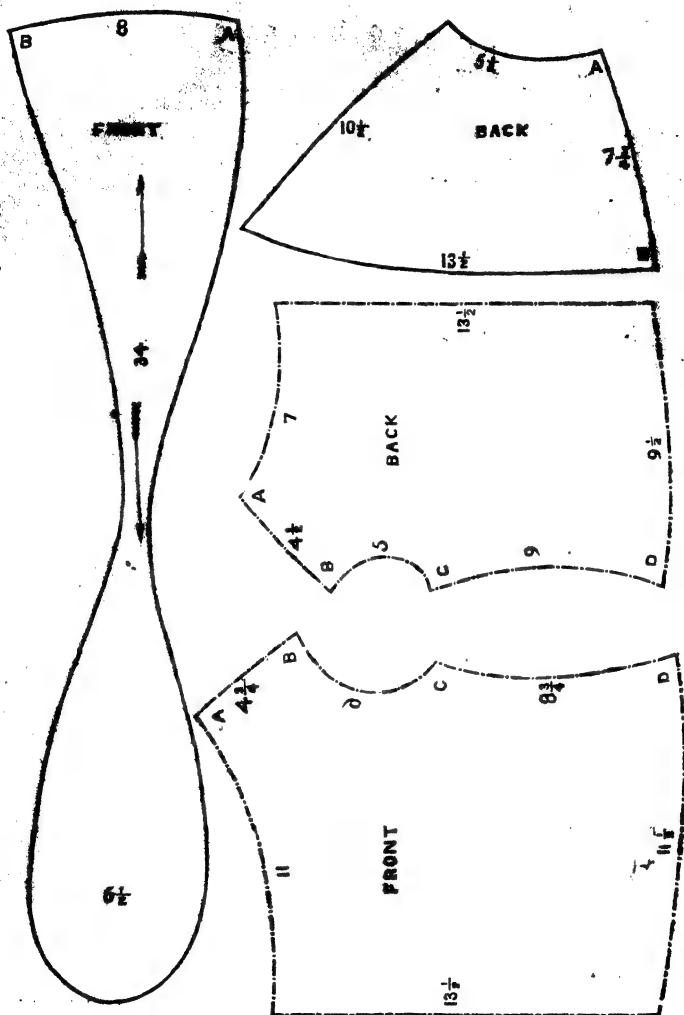


DIAGRAM OF MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.

Mohair dresses are again making their appearance for autumn wear; but these are all of chaste and sober colours, the trimming of the bonnet supplying the enlivening contrast. The Leghorn bonnet will enjoy a considerable portion of favour during the few months which remain of the

declining year, being trimmed with coarse velvet and ears of corn mingled with little tufts of grass, and relieved with black lace. Others are trimmed with black or violet-coloured velvet, having bunches of chrysanthemums at the side, also interspersed with hanging grass.

THE WORK-TABLE

EDITED BY HANDBOOKS BOOK.

GULPURE HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

The handkerchief is an article which admits of being ornamented in many ways. The French display much taste in it; and in Paris it often exhibits the most beautiful specimens of work, even finer and more artistic than those portions of work—namely, collars and sleeves—which are executed for the sole purpose of decoration. Perhaps there is no style of work which ladies can accomplish themselves so handsomely and effectively as that known by the name of Gulpure embroidery. The richness of the pattern is displayed to great advantage on the light, open ground of the connecting threads. A beautiful handkerchief forms a very elegant wedding present; and the one we have given this month will be found exceedingly rich when finished. Some ladies, in executing this sort of work, insert a single thread for the Gulpure; but, for good work, this is a poor substitute, as it looks considerably better, and is more durable, when the connecting threads are worked in very fine button-hole stitch. Cambric, being so fine a material, is too light for this work. We should, therefore, propose that a border of fine, thin cambric muslin, the width of the pattern, should be added to a small square of cambric; this will bear the weight of the work much better, and will never show any difference, as so much of the muslin is cut away. The flowers and pattern must be worked very neatly, but well raised. The threads are inserted before the pattern is worked, but they may be worked over in the button-hole stitch after the muslin is cut away. The best cotton that can be procured should be used for this work, which is Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfection; No. 30 will be found the proper size for the embroidery, and No. 40 for working the Gulpure threads.

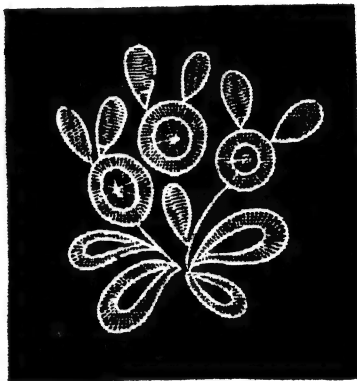
MARIA LOUISA.—Those curious little cushions which are now so fashionable in Paris, Brussels, and London, are made to represent animals by means of a plush covering as nearly as possible of the natural colours. The general fancy is for the mouse, but rabbits and guinea pigs are also made, not producing so good deception on account of their disproportionate size. They are formed by means of a cushion approximating as nearly as possible in size and shape to the body and head, which is covered with either white or grey plush, the former being much the prettiest, with the seam closed under the body, no attempt being made to produce the legs; the ears are of dark grey plush, the eyes of black beads, the whiskers of bristles. These are laid on a small mat of green wool which has been made to represent moss by means of knitting. These pin-cushions are a source of much jocularity and merriment as a very curious production of the work-table, causing much amusing alarm to such ladies as are not in the secret, and yet are afraid of mice.

BOBANY.—One of the prettiest bead mats which has yet been invented is very simply made. It is of clear crystal O. P. beads; but these being strung on pink crocheted cotton, it produces such a changeableness of hue as to produce the most elegant appearance. To make this mat, take

double cotton and thread as many beads as will measure across the size required; then return, taking up a bead on the needle and passing the string alternately, to the end, going backwards and forwards in the same way until the mat is completed. A double loop makes a pretty border, which is still more elegant when headed by a piece of smaller round beads, also strung upon pink cotton. We recommend this mat for its peculiarly tasteful appearance, which must be seen to be appreciated. It is also very easily made, not requiring the counting of coloured beads to form the pattern, which is sometimes troublesome.

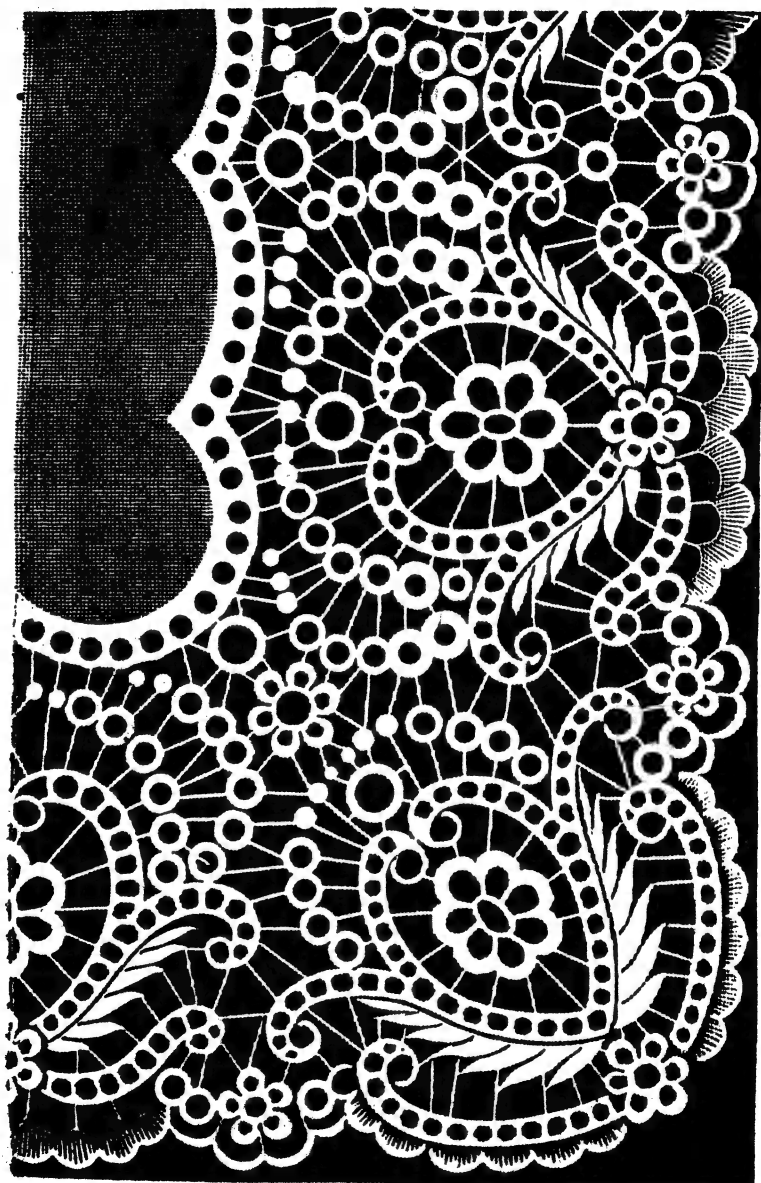
T. HALL.—We regret not having received a second communication, but hold ourselves in readiness to return the articles when required.

CONSTANCE.—We have much pleasure in supplying a genuine Honiton lace sprig, which we have procured for the purpose. This is exactly what is used by the lacemakers, the same outline being picked by them, and the sprig worked on the cushion with bobbins. This can be closely imitated by being sewn over on fine clear muslin,



cut out, the centre filled with a lace stitch, and so fastened down on clear Brussels net. Worked in this way, the imitation is so close as not to be easily detected, more especially as the sprig we have given is perfectly genuine. If Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Persian thread is used, it will present the closest resemblance.

MARION.—We hope that a reference to the Fashions department of our present number will satisfactorily answer all these questions. We have given an illustration which is extremely elegant, and exactly suitable for this purpose. White tulle is lighter and more juvenile than muslin for a ball. The body may be trimmed with pink, if worn with a wreath of roses; but if with a wreath of mixed flowers, then the trimming must be either white or green; if the latter, one must be chosen that will light up well. The wreaths are fashionable, made small in the front, but rich and full behind. Gloves are worn with a brooch. A narrow velvet, either pink or black, with a row of imitation pearls, set on about half an inch apart at regular distances, is a pretty ornament for the neck, and, of course, should be finished with a tassel of small pearls.



CHURCH LACEWORK BORDER.—(SEE PAGE 101.)



THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE.
IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—A HEART LEFT.

"MRS. MEREDITH was carried home, and she remained several hours upon her bed without consciousness. I felt that it was both a duty and a cruelty to extend to her my professional aid to recall her to life. I was apprehensive of the dreadful scenes which would succeed this state of unconsciousness. I remained leaning over her, bathing her temples with cold water, and anxiously waiting the sad and yet the happy moment when she would begin again to breathe. I was mistaken, for I had never seen the effect of a great misfortune. Eva opened her eyes, and then closed them

again; no tears dropped from the lids upon her cheek. She remained benumbed, motionless, and silent; and if it had not been that I felt her heart begin to beat again, I might have supposed her to be dead. What a sad thing it is to be the witness of grief which we feel to be beyond all consolation! I felt that to remain silent would seem to be wanting in pity for this unhappy woman, and that to console her seemed not to recognise sufficiently the magnitude of her misfortune. Could I, who had found nothing to say to calm anxiety, hope to be more eloquent with grief like this? I took the safest

course, that of absolute silence. 'I will stay here,' I said to myself; 'I will attend to the physical disorder, as it is my duty to do, and then I will remain motionless by her side, like a devoted dog at her feet.' After I had taken this resolution, I became more calm; and I allowed her to live a life which resembled death.

"After several hours, however, I put to Mrs. Meredith's lips a spoon containing a potion which I considered necessary. Eva slowly turned her head the other way from the hand which presented her the draught. After a few minutes, I made another effort.

" 'Drink, madame,' I said to her.

"And I presented the spoon to her lips. Her lips remained closed.

" 'Madame, your child !' I said in a low voice.

"Eva opened her eyes, raised herself with difficulty, supported herself upon her elbow, leaned over towards the drink which I offered to her, and took it. She then fell back upon her pillow, and murmured, 'I must wait until another life is separated from mine.'

"After that, Mrs. Meredith did not again speak, but she obeyed mechanically all my directions. Stretched upon her bed of grief, she seemed to be always asleep; but whenever in the lowest tone of voice I said to her, 'Sit up—take this,' she obeyed instantly; and this proved to me that the mind was awake in this motionless body without a single moment of forgetfulness or rest.

"I had to make, alone, all the arrangements for William's funeral. Nothing was ever known positively in reference to the cause of his death. The money which he was to bring from the town was not found upon his person; perhaps he was robbed and murdered, or perhaps this money, which was given to him in bank notes, had dropped from his pocket as his horse had fallen; and as some time elapsed before any effort was made to find it, it was not impossible that the rain during the night had caused it to disappear in the marshy earth and the wet grass. A search was made, but without any result, and soon all attempts to find it were abandoned. I had endeavoured to learn from Eva Meredith if there were not some letters to be written to give intelligence to her family or her husband's. It was with difficulty that I

could get any answer from her. At last I succeeded in understanding that it was only necessary to inform their business-man, who would do whatever was proper. I hoped, then, that at least from England there would come some tidings which would decide the future of this poor child; but no—days succeeded days, and no one in the world seemed to know that the widow of William Meredith was living in perfect solitude in a poor village. After a while, in order to endeavour to recall Eva to the consciousness of existence, I had desired her to rise from her bed. The day after the one on which I gave this advice, I found her up, dressed in black; she was the shadow of the beautiful Eva Meredith. Her hair was parted in bands on her pale brow. She was seated by a window, and remained as motionless as she had been in her bed.

"It was then that I silently spent long evenings with her. I took a book for the sake of appearing to be occupied. Every day, on meeting her, I spoke some words of pity and devotion. She answered me by a look which said 'Thanks;' and then we would remain without speaking more. I waited for an occasion to present itself to enable me to exchange some thoughts with her; but my want of tact and my respect for her misfortune prevented me from forcing one, or caused me to allow it to pass unimproved. I accustomed myself gradually to this absence of all conversation, to this self-communion; and, after all, what could I have said? All that was important was, that she should know that she was not entirely alone in the world; and, obscure as was the friend who was left to her, it was, at any rate, a friend. I only went to see her to tell her by my presence, 'I am here.'

"At last, shortly after these silent events, Eva Meredith gave birth to a son. When, for the first time, her child was brought to her, 'William!' exclaimed the poor widow; and tears, tears of relief, too long withheld from her grief, flowed in torrents from her eyes. The child bore this so-much-loved name of William, and a little cradle was placed by the mother's bedside. And then Eva's eyes, which had been turned away from earth, again looked back to earth. She gazed at her son as she had gazed at the heavens. She leaned over him to trace

the likeness of his father. God had permitted a perfect resemblance between William and the son whom he was never to see.

"A great change took place around us. Eva Meredith, who had consented to live until the existence of her child should be separated from her own, now, as I easily perceived, wished still to live, because she felt that the protection of her love was necessary to this little being. She passed days and evenings seated by the cradle; and when I came to see her, she spoke to me, and questioned me in reference to the care to be bestowed upon her child. She explained what he had suffered; she asked what it was necessary to do to spare him the slightest discomfort. She feared for the child the heat of a sun-ray, the chill of the gentlest breeze. Leaning over him, she covered him with her body, and warmed him with her kisses. One day I thought that I almost saw her smile upon her son; but she would never, when rocking his cradle, sing to induce sleep to visit her child's eyes. She would call one of her women and say, 'Sing my child to sleep!' and then she would listen, her tears gently flowing upon little William's brow. Poor child! he was beautiful, gentle, and easy to manage; but, as if his mother's grief before his birth had reached him, this child was sad. He never cried, but he never smiled; he was quiet—and such quiet at his age suggests the idea of suffering. It seemed to me that all the tears shed upon his cradle froze up this little being. I should have liked to see already William's caressing arms twined around his mother's neck; I should have liked to see him endeavour to return the kisses which were lavished upon him.

"But of what am I thinking?" said I to myself. "Can we expect this little creature, who is not yet a year old, to understand that he is placed in this world to love and console this woman?"

"It was, I assure you, ladies, a spectacle to move any heart, to see this young woman, pale and feeble, who had abandoned all future for herself, take again to life on account of a little child who could not even say yet, 'My mother, I thank you.' What a wonderful thing is the human heart! how much it can make of a very little! Give it a grain of sand, and it will

raise a mountain; at its last throeb, show it an atom still to love, and it will begin again to beat; it only stops for ever when nothing but vacancy surrounds it, and when even the shadow of what was dear to it has disappeared from the earth!

"Eva would place the child upon a carpet at her feet, and as she watched him playing, would say to me, 'M. Barnabé, when my son is grown up, I wish him to be distinguished and learned. I will choose a noble profession for him. I will follow him everywhere—upon the sea if he is a sailor, to India if he is in the army. I wish glory and honour for him. I will lean upon his arm—I will say with pride, 'I am his mother!' He will let me follow him, will he not, M. Barnabé? A poor woman who only requires a little silence and solitude to weep is in no one's way!'

"And then we would discuss the different careers from which to choose, and we placed at a stroke twenty years upon the head of this child, both of us forgetting that these twenty years would make us old and our little portion of the bright days of life over! But we did not think of ourselves; we only thought of being young and happy when there should be for him youth and happiness.

"I could not prevent myself, while listening to these golden dreams, from examining with alarm this child, upon whom depended so entirely another's existence. A vague uneasiness possessed me, in spite of myself, but I said to myself, 'She has wept enough; the God to whom she prays will not refuse her a little happiness.'

"Such was the state of affairs when I received a letter from my uncle, my only remaining relative. My uncle, who was attached to the faculty of Montpellier, invited me to join him, in order to complete in that learned town my initiation into the secrets of my art. This letter, written in the form of an intreaty, was, in fact, an order for me: I had to go. One morning, my heart very full as I thought of the isolation in which I was leaving the widow and the orphan, I went to the white house for the purpose of taking leave of Eva Meredith. When I told her that I was about to leave her for a long time, I cannot say whether or not a slight sadness overspread her features. Her beautiful countenance had, since the death of William

Meredith, worn an expression of such profound melancholy that it was only possible to notice a smile upon it, if one ever appeared; as to sadness, it was always there.

"You are going!" she said; "you have been so useful to my child!"

"The poor woman forgot to regret her last friend who was departing—the mother only regretted the physician who was useful to her son. I did not complain. To be useful is the most grateful reward of those who devote themselves to others.

"Farewell," she said, giving me her hand. "Wherever you go, may God bless you! and if it be His will that misfortune shall overtake you, may he at least place at your side a heart as compassionate as your own!"

"I bowed my head upon Eva Meredith's hand, and walked away deeply affected.

"The child was seated before the steps on the grass in the sun. I went to him, took him up in my arms, and kissed him several times. I continued to gaze at him a long, long time, attentively and sadly; and then tears moistened my eyes. 'Oh, no, no! I must be mistaken!' I murmured as I hastened away from the white house."

"Good heavens, doctor!" exclaimed together all his auditors, "what was it that you feared for this child?"

"Permit me, ladies," answered Barnabé, "to finish my story in my own way; everything shall be told at its proper time. I am relating the events in the order in which they happened to me."

"When I reached Montpellier, I was extremely well received by my uncle, except that he informed me that he could neither lodge nor feed me, nor lend me money; and that I, a stranger without reputation, could not expect a single patient in that city filled with celebrated physicians.

"Then, uncle," said I, "I will return to my village."

"Not at all, not at all," he resumed. "I have found an honourable situation for you. An Englishman, extremely rich, gouty and fretful, wishes to have a physician under his roof—an intelligent young man to attend him in his illness, under the direction of another physician. I proposed you, and you have been accepted. Let us go there."

"We immediately proceeded to the residence of Lord James Kysington. We entered a spacious and magnificent house, filled with servants; and, after a series of delays, first in the ante-chambers and then in the first parlours, we were introduced into the study of Lord James Kysington.

"His lordship was seated in a large arm-chair. He was an old man, of a cold and stern aspect. His hair, completely white, contrasted singularly with his eyebrows, which were still jet-black. He was tall and thin—at least, so I fancied that I had made out his person to be, through the folds of a large cloth garment fashioned like a bed-gown. His hands were covered by his sleeves, and a white bear-skin enveloped his suffering feet. There stood near him a small table, upon which were placed several phials containing medicines.

"My lord, this is my nephew, Doctor Barnabé."

"Lord James Kysington bowed to me—that is to say, he made a hardly perceptible motion of his head—looking me in the face.

"He is very well read," continued my uncle, "and I have no doubt that his services will be useful to your lordship."

"A second movement of the head was the only answer which my uncle received.

"Besides," continued he, "as he has been well educated, he can read to my lord, or write to his dictation."

"I will be obliged to him for being so kind," answered at last Lord James Kysington, who immediately afterwards closed his eyes, either because he was fatigued, or because he desired to have it understood that the conversation was to end there.

"I then had an opportunity to look about me. There was seated by the window a young woman very elegantly dressed, who was at work upon some embroidery without raising her eye towards us, as if we were not worthy of being looked at by her. A child was playing with toys upon a carpet before her. The young woman did not, at the first glance, appear beautiful to me, because she had black hair and black eyes, and in my opinion, in order to be beautiful, it was necessary to be light-haired and fair, like Eva Meredith; and besides, with my inexperienced judgment, I could not separate beauty from a certain kindly expression. Those at whom I de-

lighted to look were those whom I supposed to be gentle in heart; and it was long before I could convince myself of the beauty of this woman, whose brow was haughty, her expression scornful, and her mouth unvisited by smiles. She was, like Lord James Kysington, tall, thin, and somewhat pale. There was a certain family likeness between them. Their two characters must have been too much alike to suit each other. These two cold and silent persons were living together without conversation or love between them. The child had also learned not to make any noise; he walked upon tiptoe, and, at the slightest creak of the floor, a severe look from his mother or from Lord James Kysington turned him into a statue.

"It was too late to return to my village, but there is always time to regret what we have loved and lost. My heart choked as I thought of my cottage, my valley, and my liberty. This is what I succeeded in learning about this melancholy household:—

"Lord James Kysington had come to Montpellier for the benefit of his health, injured by the climate of India. The second son of the Duke of Kysington, a lord himself by courtesy, he owed to his talents, and not to an inheritance, his fortune and his political position in the House of Commons. Lady Mary was the wife of his youngest brother; and Lord James Kysington, free to dispose of his property, had recognised, as his future heir, his nephew, the son of Lady Mary. I began to devote myself to this old man with all the zeal of which I was capable, entirely persuaded that the best way to better an uncomfortable position is to fulfil scrupulously even a disagreeable duty.

"Lord James Kysington was most formally polite towards me. A bow thanked me for every assistance which I rendered, for every movement made in his service. I read to him for hours, and no one would interrupt; neither the gloomy old man whom I was putting to sleep, nor the young woman who did not listen, nor the child who trembled in his uncle's presence. I had never seen anything so dull; and still, you know, ladies, that the little white house had long ceased to be gay; but the silence occasioned by grief supposes thoughts so grave, that words are

considered insufficient to express them. We feel that the spirit is alive, although the body is without motion. In my new dwelling, silence prevailed from very emptiness!

"One day, whilst Lord James Kysington seemed to be dozing, and Lady Mary was occupied with her customary work, little Harry climbed upon my knees, and, as we were in a distant corner of the room, he asked me, in a whisper, some questions, with the natural curiosity of his age; and then, in my turn, not thinking of what I was saying, I questioned him about his family.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?' I asked.

"I have a little sister who is very pretty."

"What is her name?' I inquired, at the same time glancing over the columns of a newspaper.

"She has a beautiful name; guess it, doctor."

"I cannot tell what I was thinking about. In my village I had only heard the names of peasants, none of which could belong to the daughter of Lady Mary. Mrs. Meredith was the only lady of society whom I had known; and as the child repeated, 'Guess, guess!' I answered at random, 'Eva, perhaps?'

"We were speaking very low; but the moment the name of Eva escaped my lips, Lord James Kysington suddenly opened his eyes and sat up; Lady Mary dropped her needle and turned eagerly towards me. I was overwhelmed by the effect which I produced; I looked by turns at Lord James Kysington and Lady Mary, without daring to speak another word. After a few minutes, Lord James fell back in his arm-chair and closed his eyes, Lady Mary resumed her needle, and Harry and I discontinued our conversation.

"I reflected for a long time upon this strange incident; and then, as all had returned to the accustomed quiet, and silence and stillness were re-established around me, I arose noiselessly, and prepared to leave the room. Lady Mary laid down her work, and motioned me to follow her. When we reached the parlour, she closed the door, and standing in front of me, with her head up, and her whole countenance assuming the imperious air

which was its natural expression, said, 'M. Barnabé, you will be so good as never to pronounce the name which just escaped your lips; it is a name which Lord James must not hear.' She bowed slightly and returned to the room, the door of which she closed.

"A thousand thoughts rushed through my brain. 'This Eva, of whom I was forbidden to speak, was it not Eva Meredith? was she the daughter-in-law of Lord James Kysington? was I under the roof of William's father? I hoped, I doubted; for, after all, if for me this name of Eva only represented one person, for every one else it was only a name, undoubtedly common in England to many women.

"I did not dare ask any questions; around me every voice was silent, and every heart unsympathetic; but the thought that I was in the family of Eva Meredith, with the woman who robbed the widow and the orphan of the paternal inheritance, became the constant pre-occupation of my days and nights. A thousand times I dreamed that I saw the return of Eva and her son to this household, and that I begged and obtained forgiveness for them; but I raised my eyes, and the cold, emotionless countenance of Lord James Kysington froze all the hopes of my heart.

"I began to examine his face as if I had never before seen it; I endeavoured to make out some play upon his features, some lines indicative of a little sensibility. I sought for the soul upon which I wished to work. Alas! I nowhere found it. I did not lose courage; my cause was too good a one! 'Nonsense!' I said to myself, 'what signifies the expression of a face? Of what consequence is the exterior envelope which strikes the eye! May not the roughest chest contain gold? Is it necessary that all within us should be divined at the first look? And has not whoever has lived among men learned to separate his soul and his heart from the meaningless expression of his countenance?'

"I resolved to satisfy my suspicions; but what means should I take to do so? It was impossible to question Lady Mary or Lord James Kysington; should I question the servants? They were French, and but recently taken into the service of the family. An English valet-de-chambre, the

only servant who had accompanied his master, had just been sent to London upon a confidential mission. It was through Lord James Kysington that I determined to make my investigations. He should inform me, and from him would I obtain their forgiveness. The stern expression of his face ceased to alarm me. I said to myself, 'When in a forest we meet a tree apparently dead, we cut into it for the purpose of ascertaining if the sap is not still alive under the dead bark; in the same way will I strike upon his heart, and I will see if vitality is not concealed somewhere.' I awaited the opportunity.

"To wait patiently is to bring about what one awaits. Instead of depending upon circumstances, we control circumstances.

"One night Lord James Kysington sent for me; he was in suffering. After having done what I considered necessary for him, I remained alone with him in order to watch the result of my prescriptions. The room was obscure; a lighted candle rendered objects barely visible, but not distinct.

"The noble and pale face of Lord James was supported by his pillow. His eyes were closed, according to his habit when he prepared himself to suffer, as if he wished to concentrate his moral strength so as to lose none of it. He never complained; he lay stretched upon his bed as straight and motionless as the statue of a king upon his tomb. Usually he requested me to read, hoping either that the thoughts of the book would take possession of his mind, or else that the monotonous sound of a voice would induce sleep.

"That night he motioned with his bony hand to take a book and begin to read; but I sought for one in vain. Books and newspapers had all been carried down to the parlour; all the doors were locked, and, without ringing and alarming the house, it was impossible to procure a book.

"Lord Kysington made me a sign of impatience, and then one of resignation, and pointed to a chair that I might sit by his side. We remained thus a long time without speaking, almost in the dark, the clock alone breaking upon the silence by the regular tick of the pendulum. Sleep did not come to him. Suddenly Lord

James opened his eyes, and, turning towards me, said—

"Speak!—tell me something—whatever you please."

"His eyes closed again, and he waited for me to obey."

"My heart beat violently. The moment had arrived."

"My lord," I said, "I am very much afraid that I know nothing which could interest your lordship. I can only speak of myself and of the events of my life, and it would require the history of some of the great men of the world to fix your attention. What can a peasant relate, who has lived satisfied with a little in obscurity and quiet?"

"I never left my village, my lord. It is a pretty hamlet in the mountains; so pretty that, even without being born there, one might choose it for a residence. Not far from my village there is a country-house where I have seen rich people who might have left and yet remained, because the woods are thick, the paths covered with flowers, and the brooks very limpid and bounding over the rocks. Alas! they were at first two in that house; and soon a poor woman remained alone there until the birth of her son. My lord, she is one of your countrywomen, more lovely than is often met with in either England or France; so good that only the angels in Heaven can equal her goodness. She was only eighteen when I left her, fatherless and motherless, and already the widow of an adored husband. She is feeble, delicate, almost ill, and her life is necessary; for who else would protect that little child?"

"O, my lord, there are very unhappy persons in this world. To be unhappy in the middle of one's life, or when old age has come, is sad enough undoubtedly, but at least we have then some happy memories which remind us that we have had our share, our time, and our happiness; but when grief comes before eighteen, it is still sadder, for nothing calls back the dead to life, and nothing is left for us but to grieve the rest of our days. Poor child! we see a beggar by the road-side, and it is from cold and hunger that he suffers; we give him charity, and look at him without pain, because it is possible to assist him. But to this unhappy woman, whose heart is

broken, the only possible charity would be to love her, and there is no one near her to do that."

"Ah, my lord, if you only knew what a handsome young man her husband was! Scarcely twenty-three, a noble face, a high forehead like your own, intelligent and proud, eyes of a dark blue, somewhat dreamy and melancholy, from reasons which I learned—because he loved his father and his country, and he was compelled to remain away from them! His smiles were full of goodness. Ah! how he would have smiled upon his little child, if he had lived long enough to see him! He even loved him before he was born; he delighted to look at the cradle prepared for him. Poor, poor young man! I saw him, in a stormy night, in a dark forest, stretched upon the wet earth, motionless, lifeless, his garments covered with mud, his brow wounded frightfully, and the blood flowing from him in torrents. I saw—alas! I saw William—"

"You witnessed my son's death!" exclaimed Lord Kysington, rising like a spectre from the pillows which supported him, and fixing upon me his eyes, which were so large and penetrating that I drew back in alarm: but, notwithstanding the darkness of the room, I thought that I noticed a tear moisten the edge of the old man's eyelids.

"My lord," I answered, "I saw your son die, and I saw his child born!"

"Then succeeded a moment of silence."

"Lord Kysington looked fixedly at me; at last he moved, his trembling hand sought my hand, pressed it, and then relaxed its hold, and he fell back upon his pillow."

"Enough, enough, sir! I am in pain; I require rest. Leave me!"

"I bowed and left the room."

"Before I went out, Lord James had resumed his habitual position, silent and motionless."

"I will not relate to you, ladies, my numerous and respectful efforts with Lord James Kysington—his indecision and hidden anxieties; and how his paternal love, awakened by the details of the horrible accident—how his pride of race, awakened by the hope of leaving an heir of his own name—in the end triumphed over his bitter resentment."

"SISTER SALLY."

Was it my Lord Chesterfield, or, if not, what other inquisitive nobleman could it have been, who confessed to not only having been behind the scenes of the great world in which he played his part, but to having actually smelt the candles? Tallow is decidedly not savoury, the character of a spy not altogether enviable; and a descent, especially a descent into the regions of *grease*, never a particularly alluring occupation. Nevertheless, since it is necessary that matrons as well as moralists should occasionally smell mutton-fat, don the inquisitor's hood, and at certain seasons (few and rare are the seasons, we fear) be clothed with the garments of humility, let us for once hasten into the domains of Sally, search the dark corners of her cupboards, and examine her ways and means.

All the Sallys, all over the land, are under a cloud just now—it's no use endeavouring to conceal that fact; and we verily believe there is not a "missis" in the kingdom who could not narrate a melancholy tale of the misdoings and misdemeanours of "our maid."

We intend bringing mistress and maid to the bar of public opinion, since we would venture to suggest that there are two sides to every question, including the menial matter now under consideration—an idea which seems to have escaped the notice of certain individuals who shall be nameless.

"The greatest plague of one's life," *alias* "perfection at *8l.* a-year," cannot be said to commence life under exactly favourable circumstances. Too often the offspring of besotted parents, dwelling in a court where decency is continually violated and the moral senses perpetually outraged—barely clothed, barely fed, surrounded by dirt, drink, and drabs—the *Marchioness* (that type of the drudges) is dragged up. Offering her services about the commencement of her sixth year, this humble aspirant for public favour receives into her Lilliputian arms a Brobdignagian baby, wherewith to carry out her apprenticeship to test her patience, her temper, and her spine. Bounded by the four walls of her dreary home, the little maiden, staggering under her weighty but precious

burden, performs for many dreary years her diurnal and monotonous promenade around the washing-tub, behind the table, across the chairs, and over the bed—gradually extending her wayward wanderings from the landing to the doorway, from the doorway to the alley, and from thence to the public street. Sister one, sister two, brothers three and four, pass in rapid succession through her hands; at the end of which period the *Marchioness*, having now completed her twelfth year and reached the age of discretion, resigns without one sigh her honourable post, and rises without pay to the triple dignity of house-keeper, cook, and maid—father being out, alternately at work and the "Setting Sun," and mother away at the washtub. But the time rapidly approaches when she must no longer remain *idling* at home—"And it isn't me, marm, ad stand in her way, for she's as good a gal as ever trod shoe-leather," is the form in which the intended emigration is communicated to the district visitor, and "Please, teacher, I'm looking out for a place, and will you recommend *me*?" is the Sunday salutation of many a scholar. Well, what can be said? "Eighteenpence and her victuals" is a great good to folks who have a hard matter to make both ends meet.

So Sally leaves the alley and our class, to work for her daily bread, and indispensable finery. Arrived at her new home, surrounded by space, comforts, and cleanliness, denied liberty or *followers*, the young colt shakes her mane, and utters a snort of defiance, indignant at the formalities, regularities, and, to her mind, superfluous cleansings of "*well-conducted households*," she works without heart and with little success. It is true that she is up, and has swept out the parlour, washed the doorstep, cleaned master's boots, prepared the breakfast, and dressed the children, long before our sleepy lids have even let in daylight. But what of that? Isn't that her duty, and don't you pay her wages? Of course you do, madam, and you've a right to do as you like with your own. "Drive on."

Where the mistress possesses a grain of common sense, or a spark of feeling, allowances are made for mistakes, and early blunders are corrected without anger or scolding; we would even suggest that a

few words of praise might produce an effect never anticipated, and are certain that, if servants are to serve us well, they must be both taught and trained. Whereas, on the contrary, what is too often the practice of the present day? *Imprimis*—a mistress of the order “*particularis*” delivers to the new maid (who is summoned to her presence immediately after her arrival—and that before the assembled family, who are busily engaged taking notes, and making remarks on the new-comer’s general appearance) an oration concerning the duties about to be commenced, starting with the

management of the washing-tub, and concluding with a minute direction relating to the position that salt-spoons should assume on the dinner-table. As the duties of each day vary, and as Sally’s memory is no doubt highly cultivated, her ideas at the conclusion of the address may more easily be imagined than described, and her comfort may be still further increased by the hint being thrown out that you and her master are both *very* particular.

The opposite but equally efficient method of instructing a servant in her new duties is to run into the kitchen with half-a-dozen



OLD-FASHIONED SERVANT AND MODERN MAID

or more children clinging to you, and in detached sentences, delivered at intervals, and in the middle of a romp, give the information to the bewildered maid, “if she will manage things just as you have always been accustomed to have them, that you shall be quite satisfied.”

It was after neither of these methods that the old family servants, who served one, two, and even three generations, were reared and trained. Rational, free-willed beings are never cheated or bribed into sympathy with their employers, or cajoled into a sense of their duties, while the mutual duty of the master towards the servant is neglected; and if we would have weepers about us

when we weep, and rejoicers rejoicing with us in our prosperity, we must do as our forefathers did before us, treat our dependants as we treat any other of our fellow-creatures whose sympathy and assistance we require, and meet them on the broad level of humanity, and treat them with consideration and love.

We allow that the present outcry about bad servants is but too well-founded; we would, however, trace the existing evils rather to the mismanagement of domestic matters than to the wilful disobedience of the maids. The old custom of the mistress superintending the household duties is rapidly dying out, while more show and pretence is indulged in, from which two

causes alone an extra amount of work falls to the lot of Sally, who, bewildered at her own ignorance, and wearied by her labour, sinks into idle habits and impertinent replies, the mistress loses her temper, the maid her place, and the farce is again enacted by numbers two, three, and four, until, at length, employer and employed are both spoiled, with this material difference, that the former possesses position and purse, and has it, therefore, in her power to command an unlimited supply of Sallys, while the latter, wearied with rebuke, labour, and fault-finding, ceases to appreciate *honourable* servitude, and but too often wanders into the pathway that leads to destruction, and stretches out her hand for the more easily earned and more liberal wages of sin.

A good tale is told of a stout miller who lived not long ago in the wilds of Sussex, amongst whose men was one very indolent fellow, and whom he had often endeavoured, but always in vain, to arouse to a sense of his duties. Finding remonstrance to be ineffectual, he one morning forbade the man to be called, and in his own person performed Hodge's allotted task. In course of time the man made his appearance, for even sluggards decline sleeping all day; when the master, instead of reproaching him for his laziness, intreated him to be seated, and they would eat, drink, and be merry. As the hours passed, the man suggested that "surely it must be time now to go to work," whereupon the miller invariably replied, "There was time enough for that by-and-bye." As night drew on, however, Hodge's heart began to reproach him—the miller's recipe had worked well; the parting exclamation of the servant attested its value. "Dannel it, measter," cried the conscience-stricken man, "surely thou beest making a fool of I, and darn it if it beant the hardest day's work I've ever done." The miller, runs my story, never found it necessary to call Hodge again; and we would venture to inquire how many extra rebukings and reproaches would have effected the same result?

One great cause of the want of menials and the poor description of servant now the source of so many complaints, is the very superfluous, although most superficial education given in our national schools;

and we have no hesitation in declaring that a large proportion of these girls have come upon sinful and criminal courses. A pretty extensive acquaintance with the poor, and repeated conversations with city missionaries and Scripture-readers, have convinced us of this painful fact. The education there given is notoriously unsuited to the station of the children who frequent them, who, as a mass, require to be trained for household duties—to know how to make puddings and pies—to manage a poor man's house—to cut out shirts, and mend torn and tattered garments—to lay a fire and clean a room—not to understand the intricacies of fancy-work, or to trace geometrical problems, or attend government schools for drawing lessons.

Are we, therefore, enemies to cultivation and opposed to progress?—Heaven forbid!—and where you can point to talent, in the name of all that is just and beautiful, encourage the possessor to proceed and march to victory; but those who best know the children of the poor will form the most correct idea of the frequency of such an event.

We know of several cases at this instant of the children of charwomen and mechanics who are learning dancing and French. We wish to know if there is a shadow of a possibility of these girls kneeling down to scrub a floor or light a fire after such a training; but let us suppose that they would condescend to take a situation. It surely requires little foresight to discover how irksome menial labour will prove, while their intellectual status may be measured by the fact that reading without understanding is the rule and not the exception; and only this very week we have been informed, and by children of twelve and thirteen years of age, too, that death is a separation of *soul* and *spirit*, and that a porch was either a *belfry* or a *tomb*! Seraphs have been called *violins*, while the most simple and elementary truths are continually confounded and mistaken, and we cannot but deplore that the plan at present pursued in so many of our parochial schools is of so useless a nature, and feel sure that the metropolis, at least, will not be supplied with efficient domestic servants until the generation now passing through our ragged schools shall have reached the age of maturity.

Another grave error of the present day is the enormous amount of time, money, and thought expended on dress; polka caps and embroidered collars, white cuffs, dirty delaines and rainbow-coloured head-dresses are the order of the age in which we live, and servants dress at a rate which would astonish and horrify our forefathers, while discussions of beauty *versus* fashion are carried on with as much and even more keenness in the kitchen than they were fifty years ago in the parlour. It is true that the area only echoes the first floor, and if Clementina, in my lady's chamber, will be altering and making, arranging and contriving dresses, bonnets, and cuffs, not now and then, but whenever the whim takes her, it need not, we think, be a matter to create any great astonishment that Sally downstairs, who is about the same age as "our young lady," should endeavour, as nearly as is in her power, to copy the example continually before her.

A reformation is decidedly necessary in the behaviour, habits, and customs of servants; but the mistresses of England may depend upon it, that if the change is ever to take place, it must proceed from them, and not from their maids. Like master, like man, is a true proverb; and if we would have a meek, industrious, neat, careful servant, we must first manage to produce the meek, industrious, neat, and careful matron.

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

SOME prejudices and customs in the rearing and feeding of infants are so deep-rooted in practice, and implicitly followed from tradition, that even their absurdity—and, if reflected upon, their intility and harm—are not sufficient to prevent educated mothers too often falling into the opinion of the nurse, and, by permitting their adoption, encouraging the diffusion of a course of further ignorance and folly. Whatever to the nurse appears singular in the condition of her charge, and what her limited sphere of information prevents her from making explicable and satisfactory, she is sure to attribute to some latent desire in the system of the child, which, if found

and gratified, will correct all that appears an enigma, and give to the infant's constitution an impetus towards health and development that nothing can resist. This hypothetical belief is called a "longing," and whenever, from some unobserved functional derangement, a thriving child suddenly goes back, as it is called, in its healthy career, and becomes puny, pale, and fractious; or from fulness and rotundity of form grows thin or emaciated; or from a steady appetite and enjoyment of food abruptly rejects its aliment, or takes it with reluctance and distaste, the nurse flies invariably to her cherished theory of "infantine longing," and confidently asserts that the child is pining for some dainty. Furthermore, she says, that, till found and administered, it is a physical impossibility for the patient to recover or be benefited. The mother having been duly impressed with this belief, which comes to her with all the potency of tradition, and the strength of incontestible experience, a conclave is called to discover the object upon which the mind of the unconscious infant is brooding in a manner so seriously affecting its health; and the mother having been rigidly catechised as to what peculiar delicacy she was most partial to previous to the birth of the present subject of disquietude, as giving a clue to the probable want of the infant, a remedy is devised from these premises, the child being supposed still to sympathise in the tastes of the parent, however incongruous as respects the two natures. When this, however, yields no satisfaction, and the catalogue of fruits, wines, and meats having been gone through, without the mother being able to remember any special predilection, the nurse, still strong in her theory, is thrown on her own resources, and begins a course of experimental investigation, and the belief still confirmatory as to some viand being the desideratum; the baby is first indulged with an *oyster*, the *brains of a rabbit*, and modicums of *toasted cheese*, or pieces of *fat pork*, artfully enveloped in a piece of muslin, which, attached to the handle of the cradle by a string, the deluded child may lie and suck, with more than a *probable* chance of being choked.

In this manner the dietetic table is run through, till Nature, triumphing over

abuse, rights itself; or giving way, if too weak, aid is called in, and an aperient or alterative powder corrects the clogged wheels of life, and the child rallies; in either case, however, the nurse is sure to claim the principal share in the amendment, as due to the penetration of her judgment and the efficacy of her nostrum. Extraordinary as such delusions are, we can assure such of our readers as are ignorant of the fact, that the practice of such objectionable means is by no means unfrequent, and they are, indeed, *frequently* adopted in the provinces.

After what we have already said, we trust it will be unnecessary to urge all mothers to oppose such—to say the least of it—an offensive and objectionable course of treatment; and where any of the symptoms arise that are considered by too many nurses and old women to proceed from an “infantile longing,” to seek out the cause of their child’s falling away in some functional derangement of the stomach and bowels; and, by the timely employment of a simple remedy, not only remove the cause, but eradicate the effect.

As respects the dress and dressing of a new-born infant, or of a child in arms, during any stage of its nursing, there are few women who would not think us presumptuous if we attempted to lay down rules for their guidance or directions for their instruction; and though a country doctor may know as well as a nurse how to accoutre a baby, there are few young ladies with their dolls who would not scout the idea of taking lessons in the way of putting in pins and the tying of strings from any member of the masculine gender. We shall, therefore, on this delicate subject, hold our oracular peace; and only, from afar, *hint* “at what we would,” leaving our modest suggestion to be approved or rejected, according as it chimes with the judgment and the apprehension of our motherly readers.

If any of our ladies of the present day could see how their grandmothers were dressed at a week old, they would hold up their hands in astonishment and wonder, and believe it was impossible so cruel and imprisoning a system could be adopted by mothers, with hearts as tender as their own, towards the objects of their solicitude and love; yet so arbitrary is fashion, so

imperative custom, that the judgment is satisfied and the heart silenced by following its dogmatical routine.

In these days of intelligence, there are few ladies who have not, in all probability, seen the manner in which the Indian squaw, the aborigines of Polynesia, and even the Lapp and Esquimaux, strap down their baby on a board, and by means of a loop suspend it to the bough of a tree, hang it up to the rafters of the hut, or on travel dangle it on their backs, outside the domestic implements, which, as the slave of her master man, the wronged but uncomplaining woman carries, in order that her lord may march in unhampered freedom. Cruel and confining as this system of “backboard” dressing may seem to our modern notions of freedom and exercise, it is positively less irksome, less confining, and infinitely less prejudicial to health than the mummifying of children by our grandmothers a hundred, aye, fifty years ago; for what with chin-stays, back-stays, body-stays, forehead cloths, rollers, bandages, &c., an infant had as many girths and strings to keep head, limbs, and body in one exact position as a ship has halyards.

Much of this, indeed we may say all, has been abolished, but still the child is far from being dressed loosely enough; and we shall never be satisfied till the abominable use of the *pin* is avoided *in toto* in an infant’s dressing, and a texture made for all the under garments of a child of a cool and elastic material.*

The manner in which an infant is encircled in a bandage called the “roller,” as if it had fractured ribs, compressing those organs—that, living on suction, must be, for the health of the child, to a certain degree distended, to obtain sufficient aliment from the fluid imbibed—is perfectly preposterous, and calls upon our humanity, as well as our duty, at once to abrogate and discountenance by every means in our power. Instead of the process of

* We take this opportunity of recommending to the notice of our readers a very simple and admirably adapted elastic belt, invented by Mrs. M. A. Balnea, of Brighton, to supersede the long and most objectionable “roller” now in use. The simplicity and convenience of the elastic belt must commend its use to every mother who has an infant to dress. The article, we understand, is to be obtained at the Bazaar, Croydon.

washing and dressing being made—as with the adult—a refreshment and comfort, it is, by the dawdling manner in which it is performed, the multiplicity of things used, and the perpetual change of position of the infant to adjust its complicated clothing, rendered an operation of positive irritation and annoyance. We, therefore, intreat all mothers to regard this subject in its true light.

Children do not so much cry from the washing as from the irritation caused by the frequent change of position in which they are placed, the number of times they are turned on their face, on their back, and on their side, by the manipulations demanded by the multiplicity of articles to be fitted, pinned, and carefully adjusted on their bodies. What mother ever found her girl of six or seven stand quiet while she was curling her hair? How many times nightly has she not to reprove her for not standing still during the process? It is the same with the unconscious infant, who cannot bear to be moved about, and who has no sooner grown reconciled to one position than it is forced reluctantly into another. It is true, in one instance the child has intelligence to guide it, and in the other not; but the *motitory nerves*, in both instances, resent coercion; and a child cannot be too little handled.

On this account alone, and, for the moment, setting health and comfort out of the question, we beg mothers to simplify their baby's dress as much as possible; and not only to put on as little as is absolutely necessary, but to make that as simple in its contrivance and adjustment as it will admit of; to avoid belly-bands, rollers, girths, and everything that can impede or confine the natural expansion of the digestive organs, on the due performance of whose functions the child lives, thrives, and develops its existence.

With these general remarks we leave this really important subject to the discretion, good sense, and motherly love of the readers of these articles, assured that it is impossible to appeal to a purer source of female sympathy to excite their feelings in the cause of affection or humanity, to abrogate a hurtful custom; and we beg of them henceforth to rely on common sense and the dictates of reason to make their infant's life one of tranquil enjoyment, in-

stead of, as now, a source of disquietude and vexation.

REARING BY HAND.

There are few subjects that have been the cause of greater controversy, or have more violated preconceived notions and overthrown long-established prejudices, than that of rearing infants by artificial means, or, as it is termed, "bringing up by hand." It is neither our wish, nor have we space, to enter even cursorily upon the many theories advanced on this question. Our own opinions are formed on the matter, and those opinions confirmed by an extensive professional and domestic experience; and all that we advance on this head has, in addition to the authenticity that medical practice gives to the subject, the stronger corroboration of family example—not of a solitary instance of one less fortunate, but of a household of children. We have, therefore, every right to claim for our remarks the weight due to authentic facts, based on such legitimate means of proof.

In the first instance, we unhesitatingly assert that a child judiciously reared by hand has an infinitely better chance of living through the diseases of infancy—that it sleeps longer, is healthier, stronger, and gets over illness, when attacked, in a shorter time than the child reared exclusively on the breast by the healthiest of mothers. Besides these advantages, such children make much less fat, are consequently more lively, and infinitely less prone to that scourge of childhood, *croup*; and, instead of the inexpressive white face of a suckling infant, have a countenance with colour and animation.

To those who meet all innovation on this head by the sententious enunciation, that "Nature is the best nurse," and who answer all alteration in the usual recognised system with the assertion that Nature is *sufficient* and *efficient* enough for all conditions and circumstances, we reply, that we neither dispute the truth of the one nor question the capabilities of the other; but, in such an artificial state as that in which we live, and with the variety of diseases and ills to which both adult and child are exposed, and from which, in a state more approaching to Nature, they would be free, ART not only becomes the handmaid to

Nature, but her sister, and often, indeed, her second self.

While, therefore, acknowledging, with its utmost latitude, all the physical and curative powers of that property within us called "vital principle," we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that its power may be augmented or diminished at the will of the practical intelligence that directs it, for some special or general good. And it is the highest evidence of art, and the noblest faculty of "healing," to know at what instant to bring in the aid of science, so as to assist enfeebled Nature.

As we do not for a moment wish to be thought an advocate for an artificial, in preference to the natural course of rearing children, we beg our readers to understand us perfectly on this head; all we wish to prove is, the fact that a child can be brought up as well on a spoon dietary as the best example to be found in one reared on the breast, while, having more strength from the more nutritious food on which it lives, it will be less liable to infectious diseases, and more capable of resisting the virulence of any danger that may attack it; and without in any way depreciating the nutriment of its natural food, we wish to impress on the mother's mind that there are many cases of infantine debility which might eventuate in rickets, curvature of the spine, or mesenteric disease, where the addition to, or total substitution of, an artificial and more stimulating aliment would not only give tone and strength to the constitution, but at the same time render the employment of mechanical means totally unnecessary. And finally, though we would never—where the mother had the strength to suckle her child—supersede the breast, we would insist on making it a rule to accustom the child as early as possible to the use of an artificial diet, not only that it may acquire more vigour to help it over the ills of childhood, but that, in the absence of the mother, it might not miss the maternal sustenance; and also for the parent's sake, that, should the milk, from any cause, become vitiated, or suddenly cease, the child can be made over to the bottle and the spoon without the slightest apprehension of hurtful consequences.

To those persons unacquainted with the system, or who may have been erroneously

informed on the matter, the rearing of a child by hand may seem surrounded by innumerable difficulties, and a large amount of personal trouble and anxiety to the nurse or mother who undertakes the duty. This, however, is a fallacy in every respect, except as regards the fact of preparing the food; but even this extra amount of work, by adopting the course we shall lay down, may be reduced to a very small sum of inconvenience; and as respects anxiety, the only thing calling for care, is the display of judgment in the preparation of the food. The articles required for the purpose of feeding an infant are a night-lamp, with its pan and lid, to keep the food warm, a nursing-bottle, with a prepared teat, and a small pap saucer, for use by day. Of the lamp we need hardly speak, most mothers being acquainted with its operation, but to those to whom it is unknown we may observe, that the flame from the floating rushlight heats the water in the reservoir above, in which the covered pan that contains the food floats, keeping it at such a heat that, when thinned by milk, it will be of a temperature suitable for immediate use. Though many kinds of nursing-bottles have been lately invented, and some mounted with India-rubber nipples, the common glass bottle, with the calves'-teat, is equal in cleanliness and utility to any; besides, the nipple put into the child's mouth is so white and natural in appearance, that no child taken from the breast will refuse it—a great objection to the black artificial ones of caoutchouc or gutta percha. The prepared teats can be obtained at any chemist's, and as they are kept in spirits, they will require a little soaking in warm water, and gentle washing, before being tied securely, by means of fine twine, round the neck of the bottle, just sufficient being left projecting for the child to grasp freely in its lips; for if left the full length, or too long, it will be drawn too far into the mouth, and possibly make the infant heave. When once properly adjusted, the nipple need never be removed till replaced by a new one, which will hardly be necessary oftener than once a fortnight, though with care one will last for several weeks. The nursing-bottle should be thoroughly washed and cleaned every day, and always rinsed out before using it for the night, the warm water

being squeezed through the nipple, to wash out any particles of food that might lodge in the aperture and become sour. The teat can always be kept white and soft by turning the end of the bottle, when not in use, into a narrow jug containing water, taking care to dry it first, and then warm it by drawing the food through before putting it into the child's mouth.

FOOD AND ITS PREPARATION.

The articles generally employed as aliment for infancy consist of arrowroot, bread, flour, baked flour, prepared groats, farinaceous food, biscuit-powder, biscuits, tops and bottoms, and semolina or manna croup, as it is otherwise called, which, like tapioca, is the prepared pith of certain vegetable substances. Of this list, the least efficacious, though, perhaps, the most believed in, is arrowroot, which only as a mere vehicle of change, and then but for a very short time, should ever be employed as a means of diet to infancy or childhood. It is a thin, flatulent, and innutritious food, and incapable of supporting infantine life with energy. Bread, though the universal *régime* with the labouring poor, where the infant's stomach and digestive powers are a reflex, in miniature, of the father's, should never be given to an infant under three months, and even then, however finely beaten up and smoothly made, is a very questionable diet. Flour, when well boiled, though infinitely better than arrowroot, is still only a kind of fermentative paste, that counteracts its own good by after-acidity and flatulence.

Baked flour, when cooked into a pale, brown mass, and finely powdered, makes a far superior food to the others, and may be considered as a very useful diet, especially for a change. Prepared groats we may dismiss at once, either to the other side of the Tweed, or to the category of arrowroot and raw flour. The articles that now follow in our list are all good, and such as we could with conscience and safety trust to for the health and development of any child whatever.

We may observe in this place, that an occasional change in the character of the food is highly desirable, both as regards the health and benefit of the child; and though the interruption should only last for a day, the change will be advantageous.

The packets sold as farinaceous food, and manufactured at Dartford, are unquestionably the best aliment that can be given from the first to a baby, and may be continued, with the exception of an occasional change, without alteration of the material, till the child is able to take its regular meals of animal and vegetable food. Some infants are so constituted as to require a frequent and total alteration in their system of living, seeming to thrive for a certain time on any food given to them, but if persevered in too long, declining in bulk and appearance as rapidly as they had previously progressed. In such cases the food should be immediately changed, and when that which appeared to agree best with the child is resumed, it should be altered in its quality, and perhaps in its consistency.

For the farinaceous food there are directions with each packet containing instructions for the making; but, whatever the food employed is, enough should be made at once to last the day and night; at first, about a pint basinful, but, as the child advances, a quart will hardly be too much. In all cases, let the food boil a sufficient time, constantly stirring, and taking every precaution that it does not get burnt, in which case it is on no account to be used.

The food should always be made with water, the whole sweetened at once, and of such a consistency that, when poured out, and it has had time to cool, it will cut with the firmness of a pudding or custard. One or two spoonfuls are to be put into the pap saucepan and stood on the hob till the heat has softened it, when enough milk is to be added, and carefully mixed with the food, till the whole has the consistency of thin cream, it is then to be poured into the nursing bottle, and the food having been drawn through to warm the nipple, it is to be placed in the child's mouth. For the first month or more, half a bottleful will be quite enough to give the infant at one time; but, as the child grows, it will be necessary not only to increase the quantity given at each time, but also gradually to make its food more consistent, and, after the third month, to add an egg to every pint basin of food made. At night the mother puts the food into the covered pan of her lamp, instead of the saucepan, and, having lighted the rush, she will find

on the waking of her child, the food sufficiently hot to bear the cooling addition of the milk. But, whether night or day, the same food should never be heated twice, and what the child leaves should be thrown away.

The biscuit powder is used in the same manner as the farinaceous food, and both prepared much after the fashion of making starch. But when tops and bottoms, or the whole biscuit, are employed, they require soaking in cold water for some time previous to boiling. The water is then to be poured off, and the whole beaten finely with a three-pronged fork till a smooth and even pulp is made of the whole. If two large biscuits have been so treated, and the child is six or seven months old, beat up two eggs, sufficient sugar to properly sweeten it, and about a pint of skim-milk. Pour this on the biscuit in the saucepan, stirring constantly, boil for about ten minutes; pour into a basin, and use, when cold, in the same manner as the other.

This makes an admirable food—at once nutritious and strengthening. When tops and bottoms or rusks are used, the quantity of the egg may be reduced or altogether omitted.

Semolina, or manna croup, being in little, hard grains, like a fine millet seed, must be boiled for some time, and the milk, sugar, and egg added to it on the fire, and boiled for a few minutes longer, and, when cold, used as the other preparations.

Many persons entertain a belief that cow's milk is hurtful to infants, and, consequently, refrain from giving it; but this is a very great mistake, for both sugar and milk should form a large portion of every meal an infant takes.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. GREECE.

And yet how lovely, in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods, and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
Thy fane, thy temples to thy heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough.
So perish monuments of mortal birth;
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth.

BYRON.

PERHAPS the religion of Greece was one of the most extraordinary phenomena that the world ever witnessed. It was formed by the poets and upheld by the

fine arts. They tell us that the poets collected the various traditions which were spread through the country, and arranged them into one uniform system, which the beauty of their verses soon caused to be universally adopted.

The various nations of the East whose belief we have already examined invariably regarded their gods as beings of resistless power, and worshipped them rather with the idea of averting evil than procuring good. Mercy and love were totally unknown, and the "fear that hath torment" was the leading characteristic of their faith. Not



HEAD OF OLYMPIAN JUPITER, FROM THE ANTIQUARY.

so was the idolatry of the Greeks, whose gods, to use the words of an old philosopher, "were immortal men."

Thus, instead of the single attribute of brute force, the divinities of Greece were supposed to possess all the passions and affections of human nature, joined, indeed, with the possession of supreme power, but power subjected to the control of wisdom and justice.

The Greek honoured his deity as his friend (with the exception, of course, of the infernal deities); he presented the same gifts at the altar as he would have offered to a fellow-mortal whose favour he wished to conciliate. He celebrated the sacred festivals with songs and dances, because such things delighted himself and gratified all his acquaintance.

In general, the Greek religion may be described as a worship of Nature, and most of its deities corresponded either to certain parts of the visible world or to certain classes of objects comprehended under abstract notions; and most of those fables which offended both the Christian fathers and the Greek philosophers by the debasing conceptions they suggest of the divine nature, and which still render it impossible to convey a knowledge of the Greek mythology without polluting the youthful

imagination, were undoubtedly of physical origin.

The Olympian deities were assembled round Jupiter as his family, in which he maintains the mild dignity of a patriarchal king. He assigns their several provinces and controls their authority. Their combined efforts cannot give the slightest shock to his power nor retard the execution of his will. The tremendous nod with which he confirms his decrees can neither be revoked nor frustrated. Human laws derive



SACRIFICIAL PROCESSION, FROM THE PANATHENAIC PRIZEE. (EIGIN KARRIAS.)

their sanction from his ordinance, earthly kings receive their sceptres from his hand, the stranger and the suppliant are under his peculiar protection, and he revenges the denial and abuse of hospitality. Yet even this great being is subject, like the other gods, to passion and frailty.

Though strong and beautiful, and warmed with purer blood than fills the veins of men, their heavenly frames are not insensible to pleasure and pain; they need the refreshment of ambrosial food, and inhale a grateful savour from the sacrifices of their worshippers.

Their other affections correspond to the grossness of these animal appetites. Capricious love, and hatred, anger and jealousy, often disturb the calm of their bosoms.

In general, no quality was so pleasing to the gods as pious munificence, and no actions so meritorious as the observances that related singly to their service.

These were so important, that even an involuntary neglect of them was sufficient to bring down the heaviest calamities on a whole people.

Such conceptions of the gods, and of their dealings with mankind, had, in themselves, no tendency to strengthen any moral sentiments, or to enforce the practice of any social duties.

The Grecian idea of retribution was not generally associated with that of a future state. Homer views death as the separation of two distinct substances—the soul and the body. The latter has no life

without the former; the former no strength without the latter. The souls of the heroes are sent down to the realms of Hades, while they themselves remain a prey to dogs and birds. And when it is said of Hercules that his shade is among the dead, while he himself shares the banquet of the immortal gods, it must be supposed that his virtue has been rewarded with a new and undecaying body, and a divine soul. Nothing, however, seems further from Homer's philosophy than the notion that the soul, when lightened of its fleshly incumbrances, exerted its intellectual faculties with greater vigour. On the contrary, he represents it as reduced by death to a state of senseless imbecility. It is only after their strength has been repaired by the blood of a slaughtered victim that they recover reason and memory for a time, or can recognise their living friends, and feel anxiety for those whom they have left on earth.

While the greater part of the vast multitude that peoples the house of Hades merely prolongs a dreaming, vacant existence, a few great offenders are doomed to a kind of suffering most in accordance with the character of the infernal realms—to the torment of unavailing toil and never-satisfied longings.

A more tremendous prison, removed as far below Hades as earth is from heaven, was reserved for the audacious enemies of Jupiter—the abyss of Tartarus, fast secured with iron gates and a brazen floor. On the other hand, a few favoured heroes, instead of descending into Hades, were transported to a delicious plain, an island of Ocean, cooled by perpetual breezes from the west, and exempt from every inclement change of the seasons.

The Greeks offered libations to the gods at the social meals, presented gifts at harvest, while youths and maidens dedicated votive locks to their guardian deities. After a time the fatal idea fastened on the popular mind that the efficacy of a sacrifice depended upon its value, and that the feeling which prompted the offering was not merely to be expressed but to be measured by it. This idea, of course, ended in the practice of dedicating living persons to deity; though, it must be acknowledged, that, on the whole, the devotion of the Greeks rather assumed the form of gratitude than the language of suppli-

cation. Of course, amongst the Greeks, as amongst other idolatrous nations, two different religions prevailed, both derived from those early ages called fabulous—both acknowledged by the civil law. But only one was common to all the people, revered as the sanction of oaths, and thus properly everywhere the religion of the state. The other, entitled Mystical, was limited to select persons, who were bound to secrecy concerning its doctrine and much of its ceremonies; so that its character could only be known so far as it was displayed in some public exhibitions.

Plato, speaking of the early state of things in Greece, mentions his opinion that the sun, moon, stars, and earth had been the only objects of religious worship; as yet, in his time, he adds, they were in most of the barbarous nations.

The absurdities of Grecian polytheism are supposed to have been principally derived from Egypt. The colonists who passed from that polished country to savage Greece would, of course, communicate their religious tenets. The rude natives, according to all traditions, listened greedily to instruction on a subject in which they felt themselves deeply interested, and thought it an important improvement to be able to name many gods, whose stories were related to them, instead of sacrificing to one only, without a name, of whose will they were wholly uninformed, and of whose nature they had no satisfactory conception.

Polytheism, therefore, once disseminated, the lively imagination of the Greeks would not be confined within the limits of Egyptian instruction. Their country, with fewer objects of wonder, abounded with incentives to fancy, which Egypt wanted. Hence, besides Juno, Vesta, and Themis, whom they added to the principal divinities derived from the marshy banks of the Nile, every Grecian mountain acquired its Oreads, every wood its Dryads, every fountain its Naiads, the sea its Tritons and its Nereids, and every river its god; the variety of the seasons produced the Hours, and the Muses and Graces were the genuine offspring of the genius of the people. Thus were divinities so multiplied before Homer's time, that nobody any longer undertook to say how many there were not.

Jupiter, the chief of their gods, was not

represented as omnipotent; omnipresence was not among his attributes, nor was he all-seeing; and as perfect goodness was nowhere to be found in Homer's heaven, so there was no perfect happiness there.

Temples in the time of Homer were not common, though those of Minerva at Athens, Apollo at Delphi, and Neptune at Aigæa seem to have been of some standing. Sacrifices were performed, as by the Jewish patriarchs, on altars raised in open air.

We find Nestor sacrificing to Neptune on the sea-shore, to Minerva before the portico of his palace, and the terms in which Homer mentions the fanes of Apollo and Minerva mark them to have been roofless.

The duty of men to the gods, according to Homer, consisted in sacrifice only. That due honour was paid him by offerings on his altars, is the reason given by Jupiter for his affection for the Trojans, and particularly for Hector. Songs to the gods, we are told, were also grateful to them. Ablution was also a necessary ceremony before sacrifice, but without sacrifice nothing was effectual. Sacrifices promised or performed are alone urged in prayer to promote the gaining of the petition; and the omission of sacrifices due was supposed surely to excite divine resentment. A sacrifice then, it is to be observed, was always more or less a work of charity, providing a meal for the many, and therefore a duty only of those who had means for it. A very remarkable passage in the second book of "Plato's Republic" shows how little, even in his time, a virtuous and blameless life was supposed a recommendation to divine favour, and how much more importance was attributed to sacrifice and the observance of ceremonies. Some slight idea of reward and punishment in a future life prevailed in the Homeric age; but it was impossible that it should be regulated by any just criterion of moral good and evil where morality had so little connexion with religion, and where every vice found favour with the gods.

The nature of the Greek religion implied the existence of persons who exercised the sacred functions which it prescribed; but none of the acts which compose the ordinary worship of the gods, neither the sacrifice nor the accompanying prayer, were among the Greeks appropriated to

any certain order of men. The father of a family in his household, the Prince in behalf of his people, celebrated all these rites themselves.

Herodotus was struck by the contrast which he observed between the Greek and the Egyptian institutions. "In Egypt," he says, "no god or goddess is served by a priestess." In his own country the female ministers of religion were perhaps as numerous as those of the other sex. No period of life excluded from the priesthood, neither was it any part of their duties to expound theological dogmas or deliver moral precepts. Even the memory was but slightly tasked by the liturgical forms, in the repetition of which his ordinary functions consisted, and the moral character of the priest was never viewed with regard to the influence of his example or authority on the minds of others.

The worship of heroes, which in after-times forms so prominent a feature in the Greek religion, is not mentioned by Homer; according to Greek theology, eminent virtue might raise a mortal even to the society of the gods, or it might transport him to a state of blessedness little inferior. In either case the person who approached so nearly to deity was a fit object of similar worship. The piety of surviving friends displayed itself in the most costly offerings at the funeral pile; and it was probably usual, at a very early period, to repeat such honours, at certain intervals, over the grave of the deceased. Thus the tomb gradually became an altar, and sometimes the site of a temple. But this kind of worship was indebted for its wider diffusion to an opinion which appears first expressed in the poetry of Hesiod, who speaks of 30,000 guardian demons, spirits of departed heroes, who are continually walking over the earth veiled in darkness, watching the deeds of men, and dispensing weal and woe.

Well might the heart of the Apostle Paul be stirred within him as he passed through this idolatrous land, and perceived in their chief and beautiful city the mournful fact, that in all things they were too superstitious.

Great was their learning, great their glory, and wide their renown—knowledge, science, the fine arts, all that is beautiful, grand, and elevating, sprang into life be-

neath their plastic touch; but the one thing needful, the life spiritual, the comprehension of things eternal in the heavens, not made with hands, was beyond their reach, and He whom they ignorantly worshipped—He whom their wise men barely imagined and never revealed—was at length opened to their gaze by a poor tent-maker of Tarsus. Oh, how mad is the dream of those amongst us who imagine that reason, unassisted by revelation, can find out God! Surely, if this polished and wonderful people were unable to discover, not His perfections, but his very existence, what folly for us to talk of discarding revelation and returning to the age of *pure reason*!

M. S. R.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

A GOOD STROKE.

GEORGE set himself to work again with double zeal, for he felt how much he owed to M. Wolff, and he now had also settled his plans for the future. All his reflections confirmed the high regard he had conceived for the young ladies at St. Germain, and the dismissal which he had received, far from dispiriting him, increased his hopes.

It was, then, with fresh ardour he commenced the routine of business, which was always active and prosperous with M. Wolff. His sleepless nights were not troublesome to him; for he would say to himself, whilst working, "I know now who will benefit by my night-watches."

Thus passed a few days; and then George received a letter one morning bearing the "Saint Germain" post-mark, the trembling handwriting of which was not known to him.

Nothing in George's character will authorise us to accuse him of vanity, yet still we must acknowledge he slightly expected this letter. Here are the contents of it:—

"DEAR MONSIEUR GEORGE,—It is very fortunate you left me your address, for I wanted to write to you, and I didn't wish to say anything about it to any one.

"What have you done, Monsieur George, you, who, by your modest look and kind heart, inspired me with so much confidence?

"I asked you to go up-stairs and see my

dear children, and I don't know what you can have said or done. We have not been able to get any information from Jeanne, whom you found alone, and who has been very melancholy and ill ever since.

"If your conscience is easy, come and see me on Sunday morning, for I wish to speak seriously and confidentially to you. We shall be alone.

"Hoping that you will always prove worthy of our friendship.

"I remain,

"Your humble servant,

"V. BLANCHEMAIN."

On the appointed Sunday morning, George, happy at being recalled, but his mind absorbed about Jeanne's health, stood at the door of Madame Blanchemain's house.

"So you have arrived, naughty boy!" said Madame Blanchemain; "I have many things to tell you now we are alone. Tell me frankly, Monsieur George—this is quite between ourselves—tell me as if you were speaking to your own mother, or to Jeanne's, what you have said to this poor child, what you have done to her, that she should be in this sorrowful state? You passed through the church to enter this house of angels; by your piety you have gained their esteem; they are your debtors, I have told you so. This imposed on you many duties, and a delicacy which I believed you capable of; for, as I told you, I pretend to know something of physiognomy. Why have you abused the reception that your business gave you, to bring trouble on this poor house? Answer me directly. If you only wished to form one of those frivolous connexions in which so many young people lose their present and their future, address yourself to others. If you came only on business, how is it you are come to do us more harm than your generosity does us good? But you have the look of a good and honest lad. Speak, speak, then, that I may know if you are the friend whom Providence has reserved for us, or an enemy who has come under our roof in the name of charity. And don't think you will be able to deceive me," added she, taking a pinch of snuff, and looking fixedly at him.

"Make yourself quite happy," replied George, smiling, now that he was able to put in a word; "I have nothing to re-

proach myself with, and I shall always be worthy, I hope, your friendship and theirs. Jeanne's appearance, and her talents, of which so honourable a man as M. Redouté told me, inspired me with esteem and respect for her. Everything I have seen here has confirmed my first impressions; and the spot where I met Jeanne, at St. Germain, was a guarantee of my conduct. When you asked me to go up-stairs to her room, the other day, she seemed annoyed at my speedy return; and, upon hearing a single word which she uttered, I retired, excusing myself, promising not to come again without her permission. What could I do? But don't think I have in the least resented this cold reception. I have learnt to esteem Jeanne still more for her very natural susceptibility and prudent reserve, and I was as happy, in parting so, as others might have been had they been pressed to stay. You see, dear Madame Blanchemain, that I am, perhaps, still the same person whom you expected to assist and love your children, and that I am not unworthy your confidence and hospitality." And he held out his hand to the old lady.

"Well, my child, you console my poor heart," said Madame Blanchemain, taking his hand, and keeping it between her two large ones; "but tell me now, what you are going to do, for I begin to see clearly into Jeanne's thoughts, thanks to your explanations? Have you considered the future? In the world you will meet with many opportunities of settling, and, if you begin an intercourse here, founded, as much as you would wish, on esteem and respect, who knows if poor Jeanne would not conceive a serious attachment from this passing intercourse, and thus you would involuntarily make her liable to serious disappointment? Would it not be better to confer about all this with some sensible persons before going too far on a road from which it is difficult to turn back?"

"Dear Madame Blanchemain," said George, "you have spoken of Providence, and I believe in it also; I believe it was Providence that led me to Jeanne's presence; I believe that this union is all that my highest hopes can require. I know that my mother will not put any obstacle in the way; of that I will give you proof. But it is not for me to declare my inten-

tions for the present, and I hope you will be pleased with me for this prudence. You shall be my confidant, and you shall assist in preparing Jeanne's happiness. I shall really stand in need of you to reassure her, and we will make a plot between ourselves to create a future for her."

"That is well spoken," said Madame Blanchemain. "Now you must go up-stairs to comfort the afflicted ones, and take advice from your sensibility and your own heart, not to offend them in wishing to serve them."

Madame Blanchemain went in first.

"My child," said she to Jeanne, who was still alone, "I have brought M. George to you, who wishes to know how your paintings are getting on."

George entered the room, and offered his hand, with a look which implored pardon. Jeanne held hers out with sincerity and eagerness.

"I wanted your advice," said she to him.

She fell back, slightly pale, in her large arm-chair.

George also noticed that everything in the room was the same as on the day he paid such a short visit. The same drawing was on the table, the same *bouquet*—so fresh, so brilliant the other day, now hung down its faded flowers the length of a large thin glass, which supported the dying stalks; and Jeanne herself, her countenance altered by suffering—was she not like a wasted flower? However, she soon recovered herself, and her eyes resumed their animation.

"This week I have not been able to do anything," said she, "I was not well; but I feel better now, and, besides, I wanted to consult you. What a pity! now these poor flowers will be of no more use to us."

She lifted them up with pity.

"I will go and fetch some more," said George, "for we must get on with our business, and make up for lost time."

"Make haste and go," said Madame Blanchemain, "and the breakfast will be ready when you come back."

An hour after, the family—what a sweet name that is!—Anna and Jeanne, Madame Blanchemain and George, were united in the room on the ground-floor; confidence and serenity prevailed everywhere. George, such is the power of sacrifice, emptied without apparent repugnance

and drank to the very dregs, the cup that Madame Blanchemain put before him. It was the hour of triumph for the Mareil wine.

"It is drinkable," said the good dame with satisfaction, "but it is still better with water."

A gardener came in and arranged a selection of the most beautiful flowers in the dining-room. The breakfast was very gay and very friendly.

When the coffee was ready, Jeanne, who had not taken anything for several days, did not refuse the beautiful cup, with the gold border, which Madame Blanchemain filled for her with particular care, and adding some delicious cream.

"She is our spoilt child," said she to George.

"Now we are going to take you round our park. We have only to open the door."

Then the family found itself, a few moments after, under the verdant arches of the forest. There was the spot whence led nine different paths into the forest, there the clump of hollies and the cedar valley—all charming places, the beauties of which were increased through having friends to enjoy them. George gave his arm to Madame Blanchemain, the two sisters walked by their side: sometimes they separated. When they were near the Castle du Val, they rested on the side of the hill, and a lovely scene lay before them. Solitude, silence, all acted on the imagination. George found himself seated near Jeanne; but what more could be said? For had she not given him her hand, and said, raising towards him a look of deep interest, "I wanted your advice?" Everything was explained in those few words.

Following the custom of the people who visit this part of the majestic forest, they went out by the royal gate. There a change of scene, which you would not, perhaps, find in any other place in the world, strikes every visitor. You come out of the twilight, you quit the mysterious shade of the sombre forest, like the lower chapels of a cathedral with stained glass windows, and you are suddenly in the presence of a radiant immensity. You have before you the open sky, and from the table-land, which commands a view of the landscape, you see beneath you a land full

of life, with the large river which meanders through it, the numerous villages which animate it, the fertile fields which yield bread and wine, woods which give shade in the summer, fire for the winter; and the graceful hills which add to the beauty of the scene. Then you come back, following this changing scene, to the garden and the old castle. However, it was necessary, of course, to think seriously of business; so, gravely discussing matters, they arranged flowers, harmonising or contrasting them according to their master's instructions; and thus adding to Nature's beauties, they talked on, while working in this room, where everything breathed taste and art in the midst of a holy poverty. For instance, a crystal vase had for a garland a bunch of wheat and rye, which formed, of its own accord, a graceful group. A few familiar books of the best and chastest authors indicated the tastes of those who dwelt there; and some albums reminded you of the most picturesque spots of the forest. A portrait of a lady, an excellent crayon, worthy of Latour, occupied the best place in the room. It attracted George's attention.

"It is my mother's portrait," said Jeanne; "how beautiful the eyes are! One would say they were looking at you!"

They did not say any more about it.

How quickly the time passed! George rose: it was time for him to go. Jeanne, rising, held out her hand to him.

"So soon!" said she to him, venturing a smile.

It was like an atonement for the cruel word of the other day. And they separated, not without agreeing they should see one another the following Sunday, to inspect the labours of the week, and to prepare new ones.

Madame Blanchemain, going to the door with him, said, in a low tone of voice, "I am pleased with you. Take courage; you have to-day made 'a good stroke.'"

BANISHMENT.

Everything in Nature, according to God's law, follows a course of progress or decay; nothing is permanent, nothing immutable. The sun, pale when it rises, reaches its zenith and descends again to extinguish its light in the waves; the sea is troubled, becomes restless, and lashes its foam as

high as the cliffs, and then, as if exhausted with its vain efforts, becomes smooth as a mirror; plants, nourished by the spring sap, raise their vigorous stalks towards the skies, till the burning heats of summer consume them and render them a plaything for the winds. Poor mortals! so it is with your feelings; reason is not always a sufficient guide to keep them within proper bounds.

So George's visits became more intimate every Sunday. So was it also that, one fine evening in the month of August, after a dreamy walk in the forest, George was seated near Jeanne in the study. Anna was playing the organ in the adjoining apartment; she was executing on this instrument, which a friend had lent her, one of those slow melodies in which you always find an echo to your most tender feelings. The window was partially open, and the perfume from the wood came, wafted by the gentle zephyrs, and united its seductive influence with that of the plaintive sounds of the organ.

"You say nothing, George," said Jeanne, "notwithstanding we are now once more together; and when I refused you this hand just now, you told me that you would be happy when it was in yours; and now you keep it almost in spite of me. Why have you lost the gaiety, the spirit of a courageous man? Why do you look so sorrowful when you gaze on me? *Have my eyes evil in them to impart to others?*—as you read to us the other day in that book where we still have so many things to read. I will tell you how I should always like to see you—holding a book or a pencil. Idleness does not become you. Take this album and make a drawing."

"I am unhappy," said George, "because I am going away; that is why the evening is always full of bitterness. Jeanne, I must tell you all; I will not, I cannot leave you any more. My position is certain and sufficient that you may trust me with your life. My mother has given her consent; it only depends on you. If you have felt all the love I have for you, although I have never said anything about it, be my dear wife, and let us never quit each other again."

"George," replied Jeanne, disengaging her hand, "you speak like a child, and I thought you were a man. It is my own

fault; I blame no one; I saw so much grief in your eyes when I sent you away with only one word, the day when you presented yourself in this room, I have felt so much remorse for my cruelty, that I have let you come back; friendship then ensued, then intimacy, and finally this sweet intercourse, which made you happy for a few days, and is now a misfortune."

"It only rests with you," said George, "whether I shall be happy for ever."

"For ever!" replied Jeanne. "And who knows if this happiness will last even as long as that which is now no longer sufficient for you? Do you know who we are? Do you know the state of our affairs? Do you know that my sister and I are as one, and that we could not exist if we were to be separated? No, George, I ought to have foreseen all this—I have had a presentiment of it for a long time. Don't tempt your destiny—don't be persuaded by a summer's evening, by the perfume of roses, and the harmony of music, but listen to sober sense, and give your mind time for reflection. Misfortune is upon us. Work and study sometimes make us forget it; but some family matters, which leave us exposed to much difficulty, require solitude. We have never spoken to any one on this subject—not even good Madame Blanchemain; and until this business, which relates to the honoured memory of our mother, is terminated, leave us, George, to our grief. Retain for us the friendship of a brother, which will sometimes make us forget it, and be a wise man."

"Dear Jeanne," said George, "the more troubles you have, the more you belong to me. These family difficulties, the assistance of a friend, perhaps, may clear up—his presence might make the wicked fly. And as to your sister Anna, what pleasure there would be in having her near us, in not dividing those whom heaven has so well united, to be three and, as it were, only one, and to give two mothers to our children!"

"Be quiet, George, now, and listen to the order I am going to give you. I am well acquainted with everything. I know who you are; I know the devotion of which you are capable; but, in order to see if this devotion is lasting, it must be proved by absence."

"I submit to everything, dear Jeanne. All that you impose on me will be easy, provided you promise me the recompense I expect."

"You are going away," said Jeanne. "You will be a long time, a very long time, without seeing us; but you will live for us, and we will live for you. It is not so difficult as you imagine, George, for it is not my hand, my hair, my eyes that you love, it is my soul, and my soul shall be with you. When you are gone, when you will have lost sight of our little house, reflect well on the last words of your Jeanne, and you will see that she spoke truly. You will remain so a year, and then, on a day like this, when the cold of winter, when the freezing influences of absence, when the crowd of persons in the midst of which you are going to live, shall have passed over this eagerness of a day, of a fine summer's evening, then, George, if you still think as you do to day, come and claim your Jeanne, whom you will find here expecting you."

"A year!" said George. "And you? Will not you suffer by this absence?"

"No, George. I feel within myself that I can bear it, and be happy."

"Give me, then," said George, "a pledge of your affection. I am going away. I wish that my last look may find you the same as I have seen you, Jeanne, when Providence placed you in my way. I should like to unfasten this pin which I lent you, and which is still in your black scarf."

"No, George, no, my brother, you shall not do such a naughty thing. Leave me this token of your friendship. I do not wish to return it for a year; but listen again."

She rose, and in a velvet casket, strangely ornamented with brass, she went to look for a diamond cross.

"We have suffered much," said she, "I can acknowledge it without shame, the value that this cross represents would have been very useful to us, often wanted, indeed, for our daily bread; but it is also our talisman, George; our mother wore it, and she became possessed of it from her mother; we have always kept it very carefully. Take this cross, I cannot give you a better token; and now, good-bye, and take courage. Anna, come and say adieu to

our brother George, who is going to leave us for a long time."

George took her hand twice without saying a word, went to Madame Blanchemain, who noticed nothing of his emotion. He begged this good lady to take care of his dear friends, and wrote to him if anything serious occurred, and went away, his heart full and his eye dim.

WEAKNESS.

Woman—that weak, delicate, fragile being, so to speak, who appears destined for repose and frivolous occupations—woman often possesses within her heart treasures of power and energy, when her nature is not enervated by the thousand vanities of an idle life.

Man, on the contrary, who pretends to superiority and power, is cast down and overcome by misfortune.

So we shall not be astonished to find George quite altered; continuing his daily occupations with his accustomed assiduity, but taking no pleasure in the many recreations which were offered him by the incessant goodness of Monsieur and Madame Wolff.

Winter passed away in silence and meditation. A few messages, a few souvenirs came to charm the pangs of absence. However, George was not himself. He possessed no longer that originality which used to be the principal trait in his character; he attended to orders, and executed them with great punctuality, but his thoughts were elsewhere; he imagined Jeanne, to himself, sitting down quite pale in her large arm-chair, her sister watching over her, and Madame Blanchemain making a thousand speeches to console her.

Jeanne did not let any word of grief escape her in her letters. She encouraged George by an appearance of gaiety, which, however, he would not believe, knowing that troubles existed in the interior of that dwelling where he had hoped to see peace and calmness reign.

The twelve studies for Canada had been finished a long time; they had been very much admired by M. Wolff, and highly praised by Redouté, who was very often a guest at the house. New designs were ordered, and activity still continued to reside in the study of the little house.

One of the first fine days in the year George received a picture which he had not ordered. The letter of advice said it was the thirteenth *gratis*, as was usual in commercial transactions. This picture represented a beautiful collection of *myosotis*, *eglantine*, roses, *clematis*, and iris, thrown in profusion into a moss-basket; a white *eglantine*, a little faded and crushed, was as if expiring outside the basket, on the edge of the frame, and appeared to represent the signature of the artist. Never was a work of art caressed with more love, even though it were from the pencil of Mignon, who has carried the art of exquisite finish to the fullest extent, as may be seen in his charming works preserved in the Louvre. The *myosotis* were everywhere, and pressed out from amongst the moss, through the open-work of the basket. The dewdrops which fell on the iris in fantastical forms were as diamonds of the finest water.

George uttered a cry of admiration, and could have fallen on his knees before this matchless picture. He remained a long time contemplating the basket, believing to see the wind move the fragile flowers—believing to see Jeanne, worn out with labour, bending her slender and tired figure before this work of patience and of love.

He then tried to find out the mystic meaning which this collection of flowers might have, thrown in as they were without any apparent order, and, whether the effect of chance or intention, he found out that the flowers, arranged in the order in which we have enumerated them, taking the first letter of each flower, said *Merci!* (thanks).

He no longer doubted that the little *eglantine*, which fell on the border of the frame, with a dewdrop at the bottom of the calyx, must be Jeanne's portrait.

How many hours passed in this silent *tête-à-tête!* He was still in the same place when he had a letter given him, of which he instantly recognised the trembling handwriting.

"My dear Monsieur George," said this letter, "I promised to write to you the truth, for our poor children are very brave and too proud to complain; but I ought not to leave you in ignorance that they have been in great trouble, and poor Jeanne

is very weak. I do not know anything of their affairs, for they will tell me nothing, but I have seen lawyers here. Mind you come; Jeanne would not pardon you if you failed in courage. I only tell you, that you may find means, through some discreet friend, of watching what takes place here. I don't know how to advise you, but, perhaps, some good thought will strike you. Adieu. Take courage.

"Your devoted friend,
"V. BLANCHEMAIN."

This situation appeared frightful to George. To know that his *protégées* were defenceless, struggling with powerful adversaries; figuring to himself poor Jeanne, worn out with labour and suffering, resisting by her energy claims about which he knew nothing, and concealing from her most intimate friend, Madame Blanchemain, the sufferings she had undergone—he could no longer endure such torment. He felt himself released from his promise by the danger Jeanne was in. He would go at once—he would set out for Saint Germain, when Borghèse's sweet and amiable figure met him on the door-step.

"You will always be my guardian angel, dear Borghèse," said he to her, making her come in. "You alone can save me. I am miserable; I can have no other confidant but you, my good and indulgent friend."

"You are in love, George," said Borghèse coldly; "one need not look at you long without guessing it. But if you would only calm yourself, and not put on this crestfallen look, it would be something gained. This picture—well, what is it? It is a parcel they have sent you. And these scattered letters—what do they all mean? I hardly know you, George, who used to be so active, so affable; but now you have become silent, you wish to be alone; no more music, no more conversation. M. Wolff himself is anxious about it. I came to listen to your complaints, and to console you. I could not have come at a better time; but, at least, try to hide your agitation a little, if you wish that I should be your only confidant, for, if you don't take care, all the world will read your secret in your face."

"Dear Borghèse, I thank you; another time I will listen to your good advice, but to-day, you, who have given me so many

tokens of friendship, I intreat of you to go immediately. Here is the address of her who is suffering, and whom I cannot assist. Try to find out the cause of her troubles, and tell me the means of sending assistance."

And he wrote on the same letter that Jeanne had sent with the picture these few words:—

"DEAR JEANNE,—Confide in the devoted friend who will present you this letter. She comes to your assistance.

"GEORGE."

He gave this passport to Borghèse, who promised to set out at once, and to return soon. Two hours after Borghèse, accompanied by her servant, was at Saint Germain. The little house had been well described to her, and she found it easily, and was soon in Jeanne's presence, who, quite occupied with her painting, and absorbed in thought, scarcely noticed her entrance.

"Mademoiselle Jeanne," said Borghèse, who felt somewhat astonished, thinking she recognised features which were not quite unknown to her, "you know this writing?"

And she presented her letter, with a few words added by George.

(To be continued.)

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

JEALOUSY.

"In Jealousy there is more self-love than love."

—ROCHEFORDCAULT.

"A jealous man sleeps dog-sleep."—SIR THOS. OVERBURY.

I have here, with my cousin Palamon,
Had strife and rancour many a day agoon
For love of you, and for my jealousy.

CHAUCE, born 1328, died 1400.—*The Thracian*
[*Temple of Mars*.]

Yet is there one more cursed than they all—
That canker-worm, that monster jealousy,
Which eats the heart, and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all love's delight to misery,
Through fear of losing his felicity,
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced!

SPENSER, born 1553, died 1598.

Fowle jealousy! that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

SPENSER.

But gnawing jealousy, out of their sight,
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite.

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*.

Trifles light as air

Ara, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Othello*, Act 3

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy.

It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Othello, Act 3.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance!

SHAKESPEARE.—*Henry V.*, Act 2.

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

SHAKESPEARE.—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 2.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

Comedy of Errors, Act 5.

Impatience changeth smoke to flame,

But jealousy is hell.

W. WARNER (a poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth).—*The Patient Countess*.

Envy not greatness, for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm; yet such jealousy
As hurts not others but may make thee better
Is a good spur.

GEO. HERBERT, born 1533, died 1633.—*The Temple*.

Suspicious and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffused, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down looked.

DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1700.—*The Knight's Tale*.

What state of life can be so blest
As love that warms a lover's breast!
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find,

'Tis all from thee,

O jealousy!

'Tis all from thee,

O jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant jealousy,

Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love.

In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain;
But ah! no cure but death we find

To set us free

From jealousy,

O jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant jealousy,

Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are,

Some set too near, and some too far.

Thou art the fire of endless night,

The fire that burns and gives no light.

All torments of the damn'd we find

In only thee,

O jealousy!

Thou tyrant, tyrant jealousy,

Thou tyrant of the mind!

DRYDEN.—*Song of Jealousy in "Love Triumphant"*.

But age is found uneasy, scrupulous,
Hard to be pleased, and parsimonious;
But all these errors from our manners rise,
Not from our years. Yet some morosities
We must expect, since jealousy belongs

To age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrong.

DENHAM, born 1613, died 1668.—*Translations*
[*from Tully*.]

And jealousy, who ruthless turns
From suppliant beauty's prayer and tear.
JOHN SCOTT, born 1638, died 1695.—*The Melancholy*
[Evening.]

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best belov'd and me
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve;
You think we disagree.
Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy—
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof 'twixt them and me
We love, and do not dream.

EARL OF ROCHESTER, born 1647, died 1680.
From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed.

MATTHEW PRIOR, born 1664, died 1721.—*An Answer*
[To *Chloe Jealous*.]

Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
Man's double sufferings for domestic joys.
FARNELL, born 1679, died 1765.—*The Curse of*
[*Jealousy*.]

How have I seen you pout, and fret, and frown;
Nay, once you told me that I need not roam,
For charity should still begin at home.
These jealous hints, or I mistake them, prove
The greatest and the surest signs of love.
Yet, if you loved, methinks you would not be
So kind to Floripert, so cross to me.

W. PATTISON.—*The Jealous Shepherd*.

Jealousy, the fiend most fell,
Who bears about his innate hell,
Now, far apart, with haggard mien,
To lone suspicion list'ning seen;
Now, in a gloomy band appears
Of sallow doubts and pale-eyed fears,
Whom dire remorse, of giant kind,
Pursues with scorpion lash behind.

HAMILTON, born 1704, died 1754.—*Contemplation*.

But anxious care be far from hence,
Vain surmise, and altered sense,
Misshapen doubts, the woes they bring,
And jealousy of fiercest sting.

HAMILTON.—*Ode 2*.

May every transport violate thy rest,
Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast.
May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
'Till death, in all its terrors, wing the dart;
Then, to complete the horror of thy doom,
A favour'd rival smile upon thy tomb.

THOMAS DAY.—*The Dying Negro*.

Maddening now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierced by the sting of hell-born jealousy.

THOS. PENROSE.—*The Hermit's Vision*.

O jealousy! each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul,
Thou king of torments, thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire.

YOUNG, born 1681, died 1765.

It is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great—nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.

YOUNG.

'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men) to love their dearest friend;
For may not he invade their good empire,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?

YOUNG.—*The Complaint*.

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmixed, incessant gall
Corroding every thought and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell; ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last. The yellow-tingeing plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

THOMSON, born 1699, died 1746.—*Spring*.

Pain-seeking jealousy feels doubtful rage,
Which trustful pity struggles to assuage;
Thence frets uncertain pain, with pensive glow,
And look and action share divided woe.
Sad in the face the heart's-felt softness reigns,
While each tugged sinew angry vengeance strains.

AARON HILL, born 1685, died 1749.—*The Actor's*
[*Epitome*.]

'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling scene
Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows; but, ah! the genial sun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit and scents the flower,
On Spanish maids (a nation's nobler boast)
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits jealousy enthroned, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow-consuming fires.

SHENSTONE, born 1714, died 1763.—*Love and*
[*Honour*.]

How would you praise me should your sex defame!
Yet, should they praise, grow jealous and exclaim.
SAVAGE, born 1697, died 1743.—*To a Young Lady*.
Jealousy wounds, and friendship heals the soul.

SAVAGE.

Jealousy, with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart.

GRAT, born 1716 died 1771.—*On a Distant Pros-*
[*pect of Eton College*.]

Thy numbers, jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted love, now, raving, called on
hate.

COLLINS, born 1720, died 1756.—*The Passions*.

'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made
In way of science and in way of trade,
Stung with mean jealousy, she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.

CHURCHILL, born 1731, died 1764.—*Epistle to*
[*Hogarth*.]

Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe, beware—
Like Hecla's mountain, while his heart's in flame,
His aspect's cold, and Jealousy's his name.

LANGHORNE, born 1755, died 1779.—*Precepts of*
[*Conjugal Happiness*.]

As envy pines at good possessed,
So jealousy looks forth distressed;
On good that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—*On Friendship*

Can jealous fear truth's dauntless heart enthral?
Suspicion lurks not in the heart of truth.

BEATTIE, born 1731, died 1800.—*The Judgment of*
[*Paris*.]

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke.
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the dark anguish of despair
Burst in fierce jealousy to air.

SIR W. SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.—*The Lady of the Lake, Canto 2.*

Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he, who killed his brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt turned jealous.
S. T. COLERIDGE, born 1773, died 1834.—*Remorse.*
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

BYRON, born 1788, died 1824.

Yet, if bless'd to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! Who's not?

BYRON.—*Anacreontic Song.*

But there are storms whose lightnings never glare;
Tempests, whose thunders never cease to roll—
The storms of love, when madden'd to despair—
The furious tempests of the jealous soul.

ISAAC CLASON (American poet), born 1796,
[died 1830.]

Jealousy, that dotes but dooms, and murders
Yet adores.

SPRING (American poet).—*Shakespeare Ode.*

'Tis difficult at once to crush
The rebel mourner in the breast,
To press the heart to earth, and hush
Its bitter jealousy to rest.

N. P. WILLIS (American).—*Melanie.*

Hypolito. But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green?

Victorian. Not a whit. Why so?

Hypolito. I think

The slightest shade of green would
be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

Victorian. No, I am not jealous.

Hypolito. Thou shouldst be.

Victorian. Why?

Hypolito. Because thou art in love;
And they who are in love are always
jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

LONGFELLOW (American).—*The Spanish Student.*

Sick—am I sick of a jealous dread?

Was not one of the two at her side

This new-made lord, whose splendour plucks

The slavish hat from the villager's head?

Put down the passions that make earth hell!

Jealousy, down! Cut off from the mind

The bitter springs of anger and fear.

TENNISON, Poet Laureate.—*Maud.*

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

OSTEND RABBITS STEWED.—Cut the rabbit into small joints, add two or three large onions, half a dozen cloves, and a little lemon peel chopped; water enough to cover the meat. Make a stuffing of the following ingredients, which must be rolled into balls the size of a walnut and dropped into the gravy when the rabbit is nearly done: 1 lb

bread crumbled, a little dried herbs, nutmeg grated, quarter of a pound of sausage meat, the liver chopped up, a very little mutton suet, and eggs sufficient to mix; thicken the gravy with flour, butter, and catsup enough to flavour it.

ANOTHER WAY.—Cut into joints as before, wash well, and place in a saucepan with half a dozen onions chopped up; cover with cold water and simmer till done. Thicken with flour and butter.

ANOTHER WAY.—Proceed as above, but omit the onions. Thicken the gravy with chopped lemon peel, parsley, flour, and butter.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Take six ounces of currants, six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of sugar, six large apples, chopped fine, eight eggs, well beaten. Boil them in a mould two hours; serve with brandy sauce, or half a pound of sugar, half a pint of white wine boiled to a syrup.

A PLAIN PUDDING.—Six ounces of bread, six ounces of currants, six ounces of apples, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of suet, six ounces of raisins, stoned and cut fine, six spoonfuls of brandy, six eggs, and a little nutmeg. Boil three hours.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE ladies of France have just used the privilege of our friendly alliance to attach the name of the Queen of England to the new article of winter costume which is expected to be the favourite during the approaching winter. It is the "Victoria Pardessus," and we have therefore selected it as being most worthy of the attention of our own subscribers. It is distinguished for its air of style, combined with the ease and comfort with which it can be worn. The material is a grey or speckled cloth, of which it can be made entirely, although the French ladies have incorporated with it an amount of trimming that almost imparts to it the character of being composed of two materials. Thus, while the Pardessus is chiefly framed of cloth, it has a broad border, and large portion of the hanging sleeve, in either black velvet or black moire antique. Rows of narrow black ribbon velvet also head these border trimmings.

One of the most distinguished dresses of the season is a violet-coloured silk or poplin. The skirt has a broad bordering of black moire antique. Over this a casique is worn, descending to within a quarter of a yard of the under skirt, and which, being trimmed in the same way, gives the appearance of a second skirt. The sleeves are very wide and have the same border. This trimming is not carried up the front.

Ladies who do not desire to purchase an expensive dress at this season of the year will find the following equally becoming and even more durable. A good black alpaca made with a double skirt, and trimmed round each with a border of purple French merino four inches wide, with *bretelles* and sleeves to match, looks remarkably well, and is quite consistent with good taste.

One of the most effective fashions for a moire antique dress is having the corsage made in the Raphael style, that is, square across the front, with a band of black velvet across the top. A chemisette reaches up to the throat, made of narrow frillings of net and an insertion, through which a row of black velvet ribbon is then fastened.



THE "VICTORIA PARDESSUS."

this is finished with a *ruche* round the throat. A band and buckle are worn with this dress. A row of buttons is carried up each of the two front seams.

A pretty variety of under-sleeve has been lately introduced, consisting of embroidery in colours.

A dress in a silk of one plain colour is now fashionable, having one breadth of tartan silk

Feather flowers are now much in request for the trimming of ball dresses, and with good reason, as they bear the necessary roughness of use far better than any other sort of artificial flowers.

Leghorn bonnets are being worn for the autumn with a plaited curtain of the same material. These have a remarkably pretty and simple trimming. They are bound round with velvet, and have a very short bow of the same exactly on the top of the bonnet, and near the front, which bow being rather wide, and having long ends finished with a deep fringe, one hangs gracefully down on each side as low as the curtain of the bonnet. The velvet should be either blue, scarlet, or black. Within there is a plaited band—clean finished on the right with a rosette, on the left with a spray of berries hanging down.

THE WORK-TABLE.

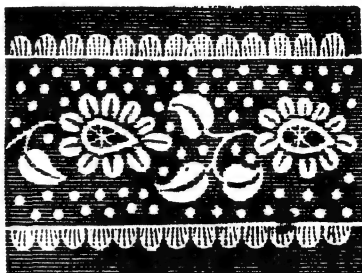
EDITED BY MADAMEISSELLE ROCHE.

BOOK OR WRITING-FOLIO COVER.

FASHION is often accused of capriciousness, but the utility of that quality is frequently overlooked. Does it not supply all the novelties of taste and grace? Who would be satisfied with dull repetition? The world is always desiring something new in small things as well as great. This change-loving influence is ever at work, and is only following one of the great laws of Nature herself, who is continually altering the beauty of her creation by perpetual variation. We ought, therefore, duly to honour the principle and welcome every tasteful variety which the kaleidoscopic fancy of fashion presents to our notice. We give this month one of these novelties in our Work-Table department. It is a new style of Berlin wool work lately brought from Germany, the subjects as well as the colouring being quite novel. These are representations of remarkable or celebrated buildings, houses, churches, castles, bridges, &c., worked entirely in shades of brown wool, producing a soft and beautiful effect of light and shade. Sometimes these subdued tints are relieved by the brighter hues of flowers being introduced at the corners, or wreaths surrounding the subject. This arrangement is very beautiful, but of course it depends in a great measure upon what the work is intended for, whether the mixture is appropriate or not. It is also useful as an elegant way of enlarging the design. This style of work is extremely fashionable at present for screens and cushions, as it possesses the pleasing sentiment of continually bringing to remembrance those places of interest either connected with history or those which have a dearer claim as belonging to family events and memories. Our design is intended for the centre of a book-cover or for that of a writing-folio. Its border is in gold colour shaded with brown. In the picture represented the shades must be kept perfectly clear and distinct, and not blending into each other, which injures the effect.

FLORENCE.—The Daisy Mat cannot be made without a frame, but some of the shops lend these at a small charge. Recertainty is not a new style, but it is remarkably pretty, and the round mat is a fresh variety. We are very happy to supply the

necessary directions for purchasing the right quantity of wool. The prettiest effect is produced by taking five distinct shades, from very dark to light, black and white. The foundation is best formed of one ounce of fleecy black; then follow two skeins of the darkest shade of the

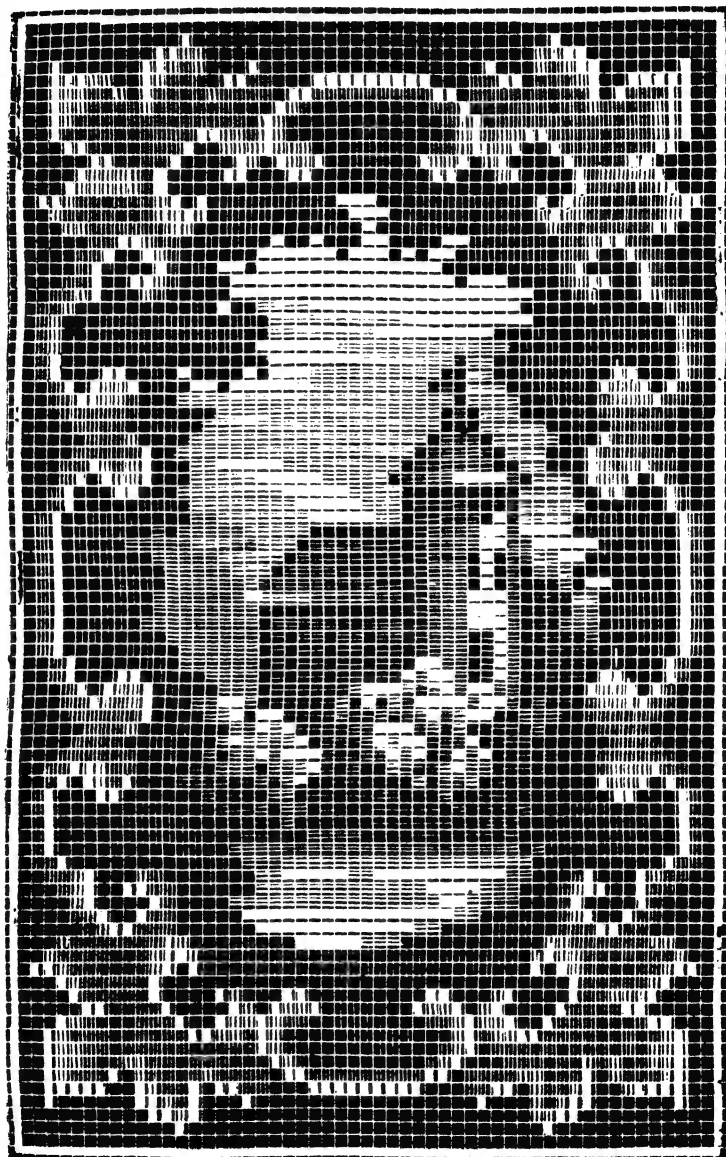


colour chosen, and so on, using two of each up to the palest, concluding with two of the white. It may be fastened with any strong thread, the colour being immaterial. In cutting, care must be taken to cut all but the black, leaving that firm and secure.

HENRIETTA.—Many young ladies bring home stores of the beautiful sea-weeds that they have collected during their autumn trip to the seaside, and we are very pleased at being able to point out a suitable appropriation of these marine productions, and one which also invests them with the character of agreeable mementoes. At all watering-places views of the most attractive



points are published. It is now the fashion to purchase these on cardboard, and, having carefully cleaned the sea-weed from all impurities, to form them into wreaths, which, surrounding the representations chosen, form most appropriate frameworks, or, perhaps, we ought rather say, complete the pictures. Many young ladies excel in this pretty art, which allows great variety for the exercise of taste, fancy, and ingenuity.



BOOK OR WRITING-FOLIO COVER.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE. IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.—TERRIBLE TRIALS.

"THREE months after the occurrence of the scene which I have just been describing, I stood upon the threshold of the No. 8, VOL. VII.

Montpellier House, waiting for Eva Meredith and her son; recalled to their family to resume all their rights. It was a happy day for me.

"Lady Mary, who, being mistress of herself, had successfully dissembled her joy when family disagreements had made her son her brother's future heir, dissembled still better her regret and rage when Eva Meredith, or rather Eva Kysington, became reconciled with her father-in-law. The marble brow of Lady Mary remained without a trace of emotion; but how many bad passions must have swollen her heart under this appearance of calm!

"I was standing, then, upon the threshold when the carriage of Eva Meredith (I shall continue to call her so) entered the court-yard. Eva eagerly stretched out her hand to me.

"Thanks, thanks, my friend!" she murmured. She wiped away the tears which were trembling in her eyes, and, taking her son by the hand, now a child of three years, as beautiful as an angel, she entered her new home. 'I am afraid!' she said to me. She was still the feeble woman, broken by misfortune, pale, melancholy, and lonely, who believed no more in the hopes of earth, and felt sure of nothing but things of heaven. I walked at her side; and while, still dressed in her mourning, she was ascending the first steps of the staircase, her gentle face bathed in tears, her delicate and feeble figure bending towards the banister, her outstretched hand leading after her her child, who walked even more slowly than she did, Lady Mary and her son made their appearance at the top of the stairs. Lady Mary wore a dress of brown velvet; beautiful bracelets encircled her arms, a slender chain of gold bound her brow—worthy, indeed, of a diadem. She walked with a confident tread, her head elevated, her look full of pride. It was thus that the two mothers saw each other for the first time.

"You are welcome, madame," said Lady Mary, bowing to Eva Meredith.

"Eva endeavoured to smile, and answered by some words of affection. How could she have suspected hatred, who only knew how to love? We walked towards Lord James's room. Mrs. Meredith, scarcely able to stand, went in first, advanced a few steps, and dropped upon her knees by the arm-chair of her father-in-law. She took her child in her arms, and, placing him upon Lord Kysington's knees, said—

"Here is my son."

"And then the poor woman wept and was silent.

"Lord James looked a long time at the child. Gradually, as he recognised the features of the son whom he had lost, his eyes moistened, and his face assumed an affectionate expression. The moment came when, forgetting his age, the progress of time, and the misfortunes which had happened, he fancied himself carried back to the happy days when he pressed his own son, an infant, to his heart.

"William, William!" he murmured; 'my daughter!' he added, extending his hand to Eva Meredith.

"My eyes filled with tears. Eva possessed friends, a protector, fortune; I was happy, and that was, perhaps, the cause of my tears!

"Her child, quietly seated upon his grandfather's knees, had manifested neither pleasure nor fear.

"Will you love me?" said the old man to him.

"The child raised his head, but made no answer.

"Do you hear me? I will be your father."

"I will be your father!" gently repeated the child.

"Excuse him," said his mother; 'he has always been alone; he is still very small—he is alarmed at the presence of so many persons. By-and-bye, my lord, he will better understand your kind words.'

"But I looked at the child, examined him silently, and recollected my foreboding fears. Alas! these fears were changed into certainty. The horrible shock which Eva Meredith had experienced before the birth of her child had been fatal to him; and a mother alone, in her youth, her love, and her inexperience, could have remained so long in ignorance of her misfortune.

"At the same time, and in the same manner as I did, Lady Mary looked at the child.

"I never shall forget in my life the expression of her face; she was standing, her piercing glance was fixed upon little William, and seemed to penetrate to the child's heart.

"As she continued to look, her eyes flashed lightning, her mouth opened, as if

to smile, her breathing was short and oppressed, as when one is in expectation of some great joy.

"She looked and looked. There was upon her face hope, doubt, and expectation. At last her hatred was clairvoyant; a cry of inward triumph escaped from her heart, but did not go beyond her lips. She drew herself up, cast a disdainful look upon Eva, her vanquished enemy, and again recovered her ordinary calmness.

"Lord James Kysington, fatigued by the emotions of the day, dismissed us from his room. He remained alone the whole evening.

"The next day, after an agitated night, when I went down to Lord Kysington, all his family were collected around him; Lady Mary was holding little William on her knees—it was the tiger holding its prey.

"The beautiful child! she said. 'Look, my lord, at these silky, blond curls! how brilliant they are in the sun! But, dear Eva, is your son always so taciturn? He has not the vivacity, the gaiety of his age.'

"He is always sad,' answered Mrs. Meredith. 'Alas! with me he could never learn to laugh!'

"We will try to amuse him, to cheer him up,' resumed Lady Mary. 'Come, my dear child, kiss your grandfather! stretch out your arms to him, and tell him that you love him.'

"William did not stir.

"Do you not know how to kiss? Harry, my dear, kiss your uncle, and give a good example to your cousin.'

"Harry sprang upon Lord Kysington's knees, put his arms round his neck, and said, 'I love you, my dearest uncle.'

"It is your turn now, William, my love,' said Lady Mary.

"William remained motionless, and without even raising his eyes to his grandfather's face.

"A tear rolled down Eva Meredith's cheeks.

"It is my fault,' she said. 'I have brought up my child badly!'

"And taking William upon her knees, her tears fell upon her child's brow; he did not feel them, and fell asleep upon his mother's heavy heart.

"Endeavour,' said Lord Kysington to his daughter-in-law, 'to make William less shy.'

"I will try,' answered Eva, in that tone of a submissive child with which I had been so long familiar—I will try; and perhaps I shall succeed, if Lady Mary will be good enough to tell me what she has done to make her son so happy and so gay.'

"And then the forlorn mother looked at Harry, who was playing by Lord James's arm-chair, and her glance turned to her poor sleeping child.

"He suffered even before his birth,' she murmured. 'We have both of us been very unhappy; but I must try to weep no more, that William may be gay, like other children.'

"Two days passed by, two painful days, full of secret trouble, full of mournful anxiety. Lord James Kysington's brow wore an expression of care; his looks from time to time questioned me. I turned away my eyes in order to avoid answering.

"On the morning of the third day, Lady Mary came in with toys of every kind, which she brought for the two children. Harry seized a sword, and ran about the room shouting for joy. William remained motionless, holding the playthings which were given him in his little hands; but he made no attempt to play with them—he did not even look at them.

"My lord,' said Lady Mary to her brother, 'take this book of engravings, and give it to your grandson—perhaps the pictures will arouse his attention.'

"And she then led William to Lord James. The child made no opposition, walked, stopped, and remained like a statue where he was placed.

"Lady Kysington opened the book. Every eye was turned towards the group, composed of the old man and his grandson. Lord James was thoughtful, silent, and stern; he turned over several pages slowly, stopping at every picture and looking at William, whose fixed eyes were not directed to the book at all. Lord Kysington continued to turn over several leaves, and then his hand stopped, the book dropped from his knees to the floor, and a mournful silence prevailed in the room.

"Lady Mary approached me, leaned over as if to speak in my ear, but, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, said, 'But this child is an idiot, doctor!'

"A cry answered her. Eva started up as if struck by lightning, and, pressing her son convulsively to her bosom, exclaimed, while her eyes flashed with indignation for the first time, 'An idiot! an idiot!' she repeated, 'because he has been unhappy all his life—because he has seen nothing but tears since his eyes first opened—because he does not know how to play like your son, who has always been surrounded by joys. Ah, madame, you insult misfortune! Come, come, my child!' exclaimed Eva in tears. 'Come, let us leave these pitiless hearts, who can only utter harsh words about our misfortune!'

"And the unhappy mother, carrying her son, ascended rapidly to her room. She placed William upon the floor, and, falling upon her knees before this little child, exclaimed, 'My son! my son!'

"William came to his mother, and leaned his head upon her shoulder.

"'Doctor,' she exclaimed, 'he loves me—you see he does! He comes to me when I call him: he kisses me! His caresses have sufficed for my tranquillity, for my melancholy happiness! Good heavens, this was not enough! My son, speak to me! My son, speak to me, comfort me! find a word of consolation, a single word for your despairing mother! Until now, I have only asked you to show me your father's features, and to leave me in silence to weep without restraint. But now, William, I must have words from you. Do you not behold my tears, my terror? Dear child—you so beautiful, so like your father—speak, speak to me!'

"Alas! alas! the child remained motionless, without alarm and without intelligence; a smile only, a horrible smile, played upon his lips. Eva concealed her face in her hands, and remained upon her knees on the floor. I heard her sobs a long time.

"Then I asked Heaven to inspire me with words of consolation, which might bring a gleam of hope to this poor mother. I spoke to her of the future, of a cure to be expected, of a possible, probable change; but hope will not be based upon falsehood. When it does not exist, it shows no light. A terrible blow, a mortal blow had been struck; and Eva Meredith, for the first time, understood the whole truth.

"From that day forward, only one child was taken down every morning to Lord Kysington's room. Two women came there, but only one seemed to be living—the other was silent as the dead; one said, 'My son'—the other never spoke of her child; one carried her head up—the other bowed hers, the better to conceal her tears; one was beautiful and brilliant—the other was pale and clad in black. The contest was over. Lady Mary had triumphed.

"Harry was cruelly allowed to play before the eyes of Eva Meredith. Without a thought for the agony of this woman, Harry was brought to repeat his lessons in his uncle's presence; they boasted of his progress. The ambitious mother calculated everything that might consolidate her success; and while she had gentle words and feigned consolations for Eva Meredith, she inflicted torture upon her heart every moment of the day. Lord James Kysington, wounded in his dearest hopes, had resumed the cold indifference of manner which had so much alarmed me. I now saw that it was the stone which closes the tomb. Perfectly polite to his daughter-in-law, he spoke no word of affection to her; the daughter of the American planter could only find a place in his heart as the mother of his grandson. Upon this child he looked as though he was no longer in existence. Lord James Kysington became more gloomy and taciturn than ever, regretting, perhaps, that he had yielded to my intreaties, and had given to his old age a painful and useless emotion.

"A year rolled by; and then a sad day came when Lord James Kysington sent for Eva Meredith, and motioning her to sit down by his arm-chair, said—

"'Listen to me, madame; listen to me with courage. I wish to act honourably towards you, and to conceal nothing from you. I am old and ill; it is time for me to arrange my affairs. It is unfortunate for both you and me. I will not speak to you of my resentment at my son's marriage. Your misfortune disarmed me, and I sent for you to come to me. I desired to see your son William, and to love in him the heir of my fortune, the young man upon whom were based all my dreams of the future and of ambition.

"'Alas, madame, fate has been cruel to

us! The widow and son of my son shall have everything which can assure an honourable existence; but, master of a fortune which I alone have acquired, I adopt my nephew, and him I shall regard in future as my only heir. I am about to return to London to see to my affairs. Come with me, madame, my house is yours—it will give me pleasure to see you there.'

"Eva (as she afterwards told me) for the

first time felt courage take the place of despair. She had the strength which a noble pride gives. She raised her head; and if her brow had not the haughtiness of Lady Mary's, it had at least the dignity of misfortune.

"'Go, my lord,' she answered, 'go, and I will not go with you. I will not go to see my son deposed. You have been in great haste, my lord, to condemn him for ever! What do we know of the future?



You were very quick to despair of God's pity!"

"'The future,' answered Lord James Kysington, 'is, at my age, entirely in the passing day. If I desire to act, I must act in the morning, without even waiting for the evening.'

"'Do as you think best,' answered Eva. I shall return to the cottage where I was happy with my husband—I shall return here with your grandson, Lord William Kysington. This name, his only inheritance, he will retain; and should the world only know this name by reading it on his

tomb, your name, my lord, is the name of my poor son!"

"A week afterwards, Eva Meredith descended the great staircase of the house, again holding her son by the hand as she had done the first time she crossed that fatal threshold. Lady Mary was a little behind her, a few steps higher up; numerous servants, sad and silent, were gazing with regret upon their gentle mistress driven from the paternal roof.

"On leaving it, Eva Meredith left the only persons whom she knew in the world—the only ones from whom she had the

right to claim compassion. The world opened before her, boundless and void; it was Hagar departing for the desert."

"This is horrible, doctor!" exclaimed the old man's auditors. "Are there any lives so completely miserable? You yourself saw——"

"I saw, but I have not yet told you all," answered Doctor Barnabé. "Permit me to finish my story.

"A short time after Eva Meredith left, Lord Kysington started for London. As I was again free, I abandoned the idea of more instruction. I had sufficient science for my village, and I returned there in all haste.

COLLISION WITH THE COMET.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[In the following conversation *Charmion* is supposed to have already "passed through Night into the Grave," and to have entered into that state of being in which *Eiros* is also now; and where he feels himself overburdened with the majesty of all things. He is, however, supposed to have been still an inhabitant of the earth when it was drawn within the influence of the comet, and to be now relating to *Charmion* the fearful circumstances which immediately preceded the destruction of the world.]

Charmion.—I am burning with anxiety to hear the details of that stupendous event which threw you among us. Tell me of it. Let us converse of familiar things, in the old familiar language of the world which has so fearfully perished.

Eiros.—Most fearfully, fearfully!—this is indeed no dream.

Charmion.—Dreams are no more. Was I much mourned, my *Eiros*?

Eiros.—Mourned, *Charmion*?—oh, deeply. To that last hour of all, there hung a cloud of intense gloom and devout sorrow over your household.

Charmion.—And that last hour—speak of it. Remember that, beyond the naked fact of the catastrophe itself, I know nothing. When, coming out from among mankind, I passed into Night through the Grave—at that period, if I remember aright, the calamity which overwhelmed you was utterly unanticipated. But, indeed, I knew little of the speculative philosophy of the day.

Eiros.—The individual calamity was, as you say, entirely unanticipated; but analogous misfortunes had been long a subject of discussion with astronomers. I need scarce tell you, my friend, that, even when you left us, men had agreed to understand those passages in the most holy writings which speak of the final destruction of all things by fire, as having reference to the orb of the earth alone. But in regard to the immediate agency of the ruin, speculation had been at fault from that epoch in astronomical knowledge in which the comets were divested of the terrors of flame. The very moderate density of these bodies had been well established. They had been observed to pass among the satellites of Jupiter, without bringing about any sensible alteration either in the masses or in the orbits of these secondary planets. We had long regarded the wanderers as vapory creations of inconceivable tenuity, and as altogether incapable of doing injury to our substantial globe, even in the event of contact. But contact was not in any degree dreaded; for the elements of all the comets were accurately known. That among them we should look for the agency of the threatened fiery destruction had been for many years considered an inadmissible idea. But wonders and wild fancies had been, of late days, strangely rife among mankind; and, although it was only with a few of the ignorant that actual apprehension prevailed, upon the announcement by astronomers of a new comet, yet this announcement was generally received with I know not what of agitation and mistrust.

The elements of the strange orb were immediately calculated, and it was at once conceded by all observers, that its path, or perihelion, would bring it into very close proximity with the earth. There were two or three astronomers, of secondary note, who resolutely maintained that a contact was inevitable. I cannot very well express to you the effect of this intelligence upon the people. For a few short days they would not believe an assertion which their intellect, so long employed among worldly considerations, could not in any manner grasp. But the truth of a vitally important fact soon makes its way into the understanding of even the most stolid. Finally, all men saw that astronomical

knowledge lied not, and they awaited the comet. Its approach was not, at first, seemingly rapid; nor was its appearance of very unusual character. It was of a dull red, and had little perceptible train. For seven or eight days we saw no material increase in its apparent diameter, and but a partial alteration in its colour. Meantime, the ordinary affairs of men were discarded, and all interests absorbed in a growing discussion, instituted by the philosophic, in respect to the cometary nature. Even the grossly ignorant aroused their sluggish capacities to such considerations. The learned *now* gave their intellect—their soul—to no such points as the allaying of fear, or to the sustenance of loved theory. They sought—they panted for right views. They groaned for perfected knowledge. *Truth* arose in the purity of her strength and exceeding majesty, and the wise bowed down and adored.

That material injury to our globe or to its inhabitants would result from the apprehended contact, was an opinion which hourly lost ground among the wise; and the wise were now freely permitted to rule the reason and the fancy of the crowd. It was demonstrated that the density of the comet's *nucleus* was far less than that of our rarest gas; and the harmless passage of a similar visitor among the satellites of Jupiter was a point strongly insisted upon, and which served greatly to allay terror. Theologians, with an earnestness fear-enkindled, dwelt upon the biblical prophecies, and expounded them to the people with a directness and simplicity of which no previous instance had been known. That the final destruction of the earth must be brought about by the agency of fire, was urged with a spirit that enforced everywhere conviction; and that the comets were of no fiery nature (as all men now knew) was a truth which relieved all, in a great measure, from the apprehension of the great calamity foretold. It is noticeable that the popular prejudices and vulgar errors in regard to pestilences and wars—errors which were wont to prevail upon every appearance of a comet—were now altogether unknown. As if by some sudden convulsive exertion, reason had at once hurled superstition from her throne. The feeblest intellect had derived vigour from excessive interest.

What minor evils might arise from the contact were points of elaborate question. The learned spoke of slight geological disturbances, of probable alterations in climate, and consequently in vegetation; of possible magnetic and electric influences. Many held that no visible or perceptible effect would in any manner be produced. While such discussions were going on, their subject gradually approached, growing larger in apparent diameter, and of a more brilliant lustre. Mankind grew paler as it came. All human operations were suspended.

There was an epoch in the course of the general sentiment when the comet had attained, at length, a size surpassing that of any previously recorded visitation. The people now, dismissing any lingering hope that the astronomers were wrong, experienced all the certainty of evil. The chimerical aspect of their terror was gone. The hearts of the stoutest of our race beat violently within their bosoms. A very few days sufficed, however, to merge even such in sentiments more unendurable. We could no longer apply to the strange orb any *accustomed* thoughts. Its *historical* attributes had disappeared. It oppressed us with a hideous *novelty* of emotion. We saw it not as an astronomical phenomenon in the heavens, but as an incubus upon our hearts, and a shadow upon our brains. It had taken, with inconceivable *rapidity*, the character of a gigantic mantle of rare flame, extending from horizon to horizon.

Yet a day, and men breathed with greater freedom. It was clear that we were already within the influence of the comet; yet we lived. We even felt an unusual elasticity of frame and vivacity of mind. The exceeding tenuity of the object of our dread was apparent; for all heavenly objects were plainly visible through it. Meantime, our vegetation had perceptibly altered; and we gained faith, from this predicted circumstance, in the foresight of the wise. A wild luxuriance of foliage, utterly unknown before, burst out upon every vegetable thing.

Yet another day—and the evil was not altogether upon us. It was now evident that its nucleus would first reach us. A wild change had come over all men; and the first sense of *pain* was the wild signal for general lamentation and horror. This

first sense of pain lay in a rigorous constriction of the breast and lungs, and an insufferable dryness of the skin. It could not be denied that our atmosphere was radically affected; the conformation of this atmosphere and the possible modifications to which it might be subjected, were now the topics of discussion. The result of investigation sent an electric thrill of the intensest terror through the universal heart of man.

It had been long known that the air which encircled us was a compound of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of twenty-one measures of oxygen, and seventy-nine of nitrogen, in every one hundred of the atmosphere. Oxygen, which was the principle of combustion, and the vehicle of heat, was absolutely necessary to the support of animal life, and was the most powerful and energetic agent in nature. Nitrogen, on the contrary, was incapable of supporting either animal life or flame. An unnatural excess of oxygen would result, it had been ascertained, in just such an elevation of the animal spirits as we had latterly experienced. It was the pursuit, the extension of the idea, which had engendered awe. What would be the result of a *total extraction of the Nitrogen*? A combustion irresistible, all-devouring, omni-prevalent, immediate; the entire fulfilment, in all their minute and terrible details, of the fiery and horror-inspiring denunciations of the Holy Book.

Why need I paint, Charmion, the now disenchained frenzy of mankind? That tenuity in the comet which had previously inspired us with hope, was now the source of the bitterness of despair. In its impalpable gaseous character we clearly perceived the consummation of Fate.

Meantime a day again passed, bearing away with it the last shadow of Hope. We gasped in the rapid modification of the air. The red blood bounded tumultuously through its strict channels. A furious delirium possessed all men; and, with arms rigidly outstretched towards the threatening heavens, they trembled and shrieked aloud. But the nucleus of the destroyer was now upon us—even here in Aldenn, I shudder while I speak.

Let me be brief—brief as the ruin that overwhelmed. For a moment there was a wild lurid light alone, visiting and penetrating all things. Then—let us bow

down, Charmion, before the excessive majesty of the great God!—then, there came a shouting and pervading sound, as if from the mouth itself of HIM; while the whole incumbent mass of ether in which we existed burst at once into a species of intense flame, for whose surpassing brilliancy and all-fervid heat even the angels in the high Heaven of pure knowledge have no name. Thus ended all.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

PAGAN ROME.

Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.—1 ROM., 22 and 23.

THE mythology of most nations is replete with instruction, and interesting from its very obscurity; but the mythology of Rome, rendered familiar to us by a thousand recollections, poetical allusions, and illustrated by some of the finest sculptures that the world has ever produced, is doubly interesting and instructive; yet, however interesting, it is by no means an easy task to trace out and explain the various causes and occasions that have given origin to the different legends which have formed the mythology of such people as the Greeks and Romans.

The natural heart of man, being incapable of conceiving pure spirit, naturally falls into the habit of assigning a human form to his gods, since he knows no form so perfect or so beautiful as his own, and none so well adapted to be the vehicle of the mind.

When a people had thus formed for themselves a system of gods so like to man, and yet ruling over the world, it was natural that a body of myths, or legends, should gradually arise, which, passing, as they did, from age to age, and from hand to hand, received various embellishments and additions, until, at last, that which at first was, perhaps, only assertion or conjecture, became a marvellous and entertaining tale.

The mythology of Italy is far less complicated than that of Greece. The people of the former country do not seem to have possessed the lively fancy and ready invention of the natives of Hellas. Their religion was, as far as we can discern, of a more

serious character: no wars or crimes polluted the beings whom they adored, and the virtue of Italian maids and matrons was safe from the lust of the gods who ruled over mankind.

In the times of the early history of Rome three principal nations possessed the central part of the Peninsula. These were the Etruscans, the Latins, and the Sabelians. The city of Rome, whose origin is



HEADS OF JUNO AND MINERVA FROM THE ANTIQUE.

involved in such obscurity, rose on the confines of these three nations; her population was formed out of them; she derived from them all her institutions, and,

among others, her religious doctrines and rites, which she moulded and mingled in such a manner as to make it now nearly impossible to assign with certainty to each



SU-OVE-TAURILIA, OR SACRIFICE OF SOW, SHEEP, AND BULL TO THE LARAE OR HOUSEHOLD GODS.

its part in the combined whole which Roman story displays.

Besides the religious systems and deities of the three nations above enumerated,

8*

Rome early—even in the regal period—began, with that facility which always distinguished her, to appropriate the gods of Greece. Her knowledge of them was pro-

bably derived from the Grecian colonies in Italy, from whom she also obtained those oracles called the Sibylline books, which are known to have been Greek, and which always enjoined the adoption of Grecian rites and deities.

The Romans, previous to their acquaintance with Greece, always looked up to Etruria as their instructress. The patrician children were sent thither for education, all the royal ornaments were borrowed from that country, as well as the religious ceremonies.

It is a very remarkable feature in the ancient religion of Italy that, though it did not admit of births and marriages, like that of Greece, it usually represented them in pairs, each consisting of a male and female divinity.

Another peculiar feature of the old Italian religion, and which testifies for its simplicity and warmth, is that of calling the gods fathers (*patres*) and the goddesses mothers (*matres*)—titles of veneration or affection given by the Greeks to none but Zeus and Demeter or Earth. The Romans were fond of using their political vocabulary even when speaking of their gods.

Thus we read of gods of the Greater Houses, the Ramnes and Titienses, as it were of Heaven; and of the select gods, like the select judges.

Varro enumerates twenty deities whom he terms select, viz., Janus, Jovis, Saturnus, Gemus, Mercurius, Apollo, Mars, Vulcanus, Neptunus, Sol, Orius, Liber, Patio, Tellus, Ceres, Juno, Luna, Diana, Minerva, Venus, and Vesta.

The principal Jupiter was the Capitoline, or the Jupiter Optimus Maximus, whose temple, combined with those of Juno and Minerva, adorned the capitol in Rome, and who was regarded as the great guardian of the fortune of the city.

Another Jupiter was known, bearing the surname of Elicius, so named from the following circumstance:—

"In the time of Numa there occurred great thunderstorms and rain. The people and their King were terrified, and the latter had recourse to the counsel of the nymph Egeria. She informed him that Faunus and Picus could instruct him in the mode of appeasing Jupiter, but that he must employ both art and violence to extract the knowledge from them. Ac-

cordingly, by her advice he placed bowls of wine at a fountain on Mount Aventine, whither they were wont to come to drink, and concealed himself in a neighbouring cavern. The rural gods came to the fount, and, finding the wine, drank copiously; they immediately afterwards fell asleep, and Numa, quitting his retreat, came and bound them. On awakening, they struggled, but in vain, to get free, and the pious Prince, apologising for what necessity had obliged him to do, intreated that they would inform him how Jupiter was to be appeased.

"They yielded to his prayer, and on his loosing them, drew down Jupiter by their charms. He descended on the Aventine Hill, which trembled beneath the weight of the deity. Numa was terrified, but, recovering, he implored the god to give a remedy against the lightning. The ruler of the thunder assented, and in ambiguous terms conveyed the relief, 'Cut off the head'—Of an onion from my garden,' subjoined the King. 'Of a man'—'The topmost hairs,' quickly replied Numa. 'I demand a life'—Of a fish.' The deity smiled, and said that his weapons might thus be averted, and promised a sign at sunrise the following morning.

"At dawn the people assembled before the doors of the King. Numa came forth, and, seated on his maple throne, looked for the rising of the sun.

"The orb of day was just wholly emerged above the horizon, when a loud crash was heard in the sky; thrice the god thundered without a cloud; thrice he sent forth his lightnings. The heavens opened, and a light buckler came gently wafted on the air, and fell to the ground.

"Numa, having first slain a heifer, took it up and named it Aucile. He regarded it as the pledge of empire, and having had eleven others made exactly like it, to deceive those who might attempt to steal it, committed them to the care of the priests named Salians."

The feminine to Jovis was Jovino, which was contracted by use to Juno. As the patroness of married women, Juno was named Matrona. She was invoked by women in childbirth, and into the treasury of her temple, which stood on the Esquiline, a piece of money was paid for the registry of every birth.

Juno Sospita was worshipped from the earliest times at Lanuvium. She was represented with a goatskin about her, a spear in her hand, a small shield on her arm, and with shoes turned up at the point. Juno was generally represented armed, and it was the custom of the Romans to divide the hair of a virgin bride with the point of a small spear.

Minerva corresponded in some measure with the Pallas Athene of the Greeks. She was the patroness of arts and industry, and all the mental powers were under her care. She was the deity of the schools; her statue was always placed in them, and schoolboys got as holidays the five days of her festival, called the Quinquatrus, celebrated in the month of March; at the expiration of them, they presented their master with a gift called Minerval.

The goddess Vesta presided over the public and private hearth; a sacred fire, tended by six virgin-priestesses, called Vestals, flamed in her temple at Rome. As the safety of the city was held to be connected with its conservation, the neglect of the virgins, if they let it go out, was severely punished, and the fire was re-kindled from the rays of the sun.

The temple of Vesta was round; it contained no statue of the goddess. Her festival, celebrated in June, was called Vestalia; plates of meat were sent to the Vestals to be offered up, the millstones were wreathed with garlands of flowers, and the mill asses, also crowned with violets, went about with their cakes strung round their necks.

Ceres was the goddess who presided over corn and tillage. Festivals called Cerealia were celebrated in her honour at Rome, with great pomp and horse-races. The country people, previous to beginning the harvest, kept the Ambarvalia to Ceres, in which they offered her honeycombs covered with wine and milk, and a victim which they led three times round the corn-field: the swains all followed, crowned with oak, dancing and singing. A similar festival, named Paganalia, was celebrated when the sowing of the seed was over.

The Penates, so named from the Penus, or pantry, in which they were worshipped, were the gods who were held to attend to the welfare and prosperity of the family. There were four classes of beings from

which men selected their Penates—those of heaven, the sea, the under-world, and the deified souls of deceased men; these last were probably the same with the Lares, and, by a beautiful conception, the family Lares were held to be the souls of the ancestors, who watched over and protected their descendants. The Lares were usually represented in pairs. The statues of the household Lares were set at the fire-place, arrayed in dog-skins, with the figure of a dog beside them. Garlands were hung on them, and offerings of food, wine, and incense were made to them. In each of the streets of Rome there was a niche for the street Lares, in which, at the Compitalia (22nd of December), cakes were offered to them by the slaves who lived in the street.

Among the domestic deities may be classed those presiding over marriage, and over the birth and rearing of children. Sacrifices were made to them when the action over which they presided commenced.

Thus, when the child began to speak, parents sacrificed to Fabulinus: Domiducus was worshipped when the bride was brought home to the house of her parents; Orbona took care of those who were bereft of their parents; when death came, Nenia looked to the performance of the dirges and the funeral.

In the deification of moral qualities, the Italian religion far exceeded that of Greece. At Rome the altars and temples reared to them were numerous. Among those thus honoured were Hope, Fear, Peace, Concord, Health, Liberty, Virtue, Honour, Shame, and many others.

From the preceding account of the Italian religion, it will be easily seen how very much it differed from that of the Greeks, and how very injudicious it is to confound them.

But though the theology of this wonderful people was more moral than their easily-excited and imaginative neighbours, they were yet afar off from the knowledge of the true God, and aliens from the commonwealth of grace; and we cannot but be struck by the difference of the conclusions of man and the declarations of Deity on this subject of idolatry, which we call mythology.

We laud and magnify this great people,

and great and wise in their generation they undoubtedly were; but the verdict of omniscience concerning them is the humiliating sentence that they became fools—serving the creature more than the Creator, who is God over all, blessed for evermore; and history too fully corroborates the charge of St. Paul; but that fearful list of black deeds is too clearly confirmed by the voice of Pagan antiquity to admit of one moment's doubt or denial. So true is it that the world by wisdom knew not God; and it is our decided opinion that such fearful things were permitted, that man might learn from the history of the past that great truth, that it is not of man, nor by might, nor by power, but by the spirit of the living God alone, that we can worship Him aright.

And these things were written for our instruction, upon whom the ends of the world are fallen; and woe be to those who neglect to read the lesson aright!

M. S. R.

AN ICELANDER'S WELCOME.

LORD DUFFERIN, in his "Letters from High Latitudes," tells the following story of Mr. Fitzgerald, a surgeon, who accompanied him in his yacht-voyage to Iceland.

As for Fitz, he became quite the *enfant gâté* of a neighbouring family. Having unluckily caught cold, instead of sleeping in the tent, he determined to seek shelter under a solid roof tree, and, conducted by our guide, Olaf, set off on his pony at bedtime in search of a habitation. The next morning he re-appeared so unusually radiant that I could not help inquiring what good fortune had, in the meantime, befallen him; upon which he gave me such an account of his last night's reception at the farm that I was almost tempted to bundle tent and beds down the throat of our irritable friend Stokr, and throw myself for the future upon the hospitality of the inhabitants. It is true, I had read in Van Troil of something of the kind, but until now I never fully believed it.

The Doctor shall tell his own history. "No sooner," said he, "had I presented myself at the door, and made known my errand, than I was immediately welcomed by the whole family, and triumphantly

inducted into the guest quarters; everything the house could produce was set before me, and the whole society stood by to see that I enjoyed myself. As I had but just dined, an additional repast was no longer essential to my happiness; but all explanation was useless, and I did my best to give them satisfaction.

"Immediately on rising from the table, the young lady of the house (old Van Troil says it is either the mother or the daughter of the house, if she be grown up, who performs this office) proposed, by signs, to conduct me to my apartment. Taking in one hand a large plate of skier, and in the other a bottle of brandy, she led the way through a passage built of turf and stones to the place where I was to sleep. Having watched her deposit, not without misgivings, for I knew it was expected both should be disposed of before morning, the skier by my bedside and the brandy bottle under the pillow, I was preparing to make her a polite bow, and to wish her a very good night, when she advanced towards me, and with a winning grace difficult to resist, insisted upon helping me off with my coat, and then proceeding to extremities with my shoes and stockings. At the most critical part of the proceedings, I naturally imagined her share of the performance would conclude, and that I should at last be restored to that privacy which, at such seasons, is generally considered appropriate. Not a bit of it. Before I knew where I was, I found myself sitting on a chair in my shirt, trouserless, while my fair tirewoman was engaged in nently folding up the ravished garments on a neighbouring chair.

"She then, in the most simple manner in the world, helped me into bed, tucked me up, and having said a quantity of pretty things in Icelandic, gave me a hearty kiss and departed. If," he added, "you see anything remarkable in my appearance, it is probably because—

This very morn I've felt the sweet surprise
Of unexpected lips on sealed eyes."

by which he poetically intimated the pleasing ceremony which had awakened him to the duties of the day. I think it needless to subjoin that the Doctor's cold did not get better as long as he remained in the neighbourhood, and that, had it not

een for the daily increasing fire of his looks, I should have begun to be alarmed at so protracted an indisposition.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

(Continued from page 218.)

JEANNE earnestly thanked her, and said he much regretted the trouble and pains that this lady had taken, but that she did not require any assistance.

"Oh, Mademoiselle Jeanne, to others you may relate that, but not to a friend like me; I am too fond of doing my commissions conscientiously to content myself with such an answer. My name is Borghèse; I am an old friend of M. Wolff. We are all grieved to see the change which has taken place for some time in George's nanner, health, and character, for we all like him so much, he is such an honest and straightforward gentleman. Now, all this trouble arises from the anxiety which he suffers on your account; and, as I have had the pleasure of rendering him several services, and, as he knows that he may rely on my devotion and discretion, he has charged me to represent him, and I thank him for it, for there is no difficulty in seeing he interest you deserve. Then, if you bear any love for this poor George, although it seems he is forbidden to come here—for that reason I know not—you must, at least, tell him your troubles. If you could not see him, poor fellow! it would make you pity him. If you have banished him—perhaps for some disagreement or a trial—I know nothing about it; but, at least, give him the means of occupying his attention with you."

And she held out her hand in token of sincerity.

"Madame," said Anna, "we are grateful for the trouble you have taken; however, how could we, in a first interview, relate to a person who certainly honours us with her presence, but at the same time is quite a stranger to us, the secret of our troubles? Would it not be exposing us, without any result, to still more painful vexations?"

"Truly, mademoiselle, I have no right to your confidence, and I only ask it in order to come to George's assistance, whom you, doubtless, esteem, and in whose wel-

fare I have a right to interest myself. And then these troubles which overwhelm you; perhaps it is an affair of money, and then with friends there is always a resource; or, perhaps, from what I can understand from a few words which George let fall in his trouble, there is some ill-feeling at work; but then we can battle with that. I intreat you, Mademoiselle Jeanne, you who appear to be suffering so much, don't let yourself be overwhelmed by this honourable pride, but which will lead to every one's misfortune if you don't take care. Do I look like a curious person, who introduces herself into your house to disturb your repose? If my sentiments are expressed in my face, you ought to read there my desire to serve and to save George, who cannot live any longer in this anxiety."

"Well, madame," said Jeanne, quite overcome by the frank manner and goodness of Borghèse, "I don't wish any one to suffer, and, if the recital of our misfortunes is absolutely necessary, that your mission may be fulfilled, I submit to the necessity." She wiped her blushing face, and, summoning all her fortitude, continued hesitatingly: "We have lost our mother," said she, taking her sister's hand, "and with her we have lost everything. She owed a sum of ten thousand francs to a relation, with whom she deposited, at a later period, a sum of thirty thousand francs, inherited from our father. This sum paid off the old debt, and left at our disposal a sum of twenty thousand francs, which was our whole fortune. The receipt was carefully kept by our mother, who spoke to us about it during her illness, and said to us, 'My children, I will tell you when the proper time shall come where you will find it, for I am afraid of some surprise.' However, we lost our mother, and too many troubles occupied our minds to look after this unfortunate receipt. We have never been able to find it.

"A short time after, this relation died, and his heirs made a demand upon us for the sum of ten thousand francs, which our mother once owed. To tell you all, we have become answerable for this sum, for we wished to preserve our mother's name and honour spotless; but, with all our economy, we have only saved a small part of the sum. In vain we urge that the heirs owe us thirty thousand francs, and

that a balance of twenty thousand ought to be paid to us; we can produce no other proof than our word; and for the deed of which we have accepted the responsibility they wish to make us——"

"But it is dishonesty! And you have not asked anybody's advice? But I must first tell you, my poor children, that the deed you have accepted and signed is valueless, for you were not of age when you lost your mother; there is some fraud and evil-doing beneath all this. You must give me the names of the persons who torment you; we will know why it is, believe me; but be careful, and, above all, *don't sign anything.*"

Borghèse had such a frank manner, so much energy and conviction shone in her words, that she inspired confidence. Anna looked at Jeanne as if to ask advice in her eyes, and wrote a few addresses, which she gave to Borghèse, with other information and a few stamped papers.

"You wish it, madame," said she; "we give them up with cheerfulness; and we depend upon your discretion, for no one yet knows our secret."

"That is understood," said Borghèse. "But now let us speak about this poor George. Will you keep him much longer in exile? Have not you at least some consolation—something to give me for him—that I can tell him I have received from your hand, Mademoiselle Jeanne, and that I can deposit in his? He is so unhappy!"

Jeanne looked and hesitated.

"If I dared, madame, I would ask you to trouble yourself with a little picture; it is our mother's portrait, which George has wished to copy for himself a long time. It appears to me this occupation will please him, and will be of service to him just now."

And she took down the portrait, which she kissed fervently.

"Give it to me," said Borghèse; "it is a good thought."

"But we shall trouble you too much, madame?" said Anna.

"I have my servant here," replied Borghèse; "but rest assured I will be answerable for this precious portrait, which you ought to hold as a treasure. Good-bye, and thank you, dear children, for having allowed me to fulfil my mission. Take courage; you will soon receive some

news, and, above all, if there is still time, do not give any signature."

Before taking leave, Borghèse visited with interest and curiosity the modest apartment of the two sisters; she went in to Madame Blanchemain to thank her on George's part, and to make his compliments to her. Then, with a particular attention, she gave a last look at the front of the little house, almost concealed beneath the rose trees, and the graceful and picturesque appearance of which pleased her exceedingly.

THE PRETTY VILLAGE OF MANTES.

At last there was a chance for George's activity, pining away, as he was, in solitude and listlessness. He kissed respectfully the portrait that Borghèse had put in his hands—maybe she had told him that Jeanne had done the same thing—and he thanked his excellent friend for having assisted him so well; but now he had other matters to attend to beyond looking at a drawing.

The high position which George had attained in M. Wolff's house gave him full liberty; so, running over the documents which had been given to him—

"All is not lost!" said he.

And he set out for Mantes, the abode of the unscrupulous heirs who were the cause of so much misfortune.

Mantes, which is called "The Pretty," and which, in everybody's opinion, is worthy of this name, appeared to him the most detestable locality. George wished to act with prudence, and introduced himself to M. Doucet, who was persecuting the orphans so cruelly. He represented himself as intrusted to offer a compromise in the Mdlles. Duval's business.

He found M. Doucet a man of mature age, with a generous and most affable appearance, and, withal, somewhat jovial. Everything in his house bespoke ease and comfort.

"Monsieur," said he to him, "your warm reception and your ben-volent look lead me to hope that you will assist me in extricating my clients from a very miserable position."

"You are right, sir," answered the stout man; "honest men recognise one another immediately; there is a sort of freemasonry about them. I am persuaded we shall

come to an understanding. I know how honourable these young people are, and they are also very charming girls; and, although I am at the present time their adversary—eh, eh?—I cannot help paying them a compliment sometimes.”

“Sir,” said George, “I apprehend we are here to speak of business matters.”

“Precisely, monsieur, precisely. As heir to my excellent uncle Doucet, whom I shall always regret, and as trustee of this worthy relation's inheritance, I find myself under the necessity of claiming from Mdlles. Duval—young ladies who have attained their majority—the restoration of ten thousand francs, which their mother owed to this good uncle Doucet, with interest. But, I assure you, I wish to make the execution of my trust as little disagreeable as possible to the ladies.”

“But, monsieur, you know very well that these children possess nothing in the world, and have much difficulty in supporting themselves by their labour.”

“Doubtless; but they have friends,” said M. Doucet, laughing; “they have friends, for everybody interests themselves about such charming people, and they well deserve it.”

“Why, then, do you make them responsible for their mother's debts, who has not left them anything? for they were not of age when they became orphans, and you know very well that they are indebted to you nothing at all.”

“Ah, my dear sir,” replied M. Doucet, who seemed deeply concerned, “how little you know the people whom you are speaking about! It is a spirit, a sacrifice. Do you know they have made a very singular arrangement, and that they will have their account and reward in a better world?”

“And what have they done so extraordinary?”

“Filial piety, sir—piety! They have acknowledged and ratified, of their own accord, their mother's debt, when their majority allowed them to become debtors themselves. A few threats only were necessary, and all that sort of thing. For instance, we said we should seize the furniture, the family portraits—all of it would not be worth a thousand francs. Well, they have become answerable for ten. Don't you think it admirable, monsieur?”

“And you, doubtless, indeed,” said

George indignantly, “have taken advantage of this irregular document, for the original debt cannot be set forth there?”

“The document is quite regular,” said M. Doucet placidly. “There were many ways of making an arrangement, but they did not wish it. To begin with, if they had consented to be somewhat amiable, then one would consider—one is disposed to have consideration when one is treated in a certain manner—and it would have been, perhaps, to their interest—. But they are very proud—very proud, indeed; they bear their poverty as a diadem, sir—as a diadem, I repeat. My goodness, it is superb! But then I say, ‘My good young ladies, give me back my money, or let me seize, as in the opera, you know!’”

“Sir,” said George, rising, “this business may go farther than you think for.”

“Oh, the right exists! I can seize tomorrow. But I am a good man, and don't call myself Doucet (sweet one) for nothing—eh, eh! Excuse me, even in business I like a little fun.”

“Your proceedings shall be closely followed,” said George, “and if ever—”

“Ah! my dear sir, in business one must never get angry. I have, or have not the right; it is as simple as A B C; and, in assuming this tone, perhaps you forget the true interests of your amiable clients. But, perhaps, you find me hard, intractable? . . . You do not know M. Doucet. Ask in the country what is thought of M. Doucet. All the town of Mantes the Pretty will tell you that I am the most yielding of men; I am member of the benevolent committee, I have been churchwarden; I should be so again without opposition . . . But this carries us too far, and, to end all, I would not harm a fly. And to come back to your young ladies; have we not offered them the means of extricating themselves without opening their purses? One cannot be more accommodating. The other day, we were just on the point of terminating, when the little one—what is her name—?”

“Mademoiselle Jeanne,” said George.

“Well, she has a will of her own, this little woman. Ah! if ever she gets married! . . . But still, she is not so very bad, and—”

"Go on, sir," said George. "What are the conciliating propositions?"

"Well, you know this strange pretence of laying by a draft for thirty thousand francs, which sum Madame Duval had, so they say, deposited with Uncle Doucet, and of which we cannot find the least trace in his accounts, which were, nevertheless, well kept; for he was very covetous—the poor man! Now, where is this, your acceptance of thirty thousand francs? What has become of it?"

"Ah! we don't know. It is here somewhere" (and he imitated a woman's voice). "Eh, that is not the place for business."

"... We say, you are interesting persons; you are busy with the fine arts."

"... I am very fond of the fine arts, sir; I have always regretted that Mantes the Pretty did not possess a museum. Yes, sir, arts, literature, poetry, they all act on my imagination; it is a weakness."

"Well, we say to the amiable Jeanne, who is as a flower in the midst of flowers..."

"... Eh, eh! I said to her only the other day, 'Don't let us speak any more about that; we shall not be able to understand one another; let us each go our own way; only acknowledge that you have received the thirty thousand francs which you claim without right, without title, without the slightest proof, and we generously give up the claim to ten thousand francs, for which we have a regular deed, with your two signatures, and we will tear up your acceptance, and give you the pieces.' I, sir, call that plain-dealing, and thorough liberality. Well, you begin to have a better opinion of poor M. Doucet, of whom so much evil has been said. If you are a man of decision you can soon settle this affair; it is simply a misunderstanding."

"Well, I charge myself with it," said George seriously. "I know what I wished to know; and, remember, you will find me in your path before you have consummated this iniquity. Adieu! monsieur."

"As you like, sir," replied Doucet, showing him out. "But, in business, one must never get angry," cried he, still on the staircase. "I bear no ill-will towards you."

THE PORTRAIT.

George went away furious. He returned quickly to Paris, and consulted a

clever lawyer, who promised to undertake the case. He was, however, somewhat reassured, as Borghèse had impressed it on the two orphans not to sign anything.

One day he was in his room, seated pensively before the precious token that had been brought to him from St. Germain.

"Poor mother!" said he; "how unhappy you would be were you to see your dear children tortured, whom you in your lifetime kept and protected, but who are now defenceless! But I promise you, dear mother, to take your place."

And, opening his desk, he found he had resources sufficient to extort the terrible acceptance from the hands of the unworthy Doucet, even if his lawyer did not immediately furnish him with the means of getting rid of his adversaries.

As he admired the angelic sweetness of this crayon—for it was a charming work—he noticed a strange line, somewhat crooked, which crossed the eyes, and gave a different appearance to a part of the drawing. Having looked at it more attentively, he thought a piece of paper might have slipped behind; and, as the effect of the colour seemed somewhat to interfere with the beauty of the portrait, he endeavoured to remedy this inconvenience.

It was an easy thing to do. Six little nails, bent at the heads, held the drawing behind the frame.

He turned the nails carefully so as not to injure the fragile crayon dust; and a paper, folded, fell at his feet. He carelessly picked it up; but soon perceived on the envelope two words, written in a trembling hand. These, which deeply impressed George, as the reader may suppose, were—"My will."

He became quite pale, his heart beat violently; these were, then, the last words of an adored mother; it was reserved for him to carry out her last wishes.

He tried to unfold the paper, which was not sealed; but his courage failed him, and, leaving everything in disorder, he ran to seek his excellent friend, Borghèse, and, grasping her hand—

"Read," said he to her.

"What now?" said Borghèse. "How troubled you seem. You will make yourself ill. Is it so that you will keep your strength, which is necessary to defend your friends? I see it is a stamped paper which

has arrived from St. Germain. Well, they won't die from it." And she held a stamped paper, which had fallen from the envelope.

She threw a glance over it, appeared surprised, and then her lively face lighted up with evident satisfaction.

"George," said she to him, "sit down there, and recover yourself; be prepared to hear good or bad news with the courage that becomes a sensible man. How can you be answerable for the future of others, if you are not master of yourself? Let us

see; I will dispense with the rest of the sermon. I will resume it afterwards; and now listen to the lecture from this little paper which Providence sends you. But how comes this precious document in your hands?"

"Behind our mother's portrait," said he.

"I understand all; poor woman, she looked for the safest, the most protected place. My children," said she to herself, "although they may lose all, they will never part with their mother's portrait.



Illness, weakness ensued, and perhaps she had no time to show them the place where she had concealed her treasure."

"Her treasure!" said George. What are you talking about?"

"Listen to me, and every mark of approbation is forbidden."

And she read—

"I, the undersigned Hercules Doucet, living at Mantes the Pretty, No. 13, Rue des Près, acknowledge to have received from Madame Duval, widow, the sum of thirty thousand francs, which sum is intended, firstly, to pay back the sum advanced, of ten thousand francs, which I made over to her; and, secondly, to form a reserve fund of twenty thousand francs, which I undertake to pay on her demand;

requiring three months' notice. The said sum will be payable without any other notice, in case of the said Madame Duval's decease, with interest at five per cent., dating from the present day.

"Mantes la Jolie, Dec. 15th, 18—

(Signed) "HERCULES DOUCET."

"Well, George, my child, it is God who is leading us—what say you to that? We will save them, George, and your Doucet shal! pay dearly for it."

How can we express George's joy and happiness? He saw repose and security entering all at once into the white house; he could not master his emotion.

"Let us go," said he, "dear Borghèse; don't let us lose an instant; let us be the bearers of this great news."

"And this will," said Borghese, "must we not see what it contains? It is not closed."

"For pity's sake, don't touch this sacred thing; it is a secret to which God alone is witness."

"You are right, George; you are becoming wise. Go and tell your lawyer at once, and ask his advice. To-morrow I set out for St. Germaine, for you are not yet allowed to appear there, and you must keep your promise. But have patience, for your affairs are taking a good turn."

(To be continued.)

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

THE importance which we attach to the observations we have advanced in different parts of these articles must justify our recapitulation of a few general facts, in a condensed and collected form, at this place.

The natural warmth of infancy and childhood is on the *surface*, and any cause that tends to force that heat to the *centre* of the body, such as the lungs, stomach, liver, &c., must be followed by more or less of injury, and should be immediately counteracted; and for this purpose the safest and the best agent we possess is the BATH, either hot or warm, according to the requirements of the case; and is a means that the nurse or mother can always use with certainty of effect, and safety of employment, directed only by her own discretion. Let it, then, be carefully borne in mind, that there is no remedial or preventive means we possess so *certain*, *beneficial*, or *immediate* in its effects as the warm bath for childhood, and especially infancy. The time of immersion should seldom exceed three minutes, the child being instantly wrapped, undried, in a blanket, carefully covered up, and allowed to sleep before being redressed.

Food directly after birth is not necessary, as an infant could exist for two or three days without any maternal or artificial nourishment. In all cases where the mother can suckle her child, it should, on no account, receive any aliment till placed at the breast, unless, indeed, the sym-

ptomatic appeal made by the child's mouth to the secreting glands should, in a reasonable time, fail to excite a flow of milk. As we have said that the first milk acts as an aperient, and is designed by nature to exercise a beneficial action on the infant's frame, it will be evident to every mother that, giving a new-born baby to a wet-nurse who has a child older than the new comer, and milk of a perfect quality, is a course directly opposed to the object of this provision, and that any action excited in the child's bowels must be the result of the aliment it receives, and not the consequence of the relaxing milk. Therefore, where possible, the wet-nurse should be obtained as early after her confinement as can be effected.

Cleanliness and *warmth* are the two most important considerations to be observed in the management of children. Infants, after being well washed with warm water and dried with a soft cloth, should be well powdered, to absorb any moisture remaining on the skin, and especially where there are folds or overlapping parts; for this purpose no preparation can be better than violet powder. Calamine, or tatty powder, oxide of zinc, or any of the old-fashioned articles so appreciated by some nurses, should be abolished; for the best of them are seldom necessary, and most of them very objectionable.

No aperient medicine, no stimulants, no *carminatives*—in fact, no medicinal preparation whatever, of any kind or sort—should be given to a new-born infant before it has taken the breast; and not for weeks afterwards, unless most imperatively called for.

Though infants are born with apparently perfectly-formed eyes, and all the organs to constitute perfect vision, they are, in fact, blind; and, though light may penetrate the eye, it is some time before the vision it carries with it is recorded on the brain; the room should, therefore, be somewhat darkened in which the infant and mother are kept for the first week, and the eyes only by degrees exposed to the glare of day or any strong light.

Thirst is very often a cause of great distress and irritation to a child, and causes it to cry as if in pain, or with a persistency and strength that often alarms the mother so much as to induce her to send for a

doctor, or administer of herself some hot carminative mixture, that, by heating the child's system, increases the evil that maternal anxiety strove mistakingly to relieve. In cases of this sort a few teaspoonfuls of slightly chilled water will often afford instant benefit, and send the crying child into a quiet sleep.

We shall now proceed to treat of the diseases of infancy and childhood, reserving some special remarks, with opinions on the moral and social condition and professional training of nurses, for the conclusion of these articles; preceding our section on infantine diseases by that affection of the mother which often leads to that chain of baby sufferings which it appears infantine flesh, in a state of civilization, is heir to, namely—

MILK FEVER.

This distressing affection usually takes place about the third day after confinement, and is indicated by the following symptoms:—A sense of coldness in the back, pain in the head and throbbing in the temples, great intolerance of light and sound, a flushed and feverish state of the breath and face, contracted pupils and bloodshot eyes, the pulse is quick, full, and hard, and the skin hot and dry, with a sensation of roughness, great thirst, and a coated tongue. Should the symptoms continue severe, the secretion of milk is entirely suppressed, and the head becomes seriously affected, the breasts grow flaccid, and a delirium, more or less violent, sets in.

The causes that excite this disease are either the application of cold while the system is in a highly susceptible state, or an overheated and depressing atmosphere, undue exercise, or violent mental emotions; in either case the same set of symptoms are excited, and Nature, being unable to equalise the balance of power between the different functions, the head suffers, and the lacteal secretion is checked or permanently suppressed. Milk fever is distinguished from all other forms of fever—1st, by its occurring in child-bed; 2nd, from the great disturbance of the circulation; and 3rd, from the severity of the head symptoms.

Treatment.—The first object is to reduce the circulation, and the next to promote the secretion of milk.

The first intention may be effected where the action of the heart is not excessive, or in mild cases, by purgatives, keeping the head cool and the feet hot, and observing a low and unexciting diet; tranquillity of mind, a darkened room, cool air, and warm diluent drinks; giving as a purgative such a mixture as the subjoined, in doses of two table spoonfuls every four hours; and such drinks as balm tea or barley-water, with the juice of one or two oranges to a quart of the water, or a few slices of lemon.

1. Take of Rochelle salts powdered, half an ounce, Epsom salts one ounce, mint-water eight ounces. Dissolve, and add antimonial wine half an ounce; mix.

When the case is, however, more severe, bleeding must be, in the first instance, resorted to; the blood being extracted either from the arm by the lancet, from the nape of the neck by cupping-glasses, or from the temples by leeches, according to the special nature of the symptoms. In addition to the mixture as above, one of the following powders must be given every two hours, to promote a rapid action on the bowels, mustard, as well as hot water, applied to the feet or thighs, and a cold lotion, such as below, or a bladder of ice, applied to the head.

2. Take compound powder of jalap one drachm, powdered scammony twenty grains, calomel eight grains, tartar emetic one grain. Mix, and divide into four powders.

3. Take of sal-ammoniac two drachms, powder, and dissolve in a quart of camphor-water, and add sulphuric ether two drachms. Make a lotion, in which cloths should be wetted and applied to the head.

To effect the second object, the secretion of milk, the breasts must be first gently emptied of their contents, by drawing off all the milk they may contain, by a breast-pump, a nipple glass, or by the mouth, great care being taken not to irritate the nipple or breast with the teeth. The mouth of a blind puppy, when one can be obtained, is of all means the best that can be employed for this purpose. When emptied of their stale secretion, the breasts are to be fomented with flannels dipped into a strong decoction of chamomile-flowers and poppy-heads, and, after wash-

ing the nipples to cleanse them of the bitter of the decoction, the infant should be applied, for a few minutes at a time, three times a day to the breast, to excite the glands to a healthier secretion of the milk.

In all mild cases of milk fever, attention to the following brief instructions will be found sufficient to subdue all inflammatory and febrile symptoms, restore the body to health, and lead to a natural flow of milk, always supposing the symptoms are attacked at once, remembering that, whenever a newly-confined woman is seized with cold tremors and pains in the breast, with or without suppression of the milk, it indicates a degree of fever that demands instant attention. Apply heat at once to the feet, darken the room, and keep the patient extremely quiet; let the head be kept cool, and, if necessary, wet with cold vinegar and water. Give the medicine prescribed in No. 1 in doses of two table spoonfuls every three or four hours till the system has been at least twice acted on; draw off the milk or fluid collected in the breast, and foment both breasts, for about ten minutes at a time, every hour, or hour and a half, and let the patient drink freely of an acidulated barley-water, slightly warmed; and, finally, apply the child to the breast twice a day, but only for a few minutes, to act as a direct and sympathetic stimulant to the secreting organ. By these means, with the absence of all rich and stimulating food and drink, and the substitution of a low and poor diet, seven out of every ten cases of milk fever will be satisfactorily treated and effectually cured.

Though it is not our intention to devote any part of this series of articles to the diseases of adult life, or divert in our observations from the line of infancy and childhood, there are certain facts so pertinent to the subject, we have just made an exception to this rule; that we are tempted from the importance of them to the child, indirectly through its mother, to devote a few lines of professional advice to all newly-confined women and suckling parents.

The mother, for some weeks after her confinement, should preserve the horizontal position, either on a bed or sofa, as much as possible, and never attempt to sit up without the broad belt or bandage round the loins—usually put on directly after de-

livery,—being so adjusted that it shall act efficiently, like a pair of supporting stays round the abdomen and loins.*

Whenever the breasts feel hard and knotty, foment them by means of a double flannel wrung out of hot water for several minutes, till the skin has been rendered soft and absorbent by the heat. The breasts are then to be dried with a soft towel, and an embrocation composed of camphorated oil and brandy or rum, well but gently rubbed over them, but chiefly over the hard places.

To make this embrocation, dissolve a drachm of camphor cut small in two ounces of olive oil, by placing it in the oven, and add to the oil so camphorated half its quantity of spirit. This rubbing may be repeated twice a day. Opodeldoc may also be used, and when there is much pain, first foment with a decoction of chamomile flowers and poppy heads, and use an embrocation of equal parts of opodeldoc and laudanum, or laudanum and camphorated oil.

For trivial hardness, simple lard rubbed in will often be sufficient; for, though the applications may stimulate the vessels of the part, and are undoubtedly beneficial, the chief remedy, it should be remembered, is friction by a soft hand.

When, on the contrary, the breast is painful from distension, and there is a more abundant secretion than the child can keep under, the mother should reduce her diet for a few days, abstain from all malt liquor and succulent food till the inconvenience is abated, and very lightly rub over both breasts an embrocation of equal parts of olive oil and sulphuric ether, the bosom being left exposed, that the evaporation of the ether may be complete; care, however, being taken in all cases of applying remedies to the breast, to avoid as much as possible the nipple. We have already spoken warningly of always keeping this susceptible organ dry, and never putting up the breast without first wiping it. This is most imperative when the child is feverish or affected with thrush;

* These admirable articles we stated, by mistake, in the last number of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, were to be obtained at the Bazaar, Croydon. We should have said, "Mrs. Bates' Baby-Linen Warehouse Croydon."

and every mother who would avoid the risk of inflammation, and that dreaded evil, a "broken breast," will sedulously guard against this, its most frequent inducement—a wet and excoriated nipple. When the nipple recedes, or is too short for the infant's lips to grasp with ease and satisfaction, many plans are adopted to elongate, or, as it is called, "break the string" of the nipple. The human mouth is the most natural remedy; but when the strength of the infant, or the stronger suction of a pup is unable to elongate the organ, it is seldom that the nurse is able to master the difficulty. In that case, art must be adopted, and the first attempt should be made with a soda-water bottle, selecting one with the widest neck and mouth that can be got. Into such a bottle, thoroughly dry, pour half a teaspoonful of spirits of wine, or spirits of camphor, or, what is still better, a few drops of ether; a lighted paper is then to be inserted, which, setting fire to the spirit, exhausts the air; the moment before the flame expires, put the nipple into the mouth of the bottle, when the power of the vacuum and the pressure of the air will frequently effect the object aimed at. When this, however, fails, the only other means of achieving the end is by the air-pump, invented both for drawing the milk and starting contracted nipples, called the "breast-pump," an elegant little apparatus, that the lady applies and works herself.

When the nipple, however, becomes excoriated or chapped, it should be immediately invalidated and attended to till cured, the other breast being made to do the duty of both till the cracks on the other nipple are healed, or at least only so far used as consists in drawing off the milk twice a day by means of the glass pipe or the pump.

The best application is a strong solution of alum in elder-flower water, or green tea with a few grains to each ounce of the infusion of the sulphate of zinc. When the house-leek, or the sengreen, can be procured, a few leaves bruised, and made into a paste with milk or cream, are to be placed all round the nipple and secured on the breast for a few hours, repeating it every six hours should it require to be more than twice applied. One or other of these remedies will quickly heal

the worst state of excoriation; but no condition of nipple can ever justify the employment of grease or ointment.

When the flow of milk continues abundant after weaning, and the breasts are heavy and distended, the diet must be at once reduced, and a low regimen persevered in for two or three weeks, three table spoonfuls of the mixture marked No. 1 taken every morning for three times, and after that, two spoonfuls every other morning till the secretion is checked; the breasts are at the same time to be treated with the embrocation made with olive oil and sulphuric ether twice, or even oftener, a day; and though it is sometimes necessary to draw off the milk, it is a process that should be resorted to as seldom as possible, in consequence of its proneness to excite further secretion.

At the end of the second week a cupful of pennyroyal tea, with a drachm of sweet spirits of nitre, should be taken every morning early, and as much brisk exercise, by quick walking, adopted during the whole time as is compatible with strength and occupation. The tone of system and functional strength can be soon re-established by a little quinine daily, the restoration of malt liquor and wine, and the return to a more generous diet; but in the employment of all these, care must be taken, in coming back to the former mode of living, that the stomach is not injured by too abrupt a transition.

For ordinary cases of distension of the breasts and overflow of milk, a cold lotion of spirits of wine and water, or brandy and water, in the proportion of three parts of water to one of spirit, should be kept constantly to the parts, or a lotion of alum and water, with a little sugar of lead, made hot and used as a fomentation. All pains and hardness in the breast should be attended to immediately, and every means adopted to conquer the one and dissipate the other by the means suggested; but the moment any throbbing is experienced, it is an evidence that matter has formed, and suppuration will take place; the cold application must be at once changed for fomentations of hot chamomile tea, a bran poultice, or simple hot water, to facilitate the formation of the abscess, which, as soon as it points, should be opened by a small aperture, and every precaution taken to

would be unseemly scar. In all cases where the breasts are heavy, they should be supported by a bandage, or other appliance.

About three months after birth the infant's troubles may be said to begin; teeth commence forming in the gums, causing pain and irritation in the mouth, and which, but for the saliva it causes to flow so abundantly, would be attended with very serious consequences. At the same time the mother frequently relaxes in the punctuality of the regimen imposed on her, and, taking some unusual or different food, excites diarrhoea or irritation in her child's stomach, which not unfrequently results in a rash on the skin, or slight febrile symptoms, which, if not subdued in their outset, superinduce some more serious form of infantine disease. But, as a general rule, the teeth are the primary cause of much of the child's sufferings, in consequence of the state of nervous and functional irritation into which the system is thrown by their formation and progress out of the jaw and through the gums. We propose beginning this branch of our subject with that most fertile source of an infant's suffering—

TEETHING.

That this subject may be better understood by the nurse and mother, and the reason of the constitutional disturbance that, to a greater or less degree, is experienced by all infants, may be made intelligible to those who may have the care of children, we shall commence by giving a brief account of the formation of the teeth, the age at which they appear in the mouth, and the order in which they pierce the gums. The organs of mastication in the adult consist of 32 distinct teeth, 16 in either jaw, being, in fact, a double set. The teeth are divided into 4 incisors, 2 canine, 4 first and second grinders, and 6 molars; but in childhood the complement or first set consists of only twenty, and these only make their appearance as the development of the frame indicates the requirement of a different kind of food for the support of the system. At birth, some of the first-cut teeth are found in the cavities of the jaw, in a very small and rudimentary form; but this is by no means universal. About the third month, the

jaws, which are hollow and divided into separate cells, begin to expand, making room for the slowly developing teeth, which, arranged for beauty and economy of space lengthways, gradually turn their tops upwards, piercing the gum by their edges, which, being sharp, assist in cutting a passage through the soft parts. There is no particular period at which children cut their teeth, some being remarkably early, and others equally late. The earliest age that we have ever ourselves known as a reliable fact was *six weeks*. Such peculiarities are generally hereditary, and, as in this case, common to a whole family. The two extremes are probably represented by six and sixteen months. Pain and drivelling are the usual, but by no means the general indications of teething.

About the sixth month the gums become tense and swollen, presenting a red, shiny appearance, while the salivary glands pour out an unusual quantity of saliva. After a time, a white line or round spot is observed on the top of one part of the gums, and the sharp edge of the tooth may be felt beneath if the finger is gently pressed on the part. Through these white spots the teeth burst their way in the following order:—

Two incisors in the lower jaw are first cut, though, in general, some weeks elapse between the appearance of the first and the advent of the second. The next teeth cut are the four incisors of the upper jaw. The next in order are the remaining two incisors of the bottom, one on each side, then two top and two bottom on each side, but not joining the incisors; and lastly, about the eighteenth or twentieth month, the four eye teeth, filling up the space left between the side teeth and the incisors, thus completing the infant's set of sixteen. Sometimes, at the same time, but more frequently, some months later, four more double teeth slowly make their appearance, one on each side of each jaw, completing the entire series of the child's first set of twenty teeth. It is asserted that a child, while cutting its teeth, should either dribble excessively, vomit after every meal, or be greatly relaxed. Though one or other, or all of these at once, may attend a case of teething, it by no means follows that any one of them should accompany this process of nature, though there can be

no doubt that where the pain consequent on the unyielding state of the gums, and the firmness of the skin that covers the tooth, is severe, a copious discharge of saliva acts beneficially in saving the head, and also in guarding the child from those dangerous attacks of fits to which many children in their teething are liable.

The symptoms that generally indicate the cutting of teeth, in addition to the inflamed and swollen state of the gums, and increased flow of saliva, are the restless and peevish state of the child, the hands being thrust into the mouth, and the evident pleasure imparted by rubbing the finger or nail gently along the gum; the lips are often excoriated, and the functions of the stomach or bowels are out of order. In severe cases, occurring in unhealthy or scrofulous children, there is, from the first, considerable fever, disturbed sleep, fretfulness, diarrhoea, rolling of the eyes, convulsive startings, laborious breathing, coma, or unnatural sleep, ending, unless the head is quickly relieved, in death.

The treatment in all cases of painful teething is remarkably simple, and consists in keeping the body cool by mild aperient medicines, allaying the irritation in the gums by friction with a rough ivory ring or a stale crust of bread, and when the head, lungs, or any organ is overloaded or unduly excited, to use the hot bath, and by throwing the body into a perspiration, equalise the circulation, and relieve the system from the danger of a fatal termination.

Beside these, there is another means, but that must be employed by a medical man, namely, scarifying the gums—an operation always safe, and which, when judiciously performed, and at a critical opportunity, will often snatch the child from the grasp of death.

There are few subjects on which mothers have often formed such strong and mistaken opinions as on that of lancing an infant's gums, some rather seeing their child go into fits—and by the unrelieved irritation endangering inflammation of the brain, water on the head, rickets, and other lingering affections—than permit the surgeon to afford instant relief by cutting through the hard skin, that, like a bladder over the stopper of a bottle, effectually confines the tooth to the socket, and pre-

vents it piercing the soft, spongy substance of the gum. This prejudice is a great error, as we shall presently show, for, so far from hurting the child, there is nothing that will so soon convert an infant's tears into smiles as scarifying the gums in painful teething, that is, if effectually done, and the skin of the tooth be divided.

SEA-WEEDS.

"Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea."

ANON.

SEA-WEEDS, with those who have not made them an object of study, are rarely considered as "flowers of the sea," notwithstanding that they are as essentially such as their more richly-painted but not more beautifully-formed sisters of the earth. Their nature, however, is not to bask in the glare of a noonday sun, but to float on the bosom of a glassy ocean, or to lie imbedded in dark and deep recesses, far, far down beyond the reach of human ken. They live in water. They hold forth no temptations to be touched by the delicate hand of the lady who, albeit, may have an eye for the beautiful in all its shapes and aspects. But to him or her who heedeth not the brine of the "great deep," or the dampness of the golden bed upon which it rolls, sports, or plays, how much of matchless elegance do they discover in the dull grey or brown, the rich purple or crimson flowers which are often lying scattered upon the sands or half-buried amongst the crevices of the rocks! To them they are not only objects of beauty, but of affection. They draw out the best emotions of their natures, and direct their minds into new and, perhaps, unexplored channels, which lead them gradually to the contemplation of the sublime excellence of Him whose handiwork is spread out in all creation. "I have seen the young London beauty," says the Reverend C. Kingsley, "amid all the excitement and luxury of flattery, with her heart pure and her mind occupied in a boudoir full of shells and fossils, flowers and sea-weeds, and keeping herself unspotted from the world by considering the lilies of the field, how they grow," and he might have added, of the flowers of the sea, how they branch into an endless variety of the most minute, fantastic, and beautiful forms, which are—

Not nursed like the plants of the summer parterre,
Where gales are but sighs of the evening air;
Their exquisite, fragile, and delicate forms
Are nursed by the ocean and rocked by the storms.

It is not our intention, however, to enter upon an elaborate sketch of marine algæ; we intend only to indicate to our readers some of the most remarkable varieties of sea-weeds which are to be readily met with among rocks and pools, and which are often to be seen in the aquarium. Into this fashionable receptacle, the insect, as well as the weed or flower upon which it subsists or from which it may have sprung, must be introduced, as they are absolutely necessary to each other for mutual existence. Speaking of this fact, Mr. Gosse, in his "Aquarium," says, "The animal and vegetable respirations counterbalance each other, the animal's blood being purified by the oxygen given off by the plants—the plants fed by the carbonic acid breathed by the animals." This being proved, it is of the utmost importance in selecting algæ for an aquarium, that those which generate the largest amount of oxygen should be chosen, and of this class none are so noted as the sea-lettuce,* green-smoke, or green-lava, as it is variously denominated. It belongs to chlorosperm, or green-sided algæ class, and is one of the handsomest of its kind. In looking for it, it is almost impossible to mistake it, from its being the only one of a green colour possessed of such large, delicate leaves or fronds as it has, which, indeed, are

Like streamers wide out flowing,

and which are as shining as satin, and delicate as the purest goldbeater's skin. Its edges are crumpled like a frill of fine muslin, but it is to this peculiarity that it is indebted for much of the beauty with which it is invested. "I have in my aquarium," says the Rev. Mr. Wood, "a large plant of this species, which generally lies very contentedly in the place where it had been deposited. But a few days ago the sun shone brightly enough to pierce through the veil of smoke with which the metropolis is generally hidden from his presence, and, consequently, there was a greater abundance of light than usual. On looking at the aquarium, I found that the ulva had risen in the water,

and was hanging in most elegant festoons from the surface, forming emerald caves and grottoes such as a sea-nymph would love."

Of a character diametrically opposite to this species of ulva is the sea-grass,* in which little fishes appear to have a special delight in wandering, either to protect themselves from the glaring heat of the sun, or for the sake of enjoyment. This sea-plant is to be found in great abundance among rocks, the surface of which is frequently covered with its verdure. It chiefly grows in thin, wiry fronds, although these are occasionally to be met with half an inch broad, and might sometimes be taken for a broad green ulva by those who are not acquainted with this peculiarity. Another plant which bears the generic name of sea-grass, but which differs from the above in the fact of its having a root, grows in sandy shallows and on banks in the sea, and is the Sea-tang† of the Germans, the La Zostere of the French, and the sea-grass of the common inhabitants of the coast. Most persons learned in sea-weeds know this plant by its commercial name of ulva or ulva marina, it being used extensively in many places for the purpose of filling beds and mattresses in place of horse-hair and other expensive materials. It is frequently torn up by the violence of the waves and cast upon the shore, there soon to become of a brown or blackish hue, and to wither and decay.

Another common sea plant is dulse,‡ duillisk, or dillisk, belonging to the rhodospERM or red-seeded algæ. In colour it varies from a rich Burgundy to a deep purple. It attaches itself to rocks and to the thick stems of the great oar-weed,§ where it hangs like a fringe. Abounding in even greater profusion than any of the marine plants we have yet mentioned is the Irish moss,|| which, in its dried state, forms an article of sale at most grocers' shops for the purpose of being converted into a nutritious jelly for invalids. Speaking of its appearance, Mr. Gosse observes that "It is elegant in form and brilliant in colour; the expanding fan-shaped fronds cut into segments, cut and cut again, make fine bushy tufts in a deep pool; and every

* Enteromorpha compressa.

† Zosteria marina. ‡ Rhodymenia palmata.

§ L. digitata. || Chordus-chrispus.

* Ulva latissima.

segment of every frond reflects a flush of the most lustrous azure, like that of a tempered sword-blade.* This plant has more admirers than Mr. Gosse. Dr. Greville calls it the Proteus of the marine algae, from the varied description of beauty which it assumes in accordance with its situation and the measure of light which reaches it. "The young botanist," also says Miss Pratt, "finds it almost impossible to determine to which of the described varieties an individual plant belongs; the middle of the frond is so different, sometimes being an inch across its widest part, and sometimes not a twelfth part of that width; then it divides into such various shapes, sometimes the segments at the edges being round, in others rents or jagged, or forming long slender points; and if this sea-weed grows in a spot where it is exposed to the influence of fresh water, it alters so much that an ordinary observer of marine plants would think it belonged to a different genus."

A popular marine plant with lady collectors is the blood-coloured fucus.* It is common only during the summer months; and after rough weather the beach will be seen everywhere strewn with its prettily and delicately veined transparent pink leaves. It has been observed that this beautiful alga so far excels its congeners that it carries away the palm with no less justice from the vegetables of the ocean than the rose, the flower of the poets, from its rivals of the garden. In certain localities it attains to a great size, but the average length of its frond is about five or six inches.

Sea-weeds are, in general, divided into three classes, olive, green, and red. The olive species are coarse in comparison with the red or green spored algae. One of the commonest of our sea-weeds is the bladder-wrack,† upon which children are mostly fond of treading, on account of the report which the bursting of its little oval bladders makes when subjected to the pressure of the feet. Another, the fucus nodosus, is sometimes mistaken for the above from the near resemblance which its oval bladders bear to those of the other; the difference between them, however, is easily known when it is remembered that those of the latter are of a longer and

tougher description, and are less easily broken than those of the other. These bladders are sometimes made into whistles by the juveniles, who, in consequence, have a great penchant for the knobbed or knotted wrack, as it is commonly called. This fucus is distinguishable from the common bladder-wrack by the absence of a mid-rib, and has a pleasing effect when its hair-like filaments of deep purple colour are spread out upon white paper or cardboard. Besides these, there is another, called the fucus serratus, which has no vesicles upon its surface, but which has something far more wonderful and pretty. Its fronds are shaggy with the sea-oak corollines, and, at the same time, profusely studded with the most beautiful patches of silver lace-work, a species of zoophyte scientifically called the *flustra membranacea*. The edges of this fucus are serrated or notched like a saw, and in Scotland it is known as the black-wrack, or prickly-tang. On the sea-coast it is extensively used as a manure, and in Norway it is mixed with meal and given to cattle for food. The Dutch employ it to cover their crabs and lobsters and keep them alive and moist, preferring it to any other, because it is destitute of that mucus which causes them to ferment and putrify.

Among those plants already named there is another which merits notice—the sea-girdle*, sea-hanger, tangle, sea-wand, or five-fingered oar-weed, as it is variously term. Scientifically it is called *laminaria*, on account of the thin flat plates, or laminæ, of the frond, and digitata, or fingered, because the frond is split into segments, like the fingers of a hand. It has a wooden stem, measuring sometimes one inch and a half in diameter, and from two to six feet in length. In speaking of this plant, Dr. Landsborough says, "But of what use is this great alga? Can it be eaten? We have never tasted it, but the young stalks and leaves are eaten along with dulse; and old Gerard tells us that, when well boiled, and eaten with butter, pepper, and vinegar, it makes good food. We are further told that its stem can be made into knife handles."

Such are a few of those varieties of plants which may be regarded as curiosities of the

* *Delesseria sanguinea*. † *Fucus vesiculosus*.

* *Laminaria digitata*.

see-shore, and to which we would direct the attention of those of our readers who may reside in the neighbourhood of the "great deep," and who have not yet reflected on the vegetable wonders it contains and produces.

How various the shades of marine vegetation
 Thrown here, the rough flints and sea-pebbles
 among,
 The feathered conferva of deepest carnation,
 The dark purple aloke and the olive sea-thong.

DANGEROUS ORNAMENTS.

A CAUTION TO PARENTS!

THE coming festive season, with all its merry-makings and its pastimes, its crackers and its twelfth-cakes, is not a season altogether unalloyed by pain, any more than are its *sweets* always unmixed with poison!

Sad experience has often realized to us the significance of that awful warning—"In the midst of life we are in death."

It is remarkable that a great increase of casualties by fire occur during the winter season; many of these may be attributed to the additional amount of muslin and gauze that is floating about at juvenile and other parties during the winter evenings—to the culpable degree of carelessness, with which fires and candles are managed and treated, rather than to the more general use of these inflammable agents at this period of the year. This is a matter which all heads of families should consider well, in order to guard against such fearful calamities. The press of crinoline, too, carried by so many ladies, will surely increase the danger.

But it is of another kind of danger I would speak now—that of *poisoning*, from eating the coloured ornaments with which twelfth-cakes and other confections are so profusely decorated.

The manufacturers of these deleterious compounds excuse themselves by saying that ornaments of this description are not intended to be eaten; but whatever their *intention* may be, they certainly are often swallowed with very serious results; and therefore I do not deem it too much to say that the vendors and makers of such things should be fined if they persevere in attaching poison in any shape to the estates they sell.

The "sugar-plums," also, that are in-

closed in the cheap bon-bon crackers—and which delight children so much—if not decidedly killing, are exceedingly unwholesome. I believe plaster of Paris is the chief ingredient of which they are composed.

These facts, when known, should make parents extremely careful. As to the con-fits and other sweets their children are permitted to eat, few are made of pure sugar, or ornamented with harmless colouring matter; green and red especially are of the rankest poisons.

When these sweet ornaments are brought home by children from a party, "Mamma" should take charge of them, and, by placing them in a glass case to be looked at, they may afford pleasure in safety for a long time.

But when these ornaments are allowed to be played with, they soon get broken, and the fragments are eagerly seized upon and devoured, often to the subsequent dismay and grief of a whole family.

I hope these few plain hints will prove a *timely* warning to many.

MATER.

[The wholesale lozenge poisonings at Bradford give force and value to our correspondent's remarks; and we hope soon to see an act of Parliament passed, which will insure the severe punishment of all traders, wholesale and retail, who adulterate and poison the articles they sell.—ED.]

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

MINCED ROLLS.—Mince any kind of meat that has been cooked to two pounds, a teacupful of crumbs of bread, an onion, lump of butter, an egg, pepper and salt to taste. Mix them well; make them as large as turkey eggs; rub over with egg and crumbs of bread, and fry them a nice brown. Send them to table with a good gravy in the dish.

GINGER BREAD.—Three quarters of a pound of butter (dissolved), two pounds and a half of treacle, three pounds of flour, half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces and a half of ginger, and a quarter of a pound of candied peel.

SEED BISCUITS.—One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, one ounce of seeds, and two eggs, mix well; roll them out, and cut in what shape you like, and bake.

CREAM A LA CROQUE.—Take four sponge cakes cut them thin and place preserve between, and cut them in strips, take three quarters of a pint of cream, sweeten and flavour it, and put one

ounces and a quarter of isinglass to the cream, beat it up well and place a little in the moulds when cold, stick the cakes in the cream. They must be well soaked with brandy and wine, then fill the mould up with cream. Add a little nutmeg to the wine.

ICE PUDDING.—Take a shilling sponge cake, cut it into slices, pour one pint of custard over it, line your mould with orange candied peel. With each layer of cake put a few raisins and chopped almonds, tie it down, and boil or steam it one hour and a half. Whip half a pint of cream and pour over it just before going to the table.

ORANGE SPONGE.—Boil two ounces and a half of isinglass in half a pint of water, strain it when lukewarm, add the juice of eight oranges to it, and the juice of one lemon, sweeten it to the taste. Whisk it one hour, then put it in your mould: let it stand twelve hours.

MOCK ICE.—Boil a quarter of a pound of isinglass in a cup of water, strain it when cold. Cut the sediment from the bottom, dissolve it; and put to a pint of cream, sweeten with strawberry jam. Simmer it altogether, and put it into a mould.

MOTHER EVE'S PUDDING.

If you'd have a good pudding, pray mind what you're taught.

Take twopennyworth of eggs when, twelve for a groat;

Then take of that fruit which Eve did once cozen,
Well pared and well-chopped, at least half a dozen;

Six ounces of bread—let your maid eat the crust—
The crumbs must be grated as fine as the dust;

Six ounces of currants from the same you must sort,

Or they'll break out your teeth and spoil all your sport;

Three ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet;
Some salt and some spice to make it complete.
Three hours let it boil without hurry or flutter,
And then serve it up with some good melted butter.

RABBIT ROASTED.—Cut off the fore-joints of the shoulders and legs, wash and dry well, take out the liver, and make a stuffing of the following materials: stale bread crumbed, lemon peel and nutmeg grated, dried herbs, principally sage, well powdered, quarter of a pound of sausage meat, the liver chopped up, and eggs enough to mix, or the latter may be dispensed with. Sew the stuffing inside, skewer back the head between the shoulders, cover with buttered paper, and bake; or the stuffing may be made of the following: two good-sized onions chopped fine, dried sage, bread crumbled, lemon peel and nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste.

GRAVY FOR THE ABOVE.—The spare joints which were cut off, half a pound of gravy beef, or the bones and trimmings from other joints which may not be required for use; add a little lemon peel and a very little best mixed spice. Thicken with flour and butter.

EGG PUDDING.—Take any number of eggs, their weight in flour, brown sugar, and butter, and a few currants or chopped raisins, as preferred. Mix well together by means of the eggs. Bake in buttered moulds; serve hot with wine sauce.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter thickly some thin slices of stale bread; mix together a

quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of candied lemon peel, cut in slices, a few sweet and bitter almonds chopped up, and a little ground cinnamon or nutmeg. Butter a pie-dish, strew a little of the mixture at the bottom, then a layer of bread, and so on alternately till the dish is full. Three layers of bread are sufficient for the above quantity of currants, &c. Make a custard of four eggs, a pint and a half of milk, and sugar enough to sweeten; pour over all and bake.

EXETER PUDDING.—Put in a proper sized basin ten ounces of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of sage, seven ounces of sweet chopped fine, six ounces of moist sugar, the peel of half a lemon grated, a quarter of a pint of rum, and four eggs. Stir for a few minutes with a spoon, add three more eggs, and four tablespoonfuls of clouted cream. Mix well. It is then ready to fill the mould. Butter the mould well, put in a handful of bread crumbs, and have ready six penny sponge cakes, two ounces of ratifias, and half a pound of any jam you like. Cover the bottom of the mould with a layer of ratifias, just cover them with a layer of the mixture, cut the sponge cakes lengthways, spread thickly each piece with jam, put a layer in the mould, then a few ratifias, afterwards some of the mixture, and so on, until the mould is full, taking care that a layer of the mixture is on the top of the pudding. It will take about forty minutes baking. The sauce—Put in a small stewpan three tablespoonfuls of black currant jelly, and two glasses of sherry; warm on the fire and pour over the pudding, and serve hot.

TO SMOKE HAMS AND FISH.—Take an old hog-head, stop up all the crevices, and fix a place to put a cross-stick near the bottom, to hang the articles to be smoked on. Next cut a hole in the side near the top, to introduce an iron pan filled with sawdust and small pieces of green wood. Having turned the tub upside down, hang the articles upon the cross-stick, introduce the iron pan in the opening, and place a piece of red-hot iron in the pan, cover it with sawdust, and all will be complete. Let a large ham remain forty hours, and keep up a good smoke.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Peel, cut, and core a dozen large apples, which put into an earthen lined saucepan, with a small teacup of cold water; as they heat, bruise to a pulp, sweeten with moist sugar to taste, and grate amongst it the peel of one lemon; when cold, press the fruit hard into a pie dish, and pour over it a pint of thick custard, made with the best part of core, pint of new milk, four eggs, well beaten, yolks and whites together, and two ounces of loaf sugar to sweeten; place the dish in a moderate oven, and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the size. This is a most delicious and sweet dish.

SODA BISCUITS.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little carbonate of soda, one gill of new milk or two eggs. Mix well; then roll out until it is about half an inch thick, and cut with a tin into small cakes. Bake in a quick oven.

BLANC-MANGE.—Boil one ounce and a half of isinglass, the thin rind of a lemon, and some loaf sugar in a quart of good new milk, stirring it frequently till the isinglass is all dissolved; cleanse it through a piece of muslin, and when nearly cold, add half a pint of sherry and brandy.

LEMON PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, quarter of a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one lemon, juice and rind, and one egg; to be boiled in a mould one hour. Serve with a little wine sauce, if approved.

LEMON CHEESECAKE.—To a quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of loaf sugar, broken as for tea, six eggs, the grated rinds of three lemons and juice of two. Put all into a pan over a slow fire, gently stirring till as thick as a good cream; then pour into jars, cover with paper, and keep in a dry place.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Take one dozen of Seville oranges, with their weight in sugar; take off the rind from the oranges, and boil the same three hours, changing the water three times; then squeeze the pulp well and take out the pips, also cut the rind into chips, after which make a syrup of the sugar and about one pint of water; boil well; add the pulp and chips, and boil altogether for twenty minutes.

TO MAKE LEMON SYRUP.—Take two pounds of loaf sugar and put to it two pints of water, and boil gently for half an hour. Put it in a basin till cold. Then take one ounce of citric acid, beat to a powder, and half a drachm of essence of lemon, mixed together before added to the syrup. Put two tablespoonfuls of the syrup into a tumbler, and fill up with cold water.

GINGER PUDDING.—To half a pound of flour add a quarter of a pound of suet, shred very fine, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of grated ginger, mix well together, turn dry into a basin either buttered, or dipped into cold water, tie the cloth over very light, and boil three hours. This is a pudding within everybody's reach.

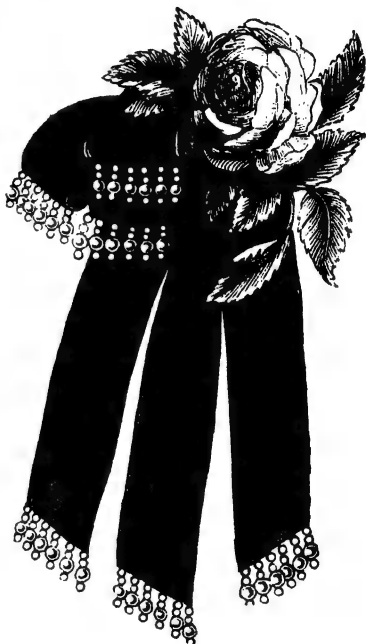
THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

SOME of our readers may not be aware that Congresses are held in Paris to determine the Fashions of the approaching seasons. It is to this authority that the prevalence of any especial *mode* may always be traced, as it is plain that no particular style could be correct if the public were left to the guidance of individual taste. The session of *modistes* and *couturières* has just been held, a little later than usual, to decide on the winter fashions. The result has been to abandon the steel wires of the skirts, simply returning to the crinoline, as being more compressible, more flowing, and more favourable to an elegant fall of the folds of the drapery. It is expected that next year this voluminous stiffening will also be abolished. The only striking novelty determined upon by this female conclave is a triple skirt composed of three different materials. The dress exhibited had its lower skirt of dark green velvet, the one above that was of emerald green satin, the upper one of pomona green lustrous. This curious dress had been made for the mother of the Empress, and was to be worn at a great ball given at Madrid in commemoration of her Majesty's birthday. We are not recommending this dress for present adoption, but merely mention it for its peculiarity of style. It was also decreed that

bright colours and much shorter waists than those now current should be worn. Another suggestion was also made, but left open for after consideration. It is the abolishment of the bonnet-shape, and the substitution of the quilted hood. We must confess that reason is so much on the side of this proposition that we should be glad to see it carried out, especially during the winter months. An English lady of rank has already patronized the idea, but, unless it could be made general, peculiarity is an objection. The



THE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESS.

last edict promulgated was curtailing the length of the skirt, but this has not taken the world of fashion by surprise. When the Queen of England paid her late royal visit to Cherbourg, in the midst of all the stir and excitement of the day, time was found for her Majesty and the Empress of the French to discuss the question of fashion. One of the points was the total abolition of those sweeping skirts which contract every impurity of the ground which they pass over. Henceforth, it is thus doubly decided—these are to be worn sufficiently short to display the foot and the slipper is to supersede the boot.

As we are now approaching that festive and joyous season of the year in which merry Christmas fills the house with gladness, we offer to the notice of our subscribers an evening dress, which we hope will be acceptable. It may be made in



ELEGANT EVENING DRESS.

either silk or tulle, or, in fact, of any light material suitable for evening wear. The long lappels which cross in front, and to which the upper skirt is looped, have a very tasteful effect. If the material be silk, the bordering of these may be pinked and worn with bows of ribbon of the same colour, or of black velvet. If the dress be made of tulle, these must be edged with blonde, with bows either of white or light-coloured ribbon.

For promenade costume, some very pretty linseys are now being worn, with borderings of different-coloured silk stripes. These are made with the basquine, fit the shape, and are simply

ornamented with buttons of some elegant design. For the outdoor wrap, nothing can exceed the graceful Victoria Pardessus, which we gave last month. We may, however, mention that some mantles are now being worn, made of the Algerian stripe, not of the gay colours which have hitherto been the distinguishing feature of that material, but of the more sober shades of brown and violet. Cloth resembling seal skin is making its appearance. This last-mentioned is also used for the trimming of mantles made of other materials.

Velvet bonnets are now the most approved. Of these the *grossille* colour is by far the most fashionable. The crowns are not worn slanting,

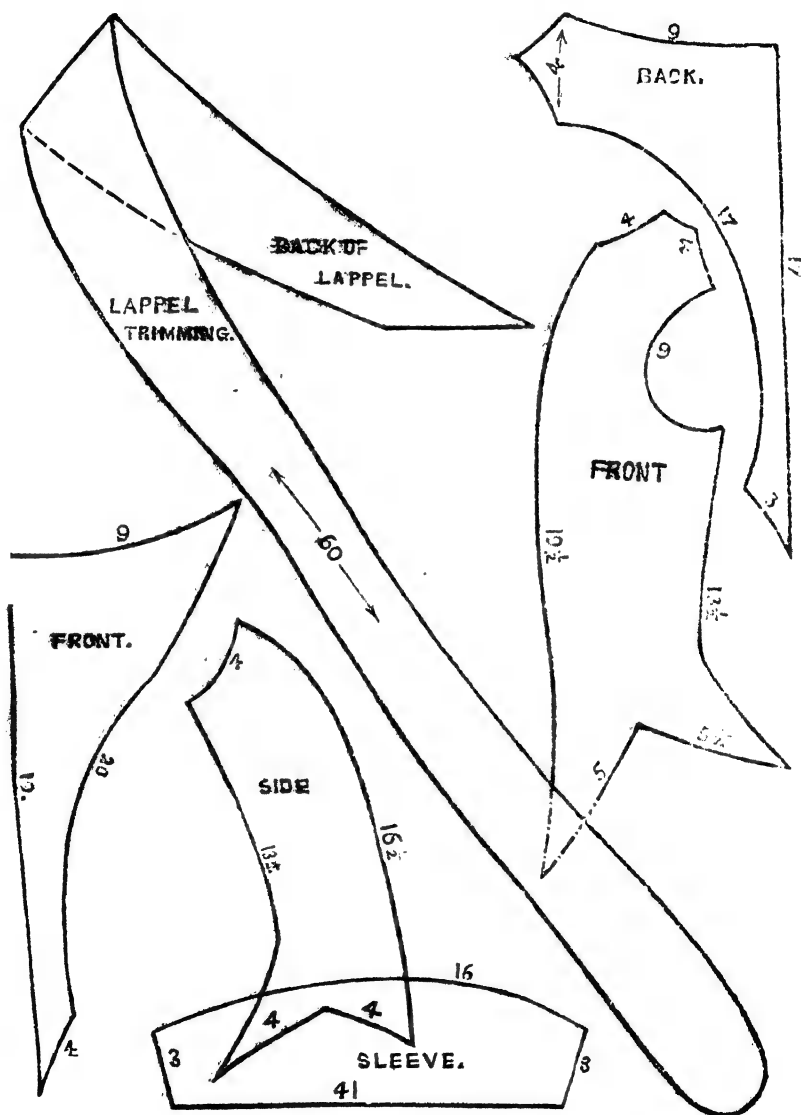


DIAGRAM OF EVENING DRESS.

and in Paris the bonnet is much larger than in London. The chrysanthemum is the most favoured flower for the trimming. A bonnet made of this *prosselle* mixed with black velvet is also very elegant, trimmed with feathers of the two colours; a plait or a quilling of ribbon across the forehead, ending with bows, is the most prevalent inside trimming.

As an accompaniment to the evening dress which we have supplied, we also insert the prettiest head dress of the season. This is composed of shaded red velvet ribbon, formed into bows, and having three long ends. These ends are ornamented with pendants made of the plain hollow gold bead and the Eugénie bead. A lady can easily arrange this for her-self in the following way—Take two small plain beads, one Eugénie, one small, and then return the needle back again through the first three. Though simple, this is very elegant. A row of the same is to be placed across the centre of each bow; for it is now fashionable to ornament the bows as well as the ends. A large white rose, with the branch somewhat hanging down on its own side, completes this very pretty decoration. The same article may be made in black velvet, using imitation pearls instead of the gold beads, or, for still greater economy, even black beads may be used with very good effect.

The gauntlet glove is now much favoured.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

THE collar, although a small article in a lady's attire, is one which requires taste to select, in consequence of its capability of giving a considerable degree of either injurious or improving effect to the whole dress. The finishing touches of an artist to his picture are generally those which contain the most artistic knowledge. It ought to be exactly the same with the living picture of a well-dressed woman; the latter being more easily disfigured than the former by want of taste. The ornamental parts of dress are these finishing touches, and they cannot be disregarded with impunity. The shape of the collar, then, is of considerable importance. A little novelty has just been introduced, which we present to our readers as one possessing a very pretty effect. It is particularly suitable to the season from its cheerful appearance. It is composed of narrow coloured velvet laced in and out at regular intervals through a muslin collar prepared accordingly. Its simplicity is one of its recommendations. A collar the shape required, is cut out in a fine Jaconet muslin. Straight lines are then cut from the neck to the outer edge, at about half an inch apart all round the collar; the edges of each being neatly worked in button-hole stitch. On each line three or four holes are worked in alternate rows, so that they should appear between the rows of velvet. A handsome guipure pattern should then be added all the outside of the collar. The narrow ribbon, of whatever colour may be preferred, is then laced in and out through and under every

About five rows of the velvet will be required for a pretty sized collar. The velvet gives firmness and richness, and sets off the open

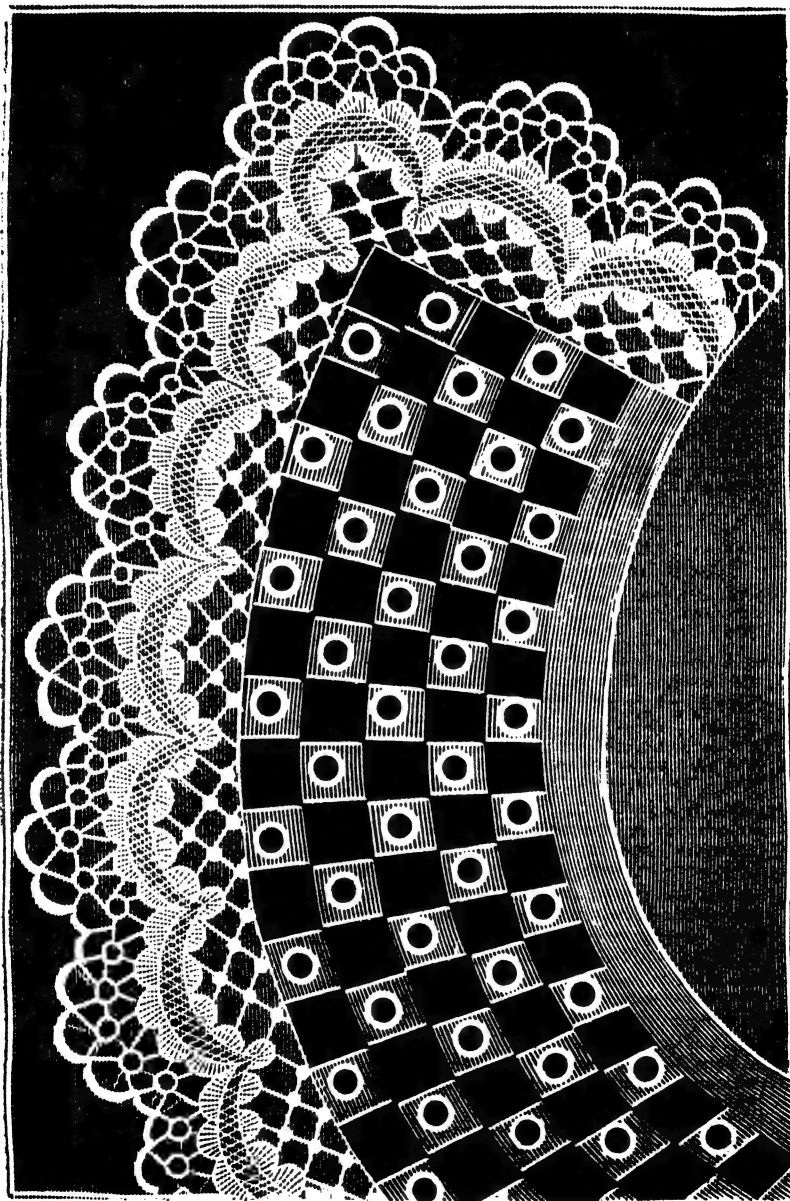
guipure work to great advantage. These collars may be made of lace insertion with even less trouble than the muslin, as they would not require the edges to be worked. A lace could also be substituted for the guipure border. Either way they are extremely elegant, and form a very pretty variety to the usual style of worked collars. The best cotton for working the guipure is Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionné, No. 24. It is indispensable to elegance that cuffs should be worn to match.

NEW STYLE OF EMBROIDERY IN SCARLET AND LACE.

We have given a small illustration of another new style of work, extremely pretty for handkerchief corners. It is a pine, embroidered in scarlet and white, surrounded by a narrow lace. Valenciennes is very suitable, but any other pretty edging may be substituted, if a lighter style is



preferred. Three of these pieces grouped together form a very handsome corner, the broadest part being turned towards the corner. A pretty scalloped must be worked all round the handkerchief, and the same edging added to its edge. This forms a very elegant addition to a lady's toilet, and is one of the latest novelties. A very fine embroidery cotton must always be selected for working on cambric. No. 30 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionné will be the best that can be selected for the introduction of a small portion of white into the embroidery, which contrasts extremely well with the scarlet, and very much heightens the effect.





THE STORY OF A PIN.

(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)

(Continued from page 242.)

THE PLOT.

M. WOLFF was very much concerned at the change that was taking place in George's character. He was always completely satisfied with his abilities and efforts, but he believed him unfortunate. He had sometimes questioned him, but George had always eluded these interrogations, saying, he should indeed be ungrateful if he did not find happiness amongst so much kindness. M. Wolff had even written to George's mother, and, in spite of the reserved answer he received, he guessed there was some cause in which the heart was concerned.

As an experienced man, he had asked the ladies to assist him in the campaign; rightly supposing that, by their judgment, they would soon make discoveries in the abode of the tender passion.

Borghèse soon learnt to read his heart without difficulty, and then a conspiracy was formed to prepare a surprise.

M. Wolff had learnt that George's chosen one was worthy of all esteem, and that her interesting face resembled a Correggio's
No. 9, VOL. VII.

head, which was the pearl without price of his museum.

Besides, he had had exhibited in his gallery the charming picture of the typical basket, which had been so much admired by every visitor.

M. Wolff himself had wished to buy this picture; but George would not have parted with it for any money, for he had already disposed of it, and sent it to his mother, who had wished his *fiancée* to possess some talent, as an amusement in prosperity, and a resource in adversity; and he thus hoped to prepare her more fully for his project.

Madame Wolff was most eager to second her husband in the surprise which they intended for George, whom they had come to regard as a son of their own; and the secret—that rare thing—was kept.

"She is very cruel, this Mademoiselle Jeanne," said M. Wolff, "to keep her lover in exile for a year."

"It is meant as a trial," answered Borghèse. "She does not wish to trust to the enthusiasm of a day, for she will

not confide in anything but a lasting attachment."

"Well," replied M. Wolff, "this poor child, doubtless, thinks herself very prudent, and although she has done everything to render her lover very foolish, she but wished to cure him of his impatience. But it is time to put an end to this trial, and to punish Mlle. Jeanne in her turn for her tyranny; and I shall certainly be obliged to make her come here herself to relieve George from his vows. Which of you, ladies, will assist me in my benevolent project?"

The proposition was accepted by all parties with eagerness, and the allies went into council.

"This is my notion of what had best be done," said M. Wolff; "George's services have been so valuable to us, that we must try and be a little ingenious and clever in providing for his future. He is not fond of luxury or show, and display of any kind would displease him; so we must find something else. Borghèse, you told me, with all the enthusiasm of an artist, about this picturesque little house which charmed you so much, and in which all our dear and much-loved George's thoughts are centred; we must transport hither this magic palace and the deity who reigns there."

"And will you show us how to do it?" said Borghèse.

"What can be easier? From the poetical description you have given me of this Lilliputian villa, is it not something like the pavilion at the bottom of our garden? Well, then, make us an exact drawing of the house; and, as you have been inside the fairy dwelling, you will be able to call to mind the interior arrangements and furniture; we will do the rest."

Beautiful weather had returned; the project was quickly and discreetly executed. Every one was absolutely forbidden to enter the garden. The workmen had a password, and went out by a little door. Everything was imitated so exactly that it would be difficult to say which was the original. The green trellis-work, the beautiful climbing rose-trees all in flower, planted as if by enchantment, twined themselves to the top of the little edifice. Furniture covered with a bright-coloured chintz, bordered with roses, ornamented

the rooms on the first floor, and faithfully represented the apartment of Jeanne and her sister. Madame Wolff busied herself in the thousand details which would make the house comfortable and commodious, and she carefully carried out everything that Borghèse, who was the chief artist, recommended.

Everything was progressing in Paris; M. Wolff's kindness neglected and forgot nothing; and in a few days the white house was ready.

The cupboards were furnished with a complete *trousseau* — china, glass, silver (everything of that sort, as you imagine, was simple and in good taste), were secretly brought and deposited on the sideboards. Canvass, colours, crayons, were on the table; they tried to omit nothing. They only wanted some flowers, which could be brought just at the moment they were wanted; and the conspirators, pleased with themselves and proud of their work, promised to keep the secret of their innocent plot.

JUSTICE.

One gloomy day, whilst the rain was beating heavily, the two sisters, worn out with incessant trouble, were sitting near one another in their room in the little house. The north wind blew in squalls amongst the foliage with a sorrowful sound, which made them feel more melancholy. The white roses blew about and fell like snow on the window-sill.

"Here is another miserable day," said Anna; "and I have often noticed that this wretched weather brings with it fresh troubles."

"You mean, dear sister," replied Jeanne, "that you are nervous, and that you attribute to the weather the agitation you feel. But you forget that it will be fine again before long, and, perhaps, then our good time will also return; so we must not lose courage. Have we not friends who are interesting themselves about us?"

"And how can you believe that all this kindness will extricate us from our embarrassments? Have we not an engagement to fulfil, and hard creditors to satisfy?"

"We have already gone through a great many troubles," said Jeanne. "You once despaired, you remember, of ever having any work, and you see now that

we have more than we can do; so we ought never to lose our confidence. Everything passes by, everything is forgotten, except misdeeds, and He who watches over us —"

They now heard a carriage stop at the door—a very rare event indeed—and it was the cause of sad presentiments in the sisters' breasts. Even Jeanne herself could scarcely conceal her fears.

"My dear Anna," said she, "why are you so troubled? I will go and see who it is."

They opened the door; and the carriage, like the mouth of a venomous monster, vomited forth, in front of the cottage, four very suspicious-looking personages.

Poor little house! Repose, happiness, and love suited your appearance so well. Must your fair looks be sullied by the agents of swindlers? for rogue and knave seemed written on the faces of all our sinister visitors.

They mounted the stairs very heavily. Every one of their steps struck like an iron hammer on the poor children's hearts, for they felt but little equal to resist the demands, whatever they might be, of so many people.

The first who presented himself was a short, stout man, who tried to put on a ponderous gravity in order to impose on his victims, whom he wished, doubtless, to fascinate by his legal look; but, in spite of all his efforts, his rollicking, reckless air would show itself. The reader will not fail to recognise in him *Bénigne Doucet*, who hastened to arrange himself and everything around him in due form.

He who followed was also an heir of poor uncle, and was as thin and long as the other was fat and short. He had also, in opposition to the first comer, a dismal, leaden appearance, which no hilarity could in the slightest alter.

The third wore a white necktie and black clothes, the usual town dress of a lawyer. He was one of those men of business who try to cause a lawsuit, squeeze money from families, and see how much in law-costs they can draw from those who inherit a little property, without caring how little would remain. He was grand and eloquent; a crown of little black hairs, resembling a monk's tonsure, surrounded his head, which was very bald

and shining, and yet there was a youthful air about the man. A crooked nose, like a vulture's beak, threatened to attack and fall upon his chin; his eyes were completely concealed by very dark green spectacles; his mouth was little, compressed, and utterly destitute of lips; he had a freezing, formal, ceremonious look. His name was *M. Corbin*.

The fourth, who carried a large portfolio, and the materials necessary for writing, was *M. Séraphin*, bailiff. He was covered with that horrible waterproof stuff, which makes men resemble bales packed for exportation. His vulgar figure denoted the indifference which habit produces amongst the most miserable scenes.

These four persons stood up in a row, and bowed all together; *M. Doucet* with humility, his co-leir with insolence; *M. Corbin*, the man of business, with freezing ceremony; and the bailiff with awkwardness.

"Gentlemen," said Jeanne, "may I ask how many of you have the right to enter here and force our door. And I would wish to know whether it will not suit you to-morrow to send a reinforcement of *six* people to our little room?"

"Young ladies," said *M. Doucet*, smiling, "there is not one person too many. I have only brought people who are indispensable to draw up a written statement; and don't fear anything for to-morrow, for this matter *must be settled to-day*."

And he made a sign to the three persons to be seated. The bailiff, like an actor who knows his part well, placed himself at the work-table, and there opened his horrible book. Anna was eager to take away the painting which ornamented the table, and pushed back with disgust the portfolio which had carried within it so often distraints, executions, misery, and despair.

"But I suppose, gentlemen," said Anna, "that if you come here to make an inventory, we shall be allowed to have some one to represent us? for we do not know what are our rights."

"You are at liberty to have any one you please to represent you," said *M. Corbin*, bowing; "but, at the same time, our action cannot be delayed a moment." And turning himself round in his chair, "Bailiff," said he, "begin."

M. Doucet now rose, and began looking with the eye of a connoisseur at the studies of flowers which ornamented the walls, and he seemed to approve of them exceedingly; for he was a decided lover of all the fine arts.

M. Corbin now began to chant with a magisterial air, "At the request of M. Bénigne Doucet, gentleman, residing at Mantes, I, the undersigned Aimé Séraphin, &c. &c. Whereas Mdlles. Duval have acknowledged their indebtedness to the said M. Doucet in a sum of ten thousand francs, the deed having been duly signed and delivered after their majority; whereas M. Doucet, relying on this promise, left to the Mdlles. Duval, for a certain time, use of the furniture, formerly the property of their mother; but whereas the several articles comprising the said furniture, which form the security to M. Doucet, might be carried away—"

"What do you mean?" said Anna. "Are we then forbidden to dispose of what belongs to us?"

"It is for me to speak," slowly replied the man without eyes and without lips; "you may answer at the termination of the affair, if it suits you?"

And when the nasal voice had ceased, the steel pen still continued to grind its maledictions on the horrid document.

"But," replied M. Doucet, "I, who adore good paintings, noticed here the other day a lady's portrait, which I should imagine was one of the celebrated Latour's. Latour! The glory of St. Quentin! the charming, the inimitable draughtsman in crayon! People can produce nothing like that now. Latour carried his secret with him to his grave. Ah! what a charming thing is art! But, after all, this portrait ought to be found. M. Corbin, we must make these young ladies declare what has become of this Latour; they evidently don't know the importance of their action."

The monotonous verbiage of an assignment, of a summons, of I don't know what dark proceedings, fell like hail and rain on the heads and hearts of the poor sisters. They embraced each other, and wept in a corner of the room, thinking of their mother's portrait reclaimed by these birds of prey; and in the midst of her trouble Jeanne felt a secret pleasure in knowing that this *souvenir*, at least, was in safety.

"Well, my children," said M. Doucet, approaching them, "we do not wish to be unreasonable. You forget that by one single word all this might terminate to your satisfaction. Simply sign this declaration, and we will rid you of this detestable bailiff, who is distracting you; for you are suffering, and it is very painful to me, truly painful; for I am a good and humane man; all the town of Mantes la Jolie will tell you so. It is grievous to me to come to this extremity."

And he presented a stamped paper to the two sisters.

"And if we sign," said Anna, after having thrown a glance over it, "you will give us up the document which you have in your hands, and you will all leave here at once, never to come back again?"

"Certainly," said M. Doucet, "we will agree to go away, although your question is not very flattering to us, mademoiselle; for we give you a perfect release, and you have my co-heir as a witness."

"Give it to me, then," said Anna; "it is impossible to pay too dearly for the right of ridding ourselves of these odious proceedings."

"Stop," replied Jeanne, "we were warned not to sign anything."

"But, my poor dear sister," said Anna, "can I leave you exposed any longer to these malignities? What matters the future? God will protect us."

And she took a pen . . . Something like the tramp and pawing of horses' feet was heard outside, as if the riders had stopped at the door; and whilst the two sisters were discussing what had best be done, Jeanne feebly retaining the pen which Anna also held, an unexpected apparition entered, and still further complicated the scene which was now enacting of the broker's seizure.

Two ladies in riding-habits, looking like Amazons, entered the room where Crime versus Virtue were fighting with unequal odds.

A summer shower is soon over, and the sun, piercing the clouds, began to throw a light on this dark play. The tallest of the two ladies, whom we recognise as Borghèse, was accompanied by Madame Wolff. She threw a rapid glance at everybody, and turning towards Anna—

"Don't sign," cried she, "the matter is settled."

All the spectators were fairly stupefied. Anna and Jeanne pressed Borghèse's hand, who presented her friend to them as George's protector.

"And now," said Borghèse, turning herself to the company, "what is going on here? for we must not interfere with the action of law and justice. You, monsieur, holding the pen," said she to the man clothed in waterproof, "be pleased to tell me your name and profession, if you will be so good."

"My name is Séraphin, sworn bailiff; I am here in the exercise of my duty," said the scribe, at the same time a little intimidated.

"Sir, I understand you are doing your duty here; but your duty is useless, since we have arranged the affair. Will you take the amount for your day's work? for we don't wish you to labour for nothing."

And she placed a piece of gold on the stamped paper.

The bailiff, after having cast an astonished look at his companions, went out, bowing respectfully.

"It is now your turn, Mr. Lawyer. Will you let me hear what are your rights, so that my language may be in keeping with the consideration which is due to you?"

"That gentleman is my agent," said Doucet, interrupting Borghèse; "he has a large practice, is very experienced in all matters of this kind, and is well known at Mantes la Jolie."

"Agent!" said Borghèse, measuring him with her eye. "I suppose he is something of a notary, lawyer, solicitor—in fact, something official and respectable!"

"I am a practitioner, madame, and I am here rightfully as M. Doucet's proxy."

"But, my dear sir, one cannot be the proxy of a man who is present. I am no lawyer, but that appears to me a very simple speech for a practitioner. One of you must quit this place, and it is only fair that it shall not be M. Doucet, as we want to settle his accounts." And with her eyes she appeared to show the way out to the man in green spectacles.

"I protest against the violence which is done me!" said M. Corbin, rising.

"It is for you to speak," replied Anna,

rather kindly, as she opened the door for him.

"At last," said Borghèse, "we have the field of battle clear. But where is our third adversary?"

"He is my cousin and co-heir," said M. Doucet. "You need not look far; he is behind me."

And he made his cousin's tall figure rise; and then it asked to be allowed to depart. He had always lived a very peaceful, country life, and this agitating scene, this energetic Amazon, who spoke in so fierce a tone, and appeared so well acquainted with her business, all thoroughly bewildered him, and made him feel an anxiety which was not at all to his taste.

"Well, dear M. Doucet, now then for this business, which we will settle between ourselves, without bailiff, practitioner, co-heir, or solicitor. Now let us understand what it is. To the point—what is it you are asking?"

"Madame," said Doucet, endeavouring to gain assurance, and drawing an acceptance from his portfolio, "I don't ask, I insist, this moment, upon the payment of this debt; and I shall take note, in case of non-payment, of the obstacles which you have thrown in the way of the exercise of my rights."

"Go on," said Borghèse, "there are no obstacles; we are quite ready to arrange. Ten thousand francs you say you want of us? Is it, indeed, for such a trifle you are making so much fuss?" She then looked for something in her portfolio in an off-hand manner. "But have you nothing to pay me back?" said she.

"How much?" said M. Doucet, with an astonished look.

"Why, thir—ty thou—sand francs, to be sure," replied Borghèse, lightly touching the table with her whip; and she presented an open paper to Doucet, which she held most carefully.

M. Doucet now felt that his legs were no longer able to support him, and he sank into a chair.

"If you have no money with you," said Borghèse, "you must go and fetch some, or we shall very soon send to receive the difference."

The co-heir had already disappeared, and Borghèse conducted M. Doucet out of the

room with perfect politeness, saying to him, as she shut the door—

"In business one must never get angry, you know. I bid you adieu with the utmost cordiality."

(To be concluded next month.)

THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.—LIFE IN DEATH.

"HERE we were once more re-united in the little white house as before this two years' absence; but how greatly had that interval of time increased the misfortune! No one dared to speak of the future—that unknown moment of which we have so much need, and without which the present day passes, if it is happy, with but too feeble a happiness; and if it is sad, with too great sadness!

"Never have I seen a grief more noble in its simplicity, more calm in its strength, than that of Eva Meredith. She continued to pray to the God who afflicted her. God, for her, was He who can accomplish the impossible, He in whom we begin to hope when the hopes of this world have vanished. Her eyes, so full of faith, would rest upon her son's countenance as if in momentary expectation of seeing the mind beam there for which her prayers implored his Creator. I should fail to picture to you all the treasures of love, of thought, and of ingenious story which she lavished upon that undeveloped intellect. He would repeat, like an echo, the last words addressed to him. She would explain to him heaven, God, the angels. She tried to teach him to pray, and she would put his little hands together; but she could not make him raise his eyes to heaven.

"She attempted, under every possible form, the first lessons of childhood; she read to her son, talked to him, busied his eyes with pictures, and sought in music other sounds than words.

"One day, with a terrible effort, she related to William his father's death; she hoped for, she expected a tear. But her child fell asleep while she was yet speaking to him; tears were shed, but it was from the eyes of Eva Meredith that they fell.

"She exhausted herself in vain efforts and struggles; she persevered that she

might continue to hope; but to William's eyes pictures were only colours—to his ears, words were only a sound. This child, however, grew astonishingly, and became a marvel of beauty. One who saw him but a moment would have called the repose of his face calmness; but this prolonged and continued calmness, this absence of all grief and of all tears, had upon me a strange and sad effect. Ah! suffering must be very inherent in our nature, since William's eternal smile made every one say, 'The poor idiot!' Mothers do not know how much happiness is concealed in their children's tears. A tear is a regret, a desire, a fear; it is existence which is beginning to be understood. Alas! William was satisfied with everything. He seemed to sleep all day with his eyes open; he never hastened his steps nor turned out of his way; he avoided no danger; he was never wearied, nor impatient, nor angry. If he did not know how to obey the words spoken to him, he at least obeyed the hand that guided him. In this existence deprived of all light, there only remained one instinct: he knew his mother, and even loved her. He loved to hang upon her knees and upon her shoulders, and to caress her. When I kept him a long time away from her, a sort of anxiety manifested itself in his movements. When I brought him back to his mother, he showed no joy; only he became quiet. This tenderness, this feeble glimpse of William's heart, constituted Eva's life. From that she derived the strength to endeavour to live and to wait. If her words were not understood, at least her caresses were. How often would she take his head between her hands and kiss it—kiss William's brow over and over again, as if she hoped that her love might enkindle that dumb and frozen intellect! How often would she expect a miracle as she pressed her son in her arms, and placed William's quiet heart upon her burning bosom!

"She would often forget herself of an evening in the village church. (Eva Meredith belonged to a Catholic family.) Upon her knees on the stone pavement, before the altar of the Virgin, to the marble statue of the Virgin, holding her son in her arms, she would whisper, 'O Virgin, my son is as inanimate as this figure of

yours! Pray God to grant a mind to my child!

"She would bestow charity upon all the poor children of the village, giving them bread and clothing, and saying, 'Pray for him!' She consoled those mothers who suffered, in the secret hope that consolation would also come for her. She permitted no tear to fall from the eyes of others, that she might have it in her power to think that she, too, would cease to weep. Throughout all the province she was beloved, blessed, and venerated; she knew it, and gently offered up to Heaven, not with pride, but with hope, the benedictions of the unhappy, that she might thus obtain pity for her son. She loved to look at William when he slept; she then saw him beautiful and like other children; she forgot her misfortune a moment, and in presence of those regular features, those golden locks, those long lashes which threw a shadow upon William's rosy cheek, she was a mother, a mother almost with joy, almost with pride. Heaven has moments of compassion even for those condemned to suffer.

"Thus rolled by the first eight years of William's life. Then a sad change came over Eva Meredith which could not escape my watchful attention. She ceased to hope, either because the growth of her child rendered his want of intelligence more observable, or because, as a labourer who, after working all day, yields in the evening to fatigue, Eva's heart seemed to abandon the task which it had undertaken, and to fall back in disappointment upon itself, no longer asking of Heaven anything but resignation. She gave up the books, the pictures, and the music, and all the other means which she had called to her aid; she became discouraged and silent; only, if it was possible, she grew even more tender with her son. When she ceased to think that he would ever be able to go into society, to acquire friends and to obtain a position, she felt at the same time that her child had no longer any but her on earth; and she asked a miracle of her heart—that of increasing the love which she already bore him.

"This woman became the slave and servant of her son; she thought of nothing now but of preserving him from any suffering or discomfort. If a sun-ray fell upon

William's face, she would get up, and adjust the curtain so as to substitute shade in the place of the too strong light which had wounded his eyes. If she herself felt cold, she would bring a warmer garment to William; if she herself was hungry, it was for William that she would gather fruits from the garden; if she herself felt fatigued, it was for him that she drew out the great arm-chair and the soft cushions; in a word, she attended to her own sensations in order to divine those of her son. Her activity was left, but her hope was gone.

"William became eleven years old; then began the last phase of the existence of Eva Meredith. William, wonderfully large and strong for his age, no longer required that constant and assiduous watching which is necessary in infancy and early childhood. He no longer went to sleep upon his mother's lap; he would walk alone within the inclosure of the garden—he would ride on horseback with me—he would gladly follow me in my expeditions in the mountains; in a word, the bird, although deprived of wings, left his nest.

"There was nothing frightful nor painful to the eye in William's misfortune. He was a boy, lovely as the day, silent, too calm for this world, whose countenance only expressed repose, whose mouth could only smile. He was neither awkward, nor ungraceful, nor troublesome; his was a mind which slumbered in the presence of your own, having neither question to ask nor answer to make. Mrs. Meredith no longer possessed, as a substitute for grief, the activity of a mother who acts as nurse; she resumed her seat at the window, whence she could look at the village and the church spire—the same place where she had shed so many tears for her first William. She would lean out with her pale face, as if to ask the breeze which rustled in the trees to communicate a little freshness to her brow; her arms hanging passively by her side, like idle or fatigued arms which have nothing more to do in this world. Hope, the necessity for active cares, everything successively abandoned her; she had only now to watch—to watch from afar day and night, like the lamp which burns ever under the dome of a cathedral.

"But her strength was exhausted. In

the midst of her grief, returned to its starting-point of silence and inactivity, after having in vain tried effort, courage, and hope, Eva Meredith fell into consumption. I saw her, in spite of the resources of my art, grow thin and weak. Of what avail are the physician's remedies when it is the mind which is the seat of the disease?

"Poor foreigner! she required the sunshine of her own country and a little happiness to revive her; but she had neither sunshine nor happiness. It was a long time before she perceived her danger, because she did not think of herself; but when she could no longer leave her arm-chair, she could not help understanding her situation. I should not dare to describe to you the anguish of this woman at the thought of leaving William without a protector and without friends—of leaving him lost in an indifferent world—him whom it was necessary to love and lead by the hand like a child. Oh, how she tried to live! With what avidity she swallowed the medicines which I prepared for her! How often she persisted in thinking herself convalescing! But her disease was progressing. She would then keep William oftener at home; she was unwilling to have him ever again out of her sight.

"Stay with me," she would say.

"And William, who was always happy with his mother, would sent himself at her feet. She would gaze at him long, until a torrent of tears prevented her from distinguishing the gentle face of her child; she would then bid him come still nearer to her, would press him to her heart, and exclaim in a species of delirium, 'Oh! if my soul, which is about to be separated from my body, could only become my child's soul, how happy I should be to die!'

"Eva could not entirely despair of divine pity; and when all human chances had disappeared, her heart, full of love, had happy dreams, from which she again constructed hopes. But, alas! how sad it was to see this poor mother dying under her son's eyes—a son who did not understand her, and who smiled when she kissed him!

"He will not regret me," she said; "he will shed no tears over me—he will not even recollect me!"

"And she would sit silently contemplating her child; her hand then would sometimes seek mine.

"You love him, dear doctor," she murmured.

"I will never leave him," I said, "until he has better friends."

"God in heaven, and the poor village doctor on earth, were the protectors to whom she confided her son.

"Faith is a wonderful thing! This woman, a widow, disinherited, dying by the side of a son bereft of intelligence, was still far from that unlimited despair which causes some to die blaspheming. An invisible Friend was near her; she seemed to lean upon Him, and, at times, to listen to sacred words audible to her ear alone.

"One morning she sent for me early; she had been unable to leave her bed, and, with her attenuated hand, she pointed to a sheet of paper, upon which some lines were traced.

"Dear doctor," she said to me in a gentle voice, "I have not the strength to continue—finish the letter for me."

"I read what follows:—

"My lord, I am writing to you for the last time. Whilst health has been restored to you in your old age, I am sick, and about to die. I leave your grandson, William Kysington, without a protector. My lord, this letter is to recall him to your recollection. I ask less for him your fortune than a place in your heart. Of all things in life, he has only comprehended one—his mother's love. And now I must leave him for ever! Love him, my lord—he only understands affection!

"She had not been able to finish. I added—

"Lady William Kysington has but a few days to live. What are the orders of Lord James Kysington in reference to the child who bears his name?

"DOCTOR BARNABE."

"This letter was sent to London, and we waited. Eva was no longer able to leave her bed; William, seated by her side, held, all day long, her hand in his. His mother tried to smile sadly on him; I, on the other side of the bed, prepared the potions to relieve her suffering.

"She again began to talk to her son, as if she did not despair that after her death

some words spoken by her might recur to his memory. She gave this child all the advice, all the instruction, which she would have given to an intelligent being; and then, turning to me, she said, 'Who can tell, doctor? perhaps one day he will find my words at the bottom of his heart.'

"A few weeks more were passed. Death was approaching; and, resigned as was Eva's patient soul, this moment

brought with it the agony of separation and the solemn terror of the future. The village curate came to see her; and when he left her, I went to him, took his hand, and said, 'You will pray for her?'

"'I asked her to pray for me!' he answered.

"It was Eva Meredith's last day. The sun had gone down, the window at which she had so often sat was open; she could



look out upon the landscape which she had so dearly loved. She held her son in her arms; and as she kissed his brow and his hair, and as her tears flowed upon his face, she said, 'Poor child! what is to become of my poor boy? Oh, listen to me, William! I am dying! your father, too, is dead. You are alone! you must pray to the Lord. I give you to Him who watches over the sparrow on the housetops. He will watch over the orphan. Dear child, look at me and listen! Try to understand that I am dying, that you may one day remember me!'

9 *

"And the poor mother, losing the strength to speak, still retained sufficient to kiss her child.

"At this moment an unaccustomed sound struck my ears. The wheels of a carriage rolled over the sanded garden road. I ran to the door. Lord James Kysington and Lady Mary were entering the house.

"'I received your letter,' said Lord Kysington to me; 'I was about starting for Italy. It took me but little out of my way to come myself to make arrangements for William Meredith. Lady William?

"'Lady William Kysington is still alive,' I answered.

"It was with a feeling of pain that I saw this man, so self-possessed, cold, and austere, walk into Eva's room, followed by that proud woman, who had come to be the witness of an event fortunate for her—the death of her former rival. They entered the little, simple, unpretending room, so different from the magnificent apartments of the Montpellier house. They stood by the bed, within the white curtains of which Eva, pale and still lovely, was holding her son pressed to her heart. They placed themselves, the one to the right, and the other to the left of this bed of suffering, and uttered no word of affection to console the poor creature, whose eyes were raised towards them. A few commonplace, cold expressions of condolence were the only words which escaped from their lips. Never having before been present at a deathbed, they turned away their eyes; and, convinced that Eva Meredith neither saw nor heard them, they simply awaited her decease, without even giving to their countenances an assumed expression of kind feeling or of regret. Eva fixed her dying eyes upon them, and a new agony suddenly possessed her heart, which had almost ceased to beat. She understood then, as she had never understood before, the secret feelings of Lady Mary, and the profound indifference and egotism of Lord Kysington. She understood at last that they were the enemies and not the protectors of her son. Despair and terror were painted upon her pale countenance. She made no effort to implore these heartless beings. With a convulsive movement, she drew William still closer to her heart, and, collecting all her strength, exclaimed, with a last kiss, 'My child, my poor child! you have no friend left on earth; but God above is good. Gracious Father! come to the aid of my unhappy child!'

"With this cry of love, and this last prayer, her life went out; her arms relaxed their hold, and her lips remained motionless upon William's brow. Since she no longer kissed her son, it was certain that she was dead—dead, under the eyes of those who, to the last moment, had refused to extend to her the hand of sympathy—dead, without alarming Lady Mary by an attempt to effect by her prayers a revocation of the

pronounced decree—and, by her death, leaving to her a complete and definitive victory.

"A moment of silence succeeded; no one either moved or spoke. Death bows the proudest heads. Lady Mary and Lord James Kysington bent their knees at the bedside of their victim. After a few minutes Lord Kysington arose, and said to me, 'Remove this child from his mother's room, and follow me, doctor. I will explain to you my intentions in regard to him.'

"For two hours William had been pressed to Eva Meredith's side—his heart to her heart, his mouth to her mouth—receiving both her kisses and her tears. I went to William, and, without addressing useless words to him, endeavoured to raise him in order to lead him from the room; but William resisted, and his arms clasped his mother still closer to his heart. This resistance, the first that the poor child had ever opposed to any one, touched me profoundly. However, I renewed the effort, and this time William yielded; he moved, and, turning towards me, I saw his beautiful face bathed in tears. Never before had William wept. A powerful emotion overcame me, and I allowed the child to throw himself again upon his mother's body.

"'Why do you not remove him?' said Lord James Kysington to me.

"'My lord, he is weeping!' I exclaimed. 'Ah! let us permit his tears to flow!'

"'I leaned over the child. I heard sobs.

"'William, my dear William,' I said to him, taking his hand in my own; 'why do you weep, William?'

"A second time William turned his head towards me; and then, with an expression of profound grief, answered, 'My mother is dead!'

"I have no words to express to you what I felt. There was intelligence in William's eyes; his tears were tears of sadness, and not accidental, and the sound of his voice was broken as when the heart is choked by emotion. I uttered a cry, and almost fell upon my knees by Eva's bedside.

"'Ah! you were right, Eva!' I said to her, 'not to despair of the goodness of Heaven!'

"Lord James Kysington himself trembled. Lady Mary was as pale as dead Eva.

"'My mother! my mother!' exclaimed

William in tones which filled my heart with joy.

"Then, repeating the words of Eva Meredith, those words which she said that he would find at the bottom of his heart, the child resumed in a loud voice, 'I am dying, my son; your father is dead; you are alone in the world, you must pray to the Lord!'

"I laid my hand gently upon William's shoulder to induce him to kneel; he knelt, clasped, unaided by any one, his two trembling hands, and, raising to heaven eyes full of meaning, murmured, 'My God, have pity upon me!'

"I leaned over Eva and took her cold hand. 'Eva! Eva! thou who hast suffered so much, canst thou hear thy child? Canst thou see him from above there? Be happy! thy son is saved, poor weeper!'

"Eva, stretched dead at Lady Mary's feet, at last made her rival tremble; for it was not I who led William out of the room, it was Lord Kysington who carried his grandson in his arms.

"What more shall I say, ladies? William recovered his reason, and went away with Lord James Kysington. Restored to his rights, he became the only heir of the family estates. Science has recorded a few of these rare instances of intelligence restored by a violent moral shock. So, then, the fact which I have related to you is thus explained naturally; but the good women of the village, who had tended Eva Meredith in her illness, and who had listened to her fervent prayers, were convinced that, as she had implored Heaven, the mother's soul had passed into her child's body.

"She was so good,' they said, 'that God could refuse nothing to her.'

"This touching belief is universally established among us. No one lamented Eva Meredith as dead. 'She still lives,' say the inhabitants of the village; 'speak to her son, and she will answer you.'

"And when Lord William Kysington, after coming into possession of his grandfather's fortune, sent annually the offerings of a bountiful charity to the village which witnessed his birth and his mother's death, the poor exclaimed, 'It is the kind soul of Mrs. Meredith which is still thinking of us! Ah! when it shall ascend to heaven, the unfortunate will have cause to grieve!'

"It is not upon her tomb that we strew flowers, but upon the steps of the altar of the Virgin, where she so often prayed that a mind might be given to her son. The villagers offer their bouquets of wild-flowers, and say to one another, 'When she prayed so fervently, the good Virgin answered her inaudibly, I will give thy soul to thy child!'

"The curate never interfered with this touching belief of the peasants; and I, myself, when Lord William came to see me in this village—when he fixed upon me his eyes so like his mother's—when his voice, in well-remembered tones, said, as she used to say, 'Dear doctor, I thank you! why then—you may smile ladies, if you will—I shed tears, and I believed with all the village that Eva Meredith was there before me!'

"This woman, whose life was but a series of troubles, has left behind her a sweet, consoling memory, which has nothing painful in it for those who loved her. In thinking of her, we think of the mercy of God; and if we have a hope at the bottom of our hearts, we hope on with a firmer confidence.

"But it is very late, ladies; your carriages have been standing a long time at the door. Excuse this long story; at my age, it is difficult to be brief when speaking of the recollections of youth. Pardon an old man for having made you smile at his arrival, and weep as you listened to him."

These last words were spoken in the gentlest and most paternal tone, while a suppressed smile played upon Doctor Barnabé's features. Each of his auditors then came to him, and began a thousand thanks; but the village doctor arose, walked to his snuff-coloured overcoat, which was hanging upon the back of an arm-chair, and, while one of the young people assisted him to put it on, said—

"Farewell, gentlemen; farewell, ladies; my gig is here—it is already quite dark—the road is bad. Good night! I must go."

After Doctor Barnabé had taken his seat in his green wicker-work vehicle, and when the little grey horse, tickled by the whip, was on the point of starting, Madame de Moncar came up eagerly, and, placing her foot upon the step of the carriage, leaned over to Doctor Barnabé, and said in a low tone—

"Doctor, I give you the white house, and I will have it arranged exactly as it was when you loved Eva Meredith."

She then disappeared; and the carriages and the green gig started off in different directions.

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

TEETHING—(CONCLUDED).

THOUGH teething is a natural function, and to an infant in perfect health should be unproductive of pain, yet, in general, it is not only a fertile cause of suffering, but often a source of alarm and danger; the former, from irritation in the stomach and bowels, deranging the whole economy of the system, and the latter, from coma and fits, that may excite alarm in severe cases; and the danger, that eventuates in some instances, from organic disease of the head or spinal marrow.

We shall say nothing in this place of "rickets," or "water on the head," which are frequent results of dental irritation, but proceed to finish our remarks on the treatment of teething. Though strongly advocating the lancing of the gums in teething, and where there are any severe head symptoms, yet it should never be needlessly done, or before being satisfied that the tooth is fully formed, and is out of the socket, and under the gum. When assured on these points, the gum should be cut lengthways, and from the top of the gum downwards to the tooth, in a horizontal direction, thus —, and for about half an inch in length. The operation is then to be repeated in a transverse direction, cutting across the gum, in the centre of the first incision, and forming a cross, thus +. The object of this double incision is to insure a retraction of the cut parts, and leave an open way for the tooth to start from—an advantage not to be obtained when only one incision is made, for unless the tooth immediately follows the lancing, the opening reunites, and the operation has to be repeated. That this operation is very little or not at all painful, is evidenced by the suddenness with which the infant falls asleep after the lancing, and awakes in apparently perfect health, though imme-

diately before the use of the gum lancet, the child may have been shrieking, or in convulsions.

CONVULSIONS, OR INFANTINE FITS.

From their birth till after teething, infants are more or less subject or liable to sudden fits, which often, without any assignable cause, will attack the child in a moment, and while in the mother's arms; and which, according to their frequency, and the age and strength of the infant, are either slight or dangerous.

Whatever may have been the remote cause, the immediate one is some irritation of the nervous system, causing convulsions, or an effusion to the head, inducing coma. In the first instance, the infant cries out with a quick, short scream, rolls up its eyes, arches its body backwards, its arms become bent and fixed, and the fingers parted, the lips and eyelids assume a dusky leaden colour, while the face remains pale, and the eyes open, glassy, or staring. This condition may or may not be attended with muscular twitchings of the mouth, and convulsive plunges of the arms. The fit generally lasts from one to three minutes, when the child recovers with a sigh, and the relaxation of the body. In the other case, the infant is attacked at once with total insensibility and relaxation of the limbs, coldness of body and suppressed breathing; the eyes, when open, being dilated, and presenting a dim, glistening appearance; the infant appearing, for the moment, to be dead.

TREATMENT.

The first step in either case is, to immerse the child in a hot bath up to the chin; or if sufficient hot water cannot be procured to cover the body, make a hip-bath of what can be obtained; and, while the left hand supports the child in a sitting or recumbent position, with the right scoop up the water, and run it over the chest of the patient. When sufficient water can be obtained, the spine should be briskly rubbed while in the bath; when this cannot be done, lay the child on the knees, and with the fingers dipped in brandy, rub the whole length of the spine vigorously for two or three minutes, and when restored to consciousness, give occasionally a teaspoonful of weak brandy and water or wine and water.

The following instruction being of special consequence, we have separated it from the order in which it should have followed, and given it a special paragraph. When the hot bath is used in convulsions, or other serious affections of the head, immediately before putting the child in the water, apply a napkin well-soaked in the coldest water, folded and wet, to the scalp, keeping it on the head all the time the infant remains in the hot bath; the object of this precaution is to prevent any propulsion of blood to the head from the accelerating effects of heat to the surface.

An hour after the bath, it may be necessary to give an aperient powder, and possibly also to repeat the dose for once or twice every three hours, in which case the following prescription is to be employed for the purpose:—

Take of

Powdered scammony . . .	6 grains.
Grey powder	6 grains.
Antimonial powder . . .	4 grains.
Lump sugar	20 grains.

Mix thoroughly, and divide into three powders, which are to be taken as advised for an infant one year old; for younger or weakly infants, divide into four powders, and give as the other. For thirst and febrile symptoms give drinks of barley-water, or cold water, and every three hours put fifteen to twenty drops of spirits of sweet nitre in a dessert spoonful of either beverage.

It is a general opinion that all children should, or must, have certain successive diseases, such as scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, &c., and that, having had one attack, they can never be a second time afflicted with them. This is the doctrine of ignorance, and altogether fallacious; for, so far from its being necessary that an infant should have thrush, or hooping-cough, or any other infantine disease, many children grow into men and women, and pass out of life without ever having suffered the inroads of any one of the catalogue. While, as respects their specific action on the system, experience has incontestably proved that even vaccination is not an infallible preventive against small-pox; and there is no medical man who has had any authoritative experience but must have witnessed number-

less cases of repetition of all the diseases to which baby flesh and blood is liable. We state these facts for the purpose of disabusing the minds of many mothers of what is a popular and a vulgar error in both respects; but still, as the general rule does run the other way—viz., that children have a succession of diseases—we shall take it as the basis of our arrangement, and though not believing in the universality of the sequence of disease, treat of them as though it were a fact; and out of respect to the dictum of old age, which has a superstitious belief on the subject, commence the series with

THRUSH.

This is a disease to which infants are peculiarly subject, and in whom alone it may be said to be a disease; for when thrush shows itself in adult or advanced life, it is not as a disease proper, but only as a symptom, or accessory, of some other ailment, generally of a chronic character, and should no more be classed as a separate affection than the petechæ, or dark-coloured spots that appear in malignant measles, may be considered a distinct affection.

Thrush is a disease of the follicles of the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, whereby there are formed small vesicles, or bladders filled with a thick mucous secretion, which, bursting, discharge their contents, and form minute ulcers in the centre of each vessel. To make this formal but unavoidable description intelligible, we must beg the reader's patience while we briefly explain terms that may appear to many so unmeaning; and make the pathology of thrush fully familiar.

The whole digestive canal, of which the stomach and bowels are only a part, is covered from the lips, eyes, and ears downwards, with a thin glary tissue, like the skin that lines the inside of an egg, called the mucous membrane; this membrane is dotted all over, in a state of health, by imperceptible points called follicles, through which the saliva, or mucous secreted by the membrane, is poured out.

These follicles, or little glands, then, becoming enlarged, and filled with a congealed fluid, constitute thrush in its first stage; and when the child's lips and mouth appear a mass of small pearls, then, as

these break and discharge, the second stage, or that of ulceration, sets in.

Symptoms.—Thrush is generally preceded by considerable irritation; by the child crying and fretting, showing more than ordinary redness of the lips and nostrils, hot fetid breath, with relaxed bowels, and dark feculent evacuations; the water is scanty and high coloured; whilst considerable difficulty in swallowing, and much thirst, are the other symptoms, which a careful observation of the little patient makes manifest.

The situation and character of thrush show at once that the cause is some irritation of the mucous membrane, and can proceed only from the nature and quality of the food. Before weaning, this must be looked for in the mother, and the condition of the milk; after that time, in the crude and indigestible nature of the food given. In either case, this exciting cause of the disease must be at once stopped. When it proceeds from the mother, it is always best to begin by physicking the infant through the parent—that is to say, let the parent first take the medicine, which will sufficiently affect the child through the milk—this plan has the double object of benefiting the patient and, at the same time, correcting the state of the mother, and improving the condition of her milk. In the other case, when the child is being fed by hand, then proceed by totally altering the style of aliment given, and substituting farinaceous food, custards, blanc-mange, and ground rice puddings.

As an aperient medicine for the mother, the best thing she can take is a dessert-spoonful of carbonate of magnesia once or twice a day, in a cup of cold water; and every second day, for two or three times, an aperient pill.

As the thrush extends all over the mouth, throat, stomach, and bowels, the irritation to the child from such an extent of diseased surface is proportionately great, and before attempting to act on such a tender surface by opening medicine, the better plan is to soothe by an emollient mixture; and, for that purpose, let the following be prepared. Take of

Castor oil	2 drachms.
Sugar	1 drachm.
Mucilage, or powdered	
gum Arabic	half a drachm.

Triturate till the oil is incorporated, then add slowly—

Mint water	one ounce and a half
Laudanum	ten drops.

Half a teaspoonful three times a day, to an infant from one to two years old; a teaspoonful from two to three years old; and a dessert-spoonful at any age over that time. After two days' use of the mixture, one of the following powders should be given twice a day, accompanied with one dose daily of the mixture:—

Grey powder . . .	20 grains.
Powdered rhubarb .	15 grains.
Scammony	10 grains. Mix.

Divide into twelve powders, for one year; eight powders, from one to two; and six powders, from two to six years old. After that age, double the strength, by giving the quantity of two powders at once.

It is sometimes customary to apply borax and honey to the mouth for thrush; but it is always better to treat the disease constitutionally rather than locally. The first steps, therefore, to be adopted are, to remove or correct the exciting cause—the mother's milk or food; allay irritation by a warm bath and the castor-oil mixture, followed by and conjoined with the powders.

To those, however, who wish to try the honey process, the best preparation to use is the following:—Rub down one ounce of honey with two drachms of tincture of myrrh, and apply it to the lips and mouth every four or six hours.

It is a popular belief, and one most devoutly cherished by many nurses and elderly persons, that everybody must, at some time of their life, between birth and death, have an attack of thrush, and if not in infancy, or prime of life, it will surely attack them on their death bed, in a form more malignant than if the patient had been affected with the malady earlier; the black thrush with which they are then reported to be affected being, in all probability, the petechæ, or purple spots that characterize the worst form, and often the last stage, of typhoid fever.

In general, very little medicine is needed in this disease of the thrush—an alterative powder or a little magnesia, given once or twice, being all, with the warm bath, that, in the great majority of cases, is needed to restore the mucous membrane to health.

As thrush is caused by an excess of heat, or over-action in the lining membrane of the stomach and bowels, whatever will counteract this state, by throwing the heat on the surface, must materially benefit, if not cure, the disease; and that means every mother has at hand in the form of a *warm bath*. After the application of this, a little magnesia to correct the acidity existing along the surface of the mucous membrane, is often all that is needed to throw the system into such a state as will effect its own cure. This favourable state is indicated by an excessive flow of saliva, or what is called "dribbling," and by a considerable amount of relaxation of the bowels—a condition that must not be mistaken for diarrhoea, and checked as if a disease, but rather, for the day or two it continues, encouraged as a critical evacuant.

Should there be much debility in the convalescence, half a teaspoonful of steel wine, given twice a day in a little barley water, will be found sufficient for all the purposes of a tonic. This, with the precaution of changing the child's food, or, when it lives on the mother, correcting the quality of the milk by changing her own diet, and, by means of an antacid, or aperient, improving the state of the secretion. Such is all the treatment that this disease in general requires.

The class of diseases we are now approaching are the most important, both in their pathological features and in their consequences on the constitution, of any group, or individual disease that assails the human body; and though more frequently attacking the undeveloped frame of childhood, are yet by no means confined to that period. These are called Eruptive Fevers, and embrace chicken-pox, cow-pox, small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, miliary fever, and erysipelas or St. Anthony's fire.

The general character of all these is, that they are contagious, and, as a general rule, attack a person only once in his lifetime; that their chain of diseased actions always begins with fever, and that, after an interval of from one to four days, the fever is followed by an eruption on the skin. First,

CHICKEN-POX, OR GLASS-POX,

may, in strict propriety, be classed as a mild variety of small-pox, presenting all

the mitigated symptoms of that formidable disease. Among many physicians it is, indeed, classed as small-pox, and not a separate disease; but as this is not the place to discuss such questions, and as we profess to give only abstract facts, the result of our own practical experience, we shall treat this affection of glass, or chicken-pox as we ourselves have found it, as a distinct and separate disease.

Chicken-pox is marked by all the febrile symptoms presented by small-pox, with this difference, that, in the case of chicken-pox, each symptom is particularly slight. The heat of body is much less acute, and the principal symptoms are difficulty of breathing, headache, coated tongue, and nausea, which sometimes amounts to vomiting. After a term of general irritability, heat, and restlessness, about the fourth day, or between the third and fourth, an eruption makes its appearance over the face, neck, and body, in its first two stages closely resembling small-pox, with this especial difference, that whereas the pustules in small-pox have flat and depressed centres—an infallible characteristic of small-pox—the pustules in chicken-pox remain globular, while the fluid in them changes from a transparent white to a straw-coloured liquid, which begins to exude and disappear about the eighth or ninth day, and, in mild cases, by the twelfth desquamates, or peels off entirely.

There can be no doubt that chicken-pox, like small-pox, is contagious, and under certain states of the atmosphere becomes epidemic. Parents should, therefore, avoid exposing young children to the danger of infection by taking them where it is known to exist, as chicken-pox, in weak constitutions, or in very young children, may superinduce small-pox, the one disease either running concurrently with the other, or discovering itself as the other declines. This, of course, is a condition that renders the case very hazardous, as the child has to struggle against two diseases at once, or before it has recruited strength from the attack of the first.

Treatment.—In all ordinary cases of chicken-pox—and it is very seldom it assumes any complexity—the whole treatment resolves itself into the use of the warm bath, and a course of gentle aperients. The bath should be used when the

oppression of the lungs renders the breathing difficult, or the heat and dryness of the skin, with the undeveloped rash beneath the surface, show the necessity for its use.

As the pustules in chicken-pox very rarely run to the state of suppuration as in the other disease, there is no fear of pitting or disfigurement, except in very severe forms, which, however, happen so seldom as not to merit apprehension. When the eruption subsides, however, the face may be washed with elder-flower water, and the routine followed which is prescribed in the convalescent state of small-pox.



THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.*

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It is too late in the day now to enter upon an elaborate criticism of the "White Doe of Rylstone;" but the taste and elegance displayed in the present edition force us to recall some of those placid and beautiful touches of fancy and similitude by

which the simple and pathetic, pastoral and philosophic muse of Wordsworth is frequently characterized. There are few who have wandered with the Doe in

* Published by Longman and Co., Paternoster-row, London.

smoothly-flowing octo-syllabic measure, over the dreary and desolate country in which its days were spent, who will not remember that lovely and intreating image which draws all the softer affections of the heart towards the object that suggests it, when described as lying down after having

entered the graveyard of the ruined Priory of Bolton.

*Beside the ridge of a grassy grave,
In quietness she lays her down,
Gently as a weary wave
Sinks when the summer breeze hath died
Against an anchor'd vessel's side.*

This is said of the Doe, which in our en-



graving is represented as a "radiant creature,"

Couched upon the dewy grass, amongst the graves of the dilapidated priory, which is drawn as it is at present to be seen in the North, clothed in all the poetry of ivy, a melancholy memorial of what it once was, in days long gone by.

It will be recollected that the poem is founded upon a local tradition, as well as on the ballad entitled "The Rising of the North," to be found in the "Percy Reliques." The tradition is surrounded by a halo of Eden-like innocence, investing the Doe with that kind of confiding gentleness of nature which we conceive, is only

to be met with in the purest of created beings. It is as follows:—

"About the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, a white doe began, and long continued, to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone, over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the abbey churchyard during divine service, after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."

So far of the tradition. "The rising in the North," which furnishes the real matter for the poem, took place in 1569, the twelfth year of the reign of Elizabeth. It arose from a scheme of marrying Mary Queen of Scots, then a prisoner in England, to the Duke of Norfolk, an estimable nobleman. "It came, however, to the knowledge of Elizabeth, who immediately committed the Duke to the Tower, and summoned the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, by whom the alliance was encouraged, to appear at Court." These noblemen, however, refused to obey the summons, and "raised their standards in behalf of the old religion, the settlement of the Crown, and the protection of the ancient nobility." Percy's ballad says—

With them the noble Nevill came,
The Erie of Westmoreland was hee;
At Wetherbye they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand fair to see.

Lord Westmoreland his army* raised,
The Dus Bull hee raised on high,
And Three Dogs with golden collars
Were there set out most royally.

Erie Percy there his army* sped,
The Hark-moore drinking all on fete,
The Norwold army* had the crown,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

The attempt failed chiefly from lack of money and provisions. The insurgents soon melted away, and the advance of Lord Sussex, who had been sent against them with a large body of troops, completed the rout. The cruelties which were exercised upon them were of the most disgraceful kind. Sir George Bowes marshal of the army, boasted that, for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, between Newcastle and Wetherby, there was scarcely a town or a village where he had not executed some of the inhabitants. Among these were eight sons of Norton and himself, while the ninth, Francis, stayed

in the Halls of Rylstone, to share, a short time after, in the fate of his sire and brothers.

Such is the groundwork of Mr. Wordsworth's poem, several of the scenes of which are laid in the vicinity of Bolton Priory. It is here that the body of Francis is to be buried, in secret and by moonlight, in order that Emily, his sister, and the last of the Nortons, may not be shocked by the sight of his corse. But—

—forth from the Rylstone Hall stepped she;
To seek her brother forth she went.
And tremblingly her course she bent,
Tow'rs Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge,—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And, darting like a wounded bird,
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground, received the rest—
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow of this final truth.

The dire event which has involved in ruin and destruction the whole of her family drives Emily from Rylstone; but, after "wandering far and long," she returns, not to the hall, but to its vicinity, "the wilds of Craven," where,

—beneath a mouldered tree,
A self-surviving leafless oak,
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved—sate Emily.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
For, of that band of rushing deer,
A single one in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed its large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily,
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant creature, silver bright.

Such are the incidents in the poem which have suggested the accompanying engravings, which, although taken from the present edition, are by no means to be considered as realizing one-half of the beauty with which they are there enshrined. In the volume (which is certainly the most tasteful of the Christmas books) there are no less than forty-two charming landscape, figure, and floral designs, all the flowers being such as are "native to the spot," and all the scenes being actual representations of the localities of the poem. They have been drawn and designed by Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. H. N. Humphreys, and engraved by Mr. H. N. Woods, who has executed his task with the utmost ability and skill. We have nothing more to add, than that the Doe which has evoked the

* Standard.

artistic taste and talent of these gentlemen continued to be a companion to Emily till she died, when, although left alone, it still haunted the spots which had been dear to its mistress, and amongst which none was so much frequented as the priory, which,

Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile—
A gracious smile, that seems to say,
"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

LE PROPHETE—THE PROPHET. IN FIVE PARTS.

THERE is, perhaps, no parallel to be found, in modern times, to the strange outbursts of religious enthusiasm which so often occurred from the twelfth to the sixteenth century; and of these none was more sudden and violent for the time than the one excited by the Dutch Anabaptists, with John of Leyden for their tool. Skillfully availing themselves of personal and accidental advantages which his appearance and circumstances presented, and of the irritation occasioned by the tyranny of many of the lords of the soil, they stirred up the peasantry to revolt, and succeeded so far as to crown their Prophet-King at Munster, and would, in all probability, have given the empire far more trouble but for the jealousies and dissensions which generally ruin such enterprises. It is a slight sketch of the circumstances of this remarkable episode that we now propose giving our readers.

We have spoken of the tyranny of the lords of the soil as one great instrument in the hands of the fanatics for stirring up the people. Oberthal, lord of a chateau in the vicinity of Dordrecht, was no exception to the errors and vices too common in his class, and it was in his neighbourhood that the first flame of excitement and fanaticism was enkindled.

I.

It was on a lovely summer's day in the year 1532, that a young girl, of singular beauty and grace, stood at her door, in that village belonging to the nobleman in question, looking anxiously in the direction of Leyden. More than once, since break of day, had she gazed along that road in vain but at length her quick eye

perceived in the distance the figure of an aged woman, whose gait and dress bespoke an arrival from a somewhat fatiguing and dusty journey. But a smile lighted up her fine though worn features, as the fair young girl bounded joyfully towards her, and exclaiming, "Dear mother, at last you are come!" threw herself into her arms.

"Bless you, my child," said the venerable Fides—for that was the name of the traveller—"I have not tarried on my way, for well I knew the anxious hearts whose happiness depended on my speed. Thy betrothed awaits thee with impatience, my Bertha; this day we must leave Dordrecht, and to-morrow will, I trust, see thee my daughter in deed as in heart!"

The rich colour mounted to Bertha's fair cheek and brow.

"Ah, my mother, may I prove worthy of him and you!"

"Doubt it not, my child; but now let us hasten to procure the permission of thy liege lord, and depart ere the day is too far spent. But, see, what a crowd! who are those dark, stern figures in the midst, in their long dark cloaks? They seem of some religious order."

"They are holy men, my mother, come to call us to repentance. Hark at their chant; they keep raising it from time to time; it thrills through me."

At that moment the rich voices of the men of whom Bertha spoke broke on the ear in one of those monotonous yet thrilling chants which haunt the mind for days after they are heard—

*"Ad nos venite in nomine Deo,
Ad nos venite, populi."*

Fides and Bertha drew near, as one of them began to harangue the people on the vices of their rulers.

"Do they not oppress and grind you—fatten on your very blood?" he said. "Look at that proud castle frowning on your humble dwellings; think of the luxury of him who rules within, and your own hard lot, winning bare necessities by the very sweat of your brow. Friends, shall not this be changed, and the tyrants be abased in their turn?"

"Yes, yes," shouted the crowd. "Down with Oberthal; down with the oppressor! To the castle, brave peasants!"

And the crowd rushed tumultuously

towards the proud tower, which seemed to bid defiance to tumult and violence; and, mounting the steps which led to the heavy door, were about to demand admission, when it opened, and its lord, surrounded with guests, appeared, careless and haughty as usual, unsuspicious of the real intentions of the peasants, hitherto his servile vassals. Strange power of habit! wonderful influence of rank and ancient blood! At the first sight of *him*, so long revered as their lord, the capricious multitude, instead of threats, saluted him with homage and respectful wishes; all, save the three stern, frowning figures in the background, who regarded the scene with sorrowful and lowering looks.

But the attention of Oberthal was soon diverted from the strangers, on whom his suspicious glance had quickly fallen, by a fairer vision.

Trembling, blushing; supported by the venerable Fides, the beautiful Bertha approached to intreat his permission for her departure from his domain, and marriage with the man she had so long loved, and in faltering accents proffered her request. Oberthal was silent for a moment; his eyes gazed admiringly on the lovely girl before him, and his determination was quickly taken.

"I must, even for thine own sake, refuse thee, fairest maiden; thou art meant for better things than an innkeeper's toiling wife. I will be kinder to thee than thy prayer, and surround thee with scenes fair as thyself, and snatch thee from a fate so unworthy of thy charms. I refuse thy request now; for the rest, more anon."

Bertha looked bewildered, terrified, at the bold glance bent upon her; then, as the full meaning burst upon her, she uttered a despairing cry and fell fainting into her mother's arms.

"Will you suffer this?" cried Fides, indignantly, to the crowd, pointing to the senseless Bertha, "will you abandon this innocent girl to misery and ruin?"

"No, no!" burst from the crowd; and again they rushed forward to the haughty noble; who, regardless of their presence, was gaily conversing with his friends. He turned calmly towards them as their cries met his ear, and his flashing glance again made them draw back in terror.

Back, presumptuous vassals!" he said

haughtily, "nor dare to interfere between me and my unfettered will. If it is my pleasure to alter my decision hereafter, it will be in answer to humble intreaties, not to lawless menace. To your homes this instant; or woe to those who defy my authority!"

Awed by long habits of submission, and the influence of the fearless, haughty demeanour of their liege lord, the peasants wavered, retreated, and hastily sought the spot where the well-known chant proclaimed the Anabaptist preachers to have taken their stand; while Oberthal slowly returned into his castle with his friends, after a few words in a low voice to a retainer near him.

II.

While these events were occurring at Dordrecht, John, the handsome and prosperous innkeeper of Leyden, was striving to beguile the hours of his mother's absence by fond preparations for his bride's reception, and bright visions of future happiness, little heeding the mirthful dances and games of the friends and neighbours who had assembled to rejoice with him; yet from time to time furnishing them, as host of the tavern, with the refreshments their sports rendered doubly acceptable. They had seated themselves, in a pause of the dance, to rest and enjoy the famous ale of the country, when three men entered and claimed the hospitality of the house. Their religious habit and grave demeanour quickly obtained for them respect and attention, even from the gay crowd, and they courteously accepted their politeness, though their eyes seemed strangely attracted by the handsome figure of the young host; and after exchanging a few words in a low voice with each other, they questioned one of the guests as to his position and reputation in the city.

Brief were the replies, for John himself now advanced to the group.

"I grieve to seem inhospitable and churlish, friends and neighbours, but each moment my mother and betrothed may arrive. They will be fatigued, and need rest and quiet. To-morrow they will gladly receive your kind congratulations."

The good-natured guests at once took the hint, and with jesting, yet honest good wishes, retired, all but the three strangers,

who remained, almost intreated by the young bridegroom, who threw himself on a chair, lost in deep and, it seemed, troubled thought.

A hand laid gently on his shoulder roused him from his reverie.

"Young man, thy thoughts seem grave and disturbed. What fearest thou?"

John started, and looked angrily at the intruder on his reverie, but the calm, stern faces before him rebuked his petulance, and he answered frankly—

"Father, I know not; all that is bright awaits me, and yet at this joyful moment, a strange and ominous dream I had but lately recurs with singular force and vividness to my mind."

"What was it, youth? perchance we can aid you to its interpretation; our vocation is from on high, and such things are familiar to us as daily food."

"Twas wild beyond description. I was no longer the humble innkeeper of Leyden, but a king, crowned in a splendid cathedral, with crowds of humble courtiers and subjects round me; but, oh, horror! in the midst of their acclamations, my eyes were scorched with the sudden appearance of words of fire on that holy shrine, which said, 'Cursed art thou. Woe, woe to thee!' And then church, crowd, and myself were borne, amidst lightnings and thunders, to the dread presence of the Most High; and, amidst curses and imprecations, only one voice cried for 'mercy' on my guilty head; and that voice was heard." He paused in strong emotion.

"Tis prophetic, favoured youth," exclaimed the attentive listeners; "our mission here is to conduct thee to power and fame. Come with us, and the wildest visions of that dream shall be as nothing to thy glory. Wilt thou come?"

"Never!" cried the youth, pointing to the door of the nuptial chamber, so neatly prepared. "On to-morrow night a fairer kingdom will be mine—Bertha's love—and a far happier life before me, blest with her sweet presence, than any you can bestow. Away! nor trouble my joy at her arrival. Away! I say."

The men smiled scornfully, and slowly departed; but their looks and broken words did not boken their faith in his determination.

A load seemed taken from his heart as

those dark, sinister faces disappeared, and he exclaimed, "Thank God! And now, Bertha, why tarriest thou? Hark! I hear sounds; but they seem of horses; it is not her, I fear."

At that moment the door was burst open, and Bertha, pale, with dress and hair disordered, and a wild cry of despair and gratitude on her lips, rushed into his arms.

"My Bertha, my best beloved, what means this? Speak. Who has dared to terrify thee? Where is my mother?"

"Save me, hide me; they come, they come," she cried wildly, and rushed towards a curtain which offered a place of concealment, and which, in fact, covered an aperture large enough for her slight form.

Scarcely had she disappeared behind its folds when a small party of soldiers, headed by a sergeant, entered.

"We demand our prisoner," they said; "she has escaped hither. Give her up this moment, at your peril."

"I know no prisoner," said John, the danger of Bertha nerving him to composure; "no one has fled hither; you are mistaken in the place."

"Pshaw!" said the sergeant contemptuously, "she is here, and we know it. Will you give her up?"

"Never!" cried John desperately.

The soldier, with a mocking smile, bade his men bring in the other prisoner, and in an instant John beheld his mother, worn, haggard, bound, led in between two soldiers.

"Now then, refractory serf, take your choice; will you see your mother killed before your eyes, or comply with our demand?"

The young man sank on a chair, and covered his face in an agony of despair and doubt.

"Oh, Heaven help and direct me! It is a fearful choice."

"Choose!" again repeated the man, advancing towards Fides, who stood silent and motionless, regarding her son.

"My mother, I dare not, cannot be a matricide. Wretch! release her; I yield to your barbarous conditions."

And going hastily to the spot where Bertha was concealed, he presented her to the remorseless agent of Oberthal; and as they led her from the house, he fell motionless on the floor, amid his mother's blessings and prayers.

It was long before he awoke to his misery, and his first request to his mother was to be left in solitude.

"Go, my mother; leave me, I intreat you; go and sleep in peace."

"Forgive me, my son, the misery you are enduring for my sake; say you forgive me before I go."

"Yes, yes, only leave me."

The tone and look were cold and averted, and Fides retired, longing, yet fearing to urge him further.

"Yes," he cried, as she closed the door behind her, "I now live but for vengeance, at whatever cost, of body and soul. Revenge I want, and revenge I will have."

"Ad nos venite, populi," fell on his ear in the distance; and he rushed to the door, from which he saw the dark figures of the Anabaptists, and, eagerly advancing, led them into the house, from which he had so recently expelled them.

"I am yours," he said, "on one condition; be ye angels or fiends, prophets or impostors, give me revenge, and I am yours, to do as ye list."

A grim smile crossed the stern features of his hearers. "All you most desire shall be yours, favoured messenger of Heaven, called, as was Joan of Arc in former days, for the saving of your country from the tyrants who oppress it. Thou shalt be king; and in thy turn place thy foot on those who now trample on thee."

"Tis enough; I go."

"One moment; remember 'tis for ever; thou shalt never see thy home, thy mother more. All earthly ties are forbidden to the throne of heaven."

The young man started. "Must it indeed be so. Bertha, for thee I make the sacrifice. One look and I come." He approached the door, which opened into his mother's room, and listened. "Oh, mother, mother, thou art praying, even in sleep, for thy unworthy son; and shall I desert thy old age, after all thy love and tenderness? No, no! I will not, cannot! Go, tempters, go! I will not obey your flattering voices!"

"And your vengeance? See Bertha, the paramour of the proud noble who tore her from thee."

John stood in an agony of irresolution and contending feelings.

"Come, and she shall again be thine,"

whispered the oldest of the men, gently drawing him forward. John's good angel fled at that fatal moment, and he yielded to the voice of the tempter.

Fides woke next morning to find her home deserted, herself childless.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

DRUIDISM.

SCATTERED up and down the world, here and there, like huge monuments erected by the giants to the memory of departed centuries, are massive blocks of stone; some few standing alone in solitary grandeur, others placed at certain distances from each other, forming circles of unequal proportions and sizes, but each and all being, like the far-famed temples of Egypt, silent witnesses of the power and capacity of the "world's grey fathers," and forming, with those grand masses on the banks of the Nile, the oldest monuments of men's labours.

On the broad plains of our own land, or half-hidden in the recesses of her Welsh mountains,* in the adjacent islands of Jersey and Guernsey; in France, Denmark, and Sweden; nay, even in the wilds of America, and in the far-off isles of the Southern Seas, those huge, rude stones, whose date for the most part ascends beyond all history and all tradition, are to be found.

Being anterior to written evidence, their history is entirely unknown, and, as a natural consequence, conjectures of the most improbable nature as to their origin and use have been advanced; some contending that, in these mysterious circles, the sun, moon, and stars were worshipped; others, that they were used as temples wherein the sublimest revelations of science were discussed, and the discoveries of Archimedes and Newton anticipated; while not long ago the theory was advanced that Druidical circles were constructed in imitation of the form of a serpent, and that hence they may be called *dracontia*, or serpent temples.

Dr. Kitto advances what we may call a Bible theory, and endeavours very ingeniously and at great length to identify these circles with those stones of memorial

* At Plas Newydd.

erected as monuments of victory, remembrances of mercies, or pillars for the dead, which the Jewish and other nations have from time to time erected; and the great stones that marked in a wonderful manner the great circuit which Samuel made, and where he sacrificed and judged the people, would seem to favour this idea. Yet there is evidently little connexion between these masses of stone erected by the patriarchs, or placed by the priests, with those circular masses of stone work which are the remnants of Druidical worship.

Very singularly our own country offers some of the grandest, and probably most ancient, examples in the world of existing Druidical circles—the principal being those of Avebury and Stonehenge. In our own times antiquarians have ceased to dispute whether these circles of stones were intended exclusively for religious, civil, or military uses, and are more disposed to agree that they were intended for all these purposes.

Cæsar has told us concerning the Gaulish Druids (whom he describes as imitators of the British Druids, and as deriving from them their customs and science), that at certain times of the year they sat in a certain consecrated place, to which all that had controversies came from every part around and submitted to their judgments and decrees; and that they determined concerning all disputes, public and private, concerning murder, concerning the rights of inheritance, and concerning the boundaries of land.

The remains most popularly known in England of these ancient worshippers are those standing upon the plains of Salisbury, in Wiltshire, where an assembly of upright, horizontal, and prostrate stones, bearing the general title of Stonehenge, may be seen to this day.

The name of this ruin is most probably derived from the Saxon, *stan*, stone, and *henge*, hang or support. As we have already said, there are circles of upright stones in various parts of the world, some of which consist of a single circle, and others of many circles; but Stonehenge is of a peculiar character, and we believe wholly unlike any other ancient monumental erections.

Many of the stones have been squared or hewn by art: the horizontal stones of

the outer circle are carefully attached by mortices to the uprights, which have tenons, whereas nearly all other examples of what are generally called Druidical circles are composed of rough, unhewn, upright stones, without imposts.

The stones are surrounded by a circular vallum, or bank of earth, within a ditch or foss. Withinside this bank are three stones, two of which are in an upright position, and the other prostrate. In the circle of the inclosed space is what is usually called the temple itself, which comprised originally an outer circle of thirty upright stones in a horizontal position, forming a continuous impost. Within this was another or second circle, consisting of about the same number of perpendicular stones of much smaller size and without imposts. This circle inclosed an arrangement of large and small stones, the large stones being divided into groups of three stones each, and in the centre was a large flat stone called the altar.

The surrounding plain is covered with a profusion of barrows (hillocks) and earthworks, perhaps unrivalled in any spot of similar extent in England, and probably in the world. Many of these barrows have been opened and found to contain chests filled with burnt bones, and in others entire skeletons, with various relics of British and Roman art.

But, although Stonehenge is now the most perfect Druidical temple standing, that at Avebury (also in Wiltshire) was originally the largest. No less than 650 blocks were there brought together and placed in circles and rows. These stones were of various dimensions, measuring from five to twenty feet in height, and from three to twelve in width and thickness.

One hundred were raised on end, and placed in a circular form around a flat and nearly circular area of about 1,400 feet in diameter; and these stones were bounded by a deep ditch and lofty bank, and the area within the bank is somewhat more than twenty-eight acres.

There are here also numerous barrows or tumuli on the neighbouring downs, with the cromlech and the track-ways. Among the first of these barrows is that named Silbury Hill, a vast artificial conical mound of earth, which may be regarded as the largest tumulus in Europe, and

Stukeley says he has no hesitation in affirming it to be the most magnificent mausoleum in the world, without excepting the Egyptian pyramids; this is, of course, a great exaggeration, though it is undoubtedly a grand work.

Dr. Stukeley and his followers contend that this singular erection at Avebury was raised by the Druids for the worship of the sun and moon, and that public sacrifices, games, and hymns were periodically performed there at the four seasons or great festivals of the year.

Cæsar's account of the Druids is the most interesting one which history has given us. He says they were ministers of sacred things; they had the charge of sacrifices, both public and private, they gave directions for the ordinances of religious worship. If a crime had been committed, if a man had been slain, if there was a contest concerning the boundaries of the land, the Druids settled the matter; they fixed rewards and punishments; if any one refused to abide by their sentence they forbade them to come to



STONEHENGE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

the sacrifices. Their punishment was very severe; those on whom this interdict was laid were accounted among them unholy and accursed. All flew from the excommunicated and shunned their approach and conversation, lest they should be injured by their very touch; they were placed out of the pale of the law, and excluded from offices of honour.

Over all these Druids one presided, to whom they paid the highest regard. Upon his death, if there was any other Druid of superior worth, he succeeded; if there were more than one who had equal claims, a successor was appointed by their votes, and the contest was sometimes decided by force of arms. The Druids held a meeting at a certain consecrated spot, at a particular time of the year, when all assembled

who had disputes, and submitted themselves to their decision and sentence.

The Druids did not commonly engage in war, neither did they pay taxes like the rest of the community. Induced by these advantages, many came of their own accord to be trained among them. They had a certain number of verses to learn by heart, and some accordingly remained twenty years under tuition. The Druids did not consider it wise to commit their instructions to writing, and that for two reasons—first, because they did not wish the knowledge of their system to be diffused among the people at large, and, secondly, lest their pupils, trusting to written characters, should become less careful about cultivating their memories.

It was especially the object of the Druids

to inculcate this, that souls do not perish, but after death pass into other bodies; and they considered by this belief, more than by anything else, men may be led to cast away the fear of death and become courageous. They discussed, moreover, many points concerning the heavenly bodies and their motions, the extent of the universe and the world, the nature of things, the influence and the ability of the immortal gods.

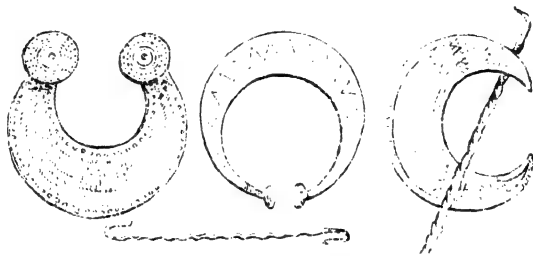
Those who were involved in the danger of warfare either offered human sacrifices or made a vow that they would offer them; for they considered that the favour of the immortal gods could not be conciliated unless the life of one man were offered up for that of another. They had also sacri-

fices of the same kind appointed on behalf of the State.

Some set up images of enormous size, the limbs of which they made of wicker-work and filled with living men; and, setting them on fire, the men were destroyed by the flames. They considered that the torture of those who had been taken in the commission of theft or open robbery, or any crime, was more agreeable to the immortal gods; but when there was not a sufficient number of criminals they scrupled not to torture the innocent.

The chief deity whom they worshipped was Mercury—of him they had many images; and after him they worshipped Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva.

After a contest they slew all living



DRUIDICAL ORNAMENTS.

creatures that were found among the spoil, and other things they gathered into one spot; and if any one concealed at home any part of the spoil, or took it away when deposited, a very heavy punishment, with torture, was denounced against the criminal.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that there appears much less reason for ascribing the erection of Stonehenge to any of the successive conquerors of Great Britain than to its original inhabitants, the Celtic Britons; and, if this be admitted, it is a probable conjecture that the structure was erected for religious purposes, under the direction of the Druids.

The practice of commemorating an important event by raising a number of stones is of the greatest antiquity. Alexander the Great indicated the terminating point of his Indian invasion in the Punjab by the erection of twelve stupendous columns,

but there is nothing in the history either of the Romans or of the Saxons to lead us to suppose that those nations ever erected temples or monuments like the stone circles of Avebury and Stonehenge; therefore it is not unreasonable to believe that in the ruins of these two places we behold the very spots where our own ancestors worshipped before Augustine came to the Angles, who were not angels! M. S. R.

FOR RENOVATING OLD BLACK OR DEAD SILKS OR SATINETS.—Put one pennyworth of soft soap, two tablespoons of honey, and one wine-glass of gin into three half pints of warm water, and stir until the soap and honey are completely amalgamated; dip a piece of old crape into this mixture, and rub down the silk, making it thoroughly wet; have ready a pail of water, rinse each breadth as they are rubbed, and hang up on a line immediately, not rinsing them; let them drip, and while very damp iron them on the wrong side with a hot iron, and they will look nearly equal to new.

POESY OF THE PASSIONS. LOVE.

"Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and debaseth it."—FRANCIS LORD BACON.

"For nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

"Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love."—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

I have here, with my cousin Palamon,
Had strife and rancour many a day agone,
For love of you.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, born 1328, died 1320.—
[*Canterbury Tales*.]

Love is the cause of honour—aye,
Love makes towards manhood to purchase;
Love makes knights hardy at essay;
Love makes wretches full of largeness;
Love makes the slothful full of busines;
Love makes sluggards fresh and well be seen;
Love changes vice into virtuous nobleness.
A lusty life in love has service been.

WILLIAM DENBAR, born 1460, died 1520.—*The*
[*Merle and the Nightingale*.]

There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood.

EDMUND SPENSER, born 1553, died 1599.—*The*
[*Epithalamium*.]

Gather the rose of love while yet it is true,
While loving, thou may'st loved be with equal
crime.—*The Faerie Queen*.

Love is a fervent fire,
Kendillet without desire,
Short plesour, long displeasour,
Repentance is the hire.
Ane pure tressour without messour,
Love is a fervent fire.

ALEXANDER SCOT (Scottish Poet).—*The Roudel of*
[*Lure*.]

Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend.
It shall be waited on with jealousy;
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Not settled equally, but high or low.
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—
[*Venus and Adonis*.]

For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes.
Oh, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord!
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again;
Want I to walk in sacred grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love.

THOMAS LODGE, born 1566, died 1625.

There is no life on earth but being in love.
There are no sines, no delights, no business,
No intercourse or trade of sense or soul.
BEN JONSON, born 1574, died 1637.—*The New Inn*.

Upon her forehead love his trophies sets,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying;
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, born 1584, died 1650.

Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows.
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Alike the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak,
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soft'd by love, grow tame and mild.
Love no medicine can appease;
He burns the fishes in the seas.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in its leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds for love that sing and play.

GILES FLETCHER, born 1586, died 1644.—*The*
[*Temptation of Christ*.]

Who can hide fire? If it be uncovered, light,
If covered, smoke betrays it to the sight.
Love is that fire, which still some sign affords,
If hid, they are signs; if open, they are words.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, born 1611, died 1643

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss
But of all pain, the greatest pain
Is to love but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.—*The*
[*Anacronics*.]

Hail! wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.

JOHN MILTON, born 1608, died 1674.—*Paradise*
[*Lost*, Book IV.].

And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, caused what I did?

Samson Agonistes.

I am sick of love—
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be called, what is indeed despair.

MATTHEW PRIOR, born 1664, died 1721.—*Solomon*
[*On the Vanity of the World*.]

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy.

JOHN GAY, born 1688, died 1732.—*Gay's Fables*.

But we'll grow old together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.

ALLAN RAMSAY, born 1688, died 1756 (Scottish
poet).—*The Gentle Shepherd*.

For nought but love can answer love,
And render bliss secure.

WILLIAM THOMSON, born 1700, died 1748.—*The*
[*Seasons, Spring*.]

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds grace to virtue.
[*Sophonisba*.]

The selfish heart that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven.
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless;
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid, unasked, may own a well-placed flame;
Not loving first, but loving wrong is shame.

LORD LITTLETON, born 1709, died 1773.—*Advice
[to a Lady.]*

The verse adorn again,
Fierce war and faithful love,
And truth severe by fairy fiction dressed.

THOMAS GRAY, born 1716, died 1771.

Love framed with mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses, and her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

WILLIAM COLLINS, born 1720, died 1756.—*Ode to
[the Passions.]*

Where honour's liberal beams effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene.

MARK AKENSIDE, born 1721, died 1770.—*Pleasures
[of the Imagination.]*

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, born 1728, died 1774.—*The
[Deserted Village.]*

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

Edwin and Angelina.

Love makes the music of the blest above,
Heaven's harmony is universal love.

WILLIAM COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—*The
[Progress of Error.]*

While round her brows bright beams of honour
dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart,
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,
Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove
Bright stars of gold and mystic knots of love.

ERASMUS DARWIN, born 1731, died 1802.

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind
ray,

Will flourish only in the smiles of day.
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE, born 1735, died 1772.—*[Advice to the Married.]*

Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again
Bright through the eternal year of love's trium-
phant reign.

JAMES BRATTIE, born 1735, died 1803.—*The
[Minstrel.]*

The tender images we love to trace
Steal from each year a melancholy grace;
And, as the social sparks of love expand,

Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love.

SAMUEL ROGERS, born 1762, died 1852.—*Italy.*

Sweet village maids from neighbouring hamlets
stroll

That, like the light heel'd does o'er lawns that
rove,

Look shyly curious, rip'ning into love,
For love's their errand; hence the tints that glow
On either cheek a heightened lustre know.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, born 1766, died 1823.—*The
[Farmer's Boy—Autumn.]*

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend,
Seeking a higher object Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled—her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, born 1770, died 1850.—*[Laodamia.]*

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

ROBERT BURNS, born 1753, died 1796.

He loved, as many a lay can tell
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely cell.
He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame.
Vainly he loved, for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again.
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.—*Rokeby,
Canto I, Stanza 26.*

But unrequited love, thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung.

Lady of the Lake, Canto II., Stanza 33.

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud.

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.

JAMES HOGG (the Ettrick Shepherd), born 1772,
[died 1835.—*To a Skylark.*]

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs the mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, born 1772, died 1834.
[—*Genevieve*]

O part them never. If hope prostrate lie,
Love, too, will sink and die.

But love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that hope is yet alive;
And, bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Wooes back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;
Thus love repays to hope what hope first gave to
love.

The fearful awe imprudent Psycho knew

Would seize with rapture every wondering breast.
When Love's all potent charms divinely stood
coifed.

A youth he seems, in manhood's freshest years.
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic
wears.

Mrs. TIGHE, born 1773, died 1810.—*Psyche*.

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven, ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions; as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, born 1774, died 1843.—*Love*.

For ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our last?
No! I shall love thee still when death itself is past.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, born 1777, died 1844.—
[*Gertrude of Wyoming*.]

O you that have the charge of love
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the fields of bliss above
He sits with flow'rets fettered round.

THOMAS MOORE, born 1780, died 1852.—
[*Lalla Rookh*.]

She, as she gazed, with grateful wonder pressed
Her shelter'd love to her impassioned breast,
And, suited to her soft caresses, told
An idlen tale of love—for love is old—
Old as eternity.

LORD BYRON, born 1788, died 1824.—*The Island*,
[*Canto IV., Stanza 9*.]

Yes! love, indeed, is light from heaven—
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion waits the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love.
A feeling from the Godhead caught
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray from him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

The Giaour.

Hail, love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss,
The sparkling cream of all time's blessedness.

ROBERT POLLOCK, born 1793, died 1827.—*The*
[*Course of Time*.]

I loved him as young genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON, born 1802, died 1832.
[*The Improvisatrice*.]

He that shuts love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie,
Howling in utter darkness.

ALFRED TENNYSON (Poet Laureate), born 1810.—
[*The Palace of Art*.]

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

A RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of raisins (stoned), one pound of currants, half a pound of beef suet, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, a cup of sweet-meats, and a wineglass of brandy. Mix well, and boil in a mould eight hours.

BOILED PLUM PUDDING.—The crumbs of a twopenny loaf, half a pound each of sugar, currants, raisins, and beef suet, shredded, two ounces of candied peel, three drops of essence of lemon, three eggs, a little nutmeg, a tablespoonful of flour. Butter the mould, and boil them five hours. Serve with brandy-sauce.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Take a knuckle of veal, two cow heels, two large onions, stuck with cloves, one bunch of sweet herbs, spices, two glasses of white wine, and a quart of water. Put into an earthen jar, and stew for five hours; not to be opened until cold; remove the fat and bones when all is carefully strained. If required for use, place it on the fire with the addition of forcemeat balls, and hard eggs, oysters, too, may be added, and a very small quantity of anchovy sauce. Cut the meat and fat an inch and a half square, and serve up in the soup.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE new year comes, and deserves to be met with that warm and cheerful welcome which it has been accustomed to receive time out of mind. It brings us new hopes, and, we trust, new blessings, new plans, new projects, new inventions, new fashions. Society holds festival upon festival to exchange expressions of kindness and goodwill, and to reciprocate those wishes which are as prayers for the general happiness. These festive occasions call into requisition the inventive faculty of Fashion, to throw her capricious graces over the mixed assemblages; and hence, though skies frown, rains fall, and fogs spread out so many of their thick folds as to make the existence of the sun more a matter of faith than of sight, yet the bright and blazing fires, the brilliant draperies, and, above all, the happy faces clustered together in these friendly meetings, seem only to be enhanced in their enjoyment by the dreariness of all that lies beyond the door of demarcation.

The season thus demanding something appropriate in the style of its costume, we have supplied one of the most tasteful dresses that fashion has lately introduced. It bears the name of "The Raphael," after that of the great painter. Last month we gave a full dress, and, having done so, we considered it desirable to select one which, though suitable for all moderate occasions of festivity, is yet equally appropriate for general wear. The body is made low, square both in back and front, with a broad black velvet surrounding the bust, edged with a rich deep fringe of the same colour as the dress. The sleeve is formed of one large puff, slightly drawn in to a wide turned-up band, which also is nearly covered by a row of the same velvet as that already mentioned, and having three smaller puffs above the elbow.



THE "RAPHAEL" DRESS.

The skirt is double, the upper part being looped up at regular intervals with *plissé*, passing from under the hem of the upper skirt to the waist. With this dress is worn an under body of fullings and insertion, either of lace or muslin, having a pink silk lining, which displays the design of the lace or embroidery to great advantage, and con-

trasts well with the dress, which may be of either lighter or darker silk, according to taste. A rich brown and royal blue are on the list of favoured colours.

On this side the Channel there is nothing new in promenade wraps, the fashion having been fixed for the winter. For those who have not adopted

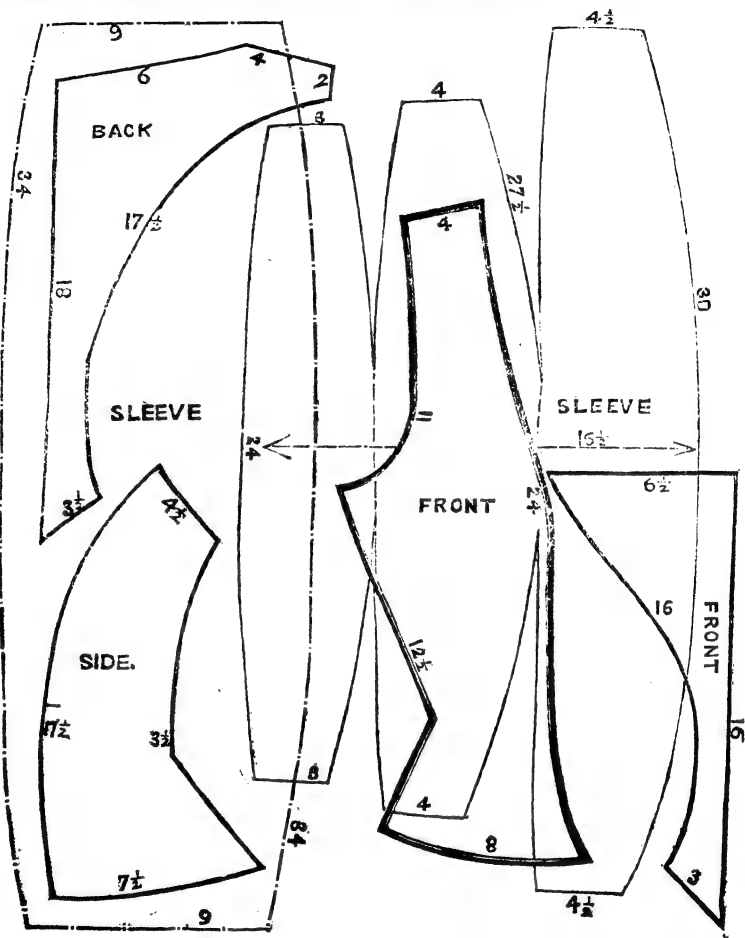


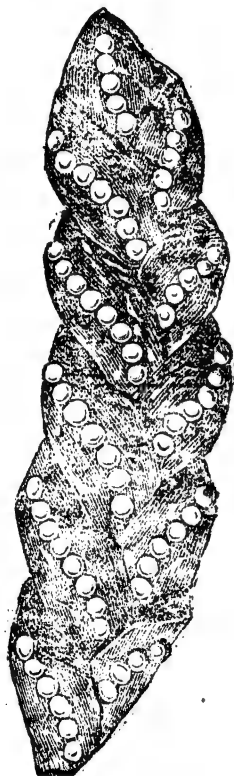
DIAGRAM OF DRESS.

the *Pardessus*, the large circular cloak, with the *plissé à la vieille* carried all round, and a long hanging hood, is the next eligible. In Paris, the ladies are in some degree in advance. A few of the distinguished fashionables are wearing large velvet cloaks, having a pointed corner behind, with hoods richly trimmed with lace; others with the whole article loaded with silk embroidery and elaborate *passenenterie*. We mention these things more in the way of news than as examples. The French

ladies are much blamed for their extravagance in dress, sometimes carrying the value of several hundred pounds upon their persons, and often bringing ruin into their dwellings.

In bonnets we may mention one or two pretty novelties. Velvets of two colours continue to be worn. We have seen a grey terry velvet trimmed with scarlet velvet, producing a remarkably good effect; the bonnet grey, the edge being bound with the red, as well as the curtain. Bias bands

of the red being passed over the front, were finished on one side with a compact cluster of poppies in the same red velvet, and on the other with a double quilling some few inches long, instead of a bow, also of red velvet. Inside the bonnet, a bandeau of plaited ribbon, having a little cotton wool within the folds, and, being done with perfect regularity, was carried all round just even with the edge of the bonnet. Brown, grey, and black chip are very fashionable. These look remarkably well bound with red velvet, with a



ertain in silks of their own colour, also bound with the same velvet; but, instead of other trimming, having a double row of scarlet Maltese lace carried across the crown over the curtain and round the front. These are in very good style, being elegant without being elaborate.

For half-toilette, we may describe a jacket which is recommended by a sort of striking simplicity. It is of black cloth, sufficiently loose, with rather a wide sleeve having a turned-up cuff, round the edge is carried a band of black velvet

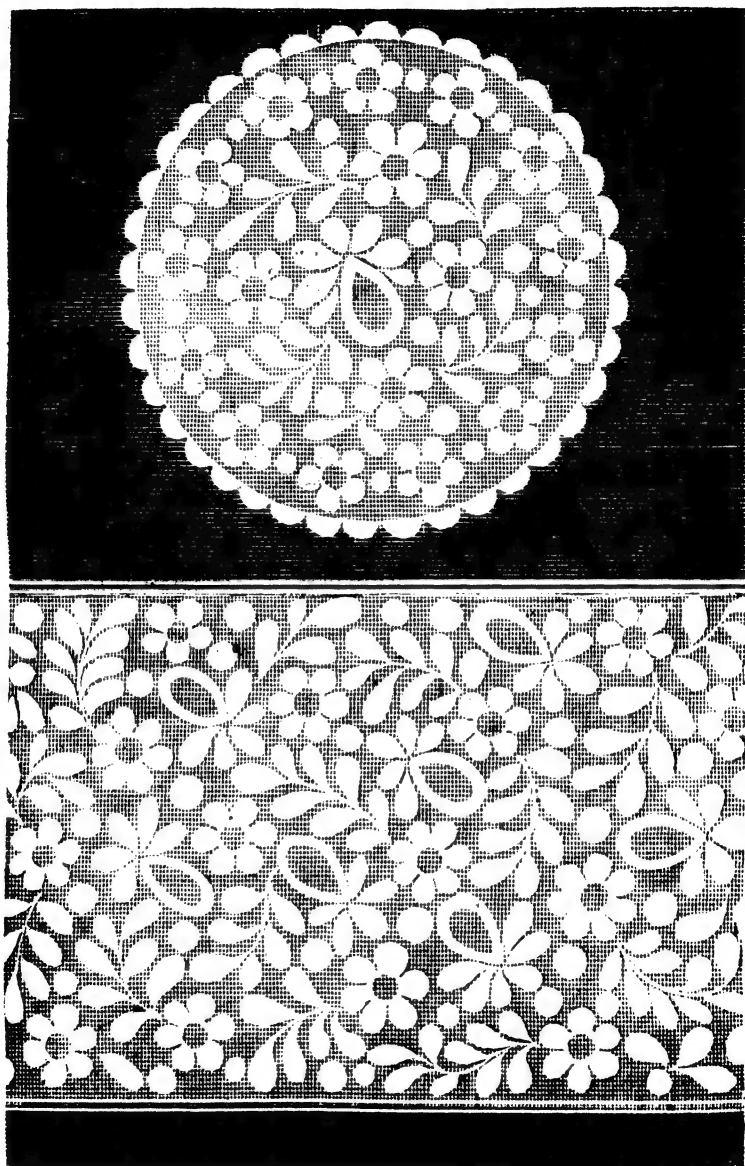
about an inch and a half wide, which is laid on a strip of scarlet cloth about half an inch wider, which, being pinked in a small pattern at each edge, projects just so far beyond the velvet as to form a margin. A row of rather large buttons covered with scarlet velvet is placed all round the whole, forming a most effective trimming. The under sleeve is of lawn, so formed, being of a peculiar shape, as to hang down very deep and fill up the sleeve of the jacket.

The prettiest and most novel ornament for the hair is formed in the following manner:—Take ten large gold Eugénie beads, thread them on fine wire, bend them slightly into the form of a bow; suspend from each end a string of eleven of the same beads; within that, another of nine; and within that, a third of seven. The two last each a bead apart on the foundation row. Any lady may make this ornament herself with very little trouble, and it is very elegant.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

WE know that a baby's Christmas cap is frequently the article selected for presentation to the new heir to immortality. It is generally the token of loving welcome prepared by sisters or aunts, and the value of the gift is much increased if worked by their own hands. We are sorry that the use of caps for babies should be condemned, as taste is outraged by their expulsion, and we do not quite allow the advantages derived from this new sanitary edict. We have it on very high authority that the English physical constitution is declining in strength and vigour; and that it cannot now bear the same medical treatment that was practised fifty years since. Every one admits the value of warmth both to infancy and age, and it is never advocated that the latter should be exposed to all the changes and draughts of a variable climate. It would be death to try the experiment. Taste must also be allowed to put in her plea against the new invasion on her dominion. In France, the contrary fashion is carried to the other extreme. There the cap is retained, we think, too long a period, as it is quite usual to see it worn by little girls until they are five or six years of age. The design we have given is in a very elegant style of work, and very much resembles the old Italian point of artist-loved celebrity. It is worked on cambric. The pattern is first traced on the cambric with a cotton a little coarser than that used for the other part of the working. It is then very evenly and neatly sewn over—that is, the whole pattern is worked in outline, carefully observing that every portion must join the next, so as to insure strength and firmness; the intervening parts of the cambric are then cut out, leaving the pattern alone remaining. There is no style of embroidery more elegant than this, when executed with neatness and care in cutting out the parts. Two rows of lace will be requisite to complete the trimming. A pink or blue silk lining shows the work to advantage. When this cap is finished and worn, we think the verdict will be given in favour of the old custom of cap wearing. A fine, soft cotton is particularly necessary for this sort of work. No. 30 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectioners will be found the proper size and best quality.



BABY'S CHRISTMAS CAP IN EMBROIDERY.



THE STORY OF A PIN.

*(From the French of J. T. de St. Germain.)**(Concluded from page 262.)*

AT LAST.

BORGHESE returned, and found Madame Wolff seated between the two sisters, who did not know how to express their thanks.

"Tell me, Jeanne, have I not been worthy of your namesake, Joan of Arc, when she assaulted the English camp? All our foes have bit the dust."

"And who sends us this unhopcd-for assistance?" said Jeanne.

"Your mother," replied Borghèse; "and when you are a little less agitated, dear children, you shall read the last wishes of this tender mother, who still watches over you. It was George who made this timely

discovery, looking behind the portrait which you sent him. But don't weep any more," said she, embracing them; "we have other things to do. Will you enter into a conspiracy for George's happiness?"

"Do with us what you wish," said Jeanne, overcome by the force of her emotions.

"Well," said Borghèse, "George has not failed in his vow; but you, Jeanne, must come to release him from it. Your days of trial are over. His mother wishes you to marry as quickly as possible. Your apartments, which you will find the same as these, are ready in a house all to your-

selves; you will soon be at home there. We came on horseback, but we have a carriage here as well. You must put together a few things, just what you want for a few days, and, above all, your drawings and paintings: everything is ready to receive you. And beg Madame Blanchemain, your good landlady, to come with us; you will be comfortable in having her with you until the great day arrives about which we are all so busy. But, above all, be silent. George knows nothing, and M. Wolff wishes to give him the pleasure of a great surprise."

"Anna," said Jeanne, embracing her sister, "do you still believe in the presentiments of a stormy day?"

And she passed before the rosary which ornamented the crystal vase, and kissed the little cross.

"We are at your service," said she gaily. "Come, Anna, take these studies and colours; I will run to Madame Blanchemain."

An hour after, the two young ladies and their good old friend were in the carriage, the two Amazons galloping by their side.

"Louise," said Borghèse to Madame Wolff, "don't you feel happier by occupying yourself in promoting the happiness of others? Is it not something to live for?"

"I have never spent a better day," answered Madame Wolff; "and you have been sublime."

And they rejoiced in the result that their innocent stratagem was about to produce.

Madame Blanchemain, in the fast-travelling carriage, believed herself in a dream, and talked incessantly. The two sisters held each other's hand, thinking of their mother and George—of the past and future.

Towards evening the carriage entered the grounds of M. Wolff's mansion by the servants' gate. Dinner was ready in Jeanne's apartment, which, with a few indispensable additions, faithfully represented her room in Madame Blanchemain's little house.

Borghèse and Madame Wolff stayed to dinner, and they assisted at the grand installation of the new camera.

"But can we not see the poor exile this evening?" said Jeanne. "To know that he is so near us, and yet so unhappy!"

"It is too late to-night," said Borghèse, "and you have had enough excitement for one day, and want rest. However, I assure you I will take him good news, and tell him that all your troubles are over. Sleep, dearest children, as if you were in your own little house; your friends are watching over you."

Jeanne and Anna did not attempt to utter their thanks—their looks and smiles, and the fervent pressure of their friends' hands, far better expressed all their thoughts.

Once more alone, they knelt down and thanked God for this happiness. They found in a *prie Dieu* the little diamond cross fastened to their dear mother's will. This will contained nothing relative to financial matters. Jeanne read, with a trembling voice, these few words, written in a failing hand:—

"Dear children, love one another in memory of me, and never part. So long as you are united, I shall be with you."

How happy they were in having found in their heart, and that of George, the accomplishment of this hallowed wish!

The night was passed without sleep, and appeared to them eternal. They called to mind the many incidents which had wrought such a change in their destiny.

They were up at daybreak. All their arrangements were made with as much care as in their little house, when Borghèse entered, and asked if M. Wolff might be introduced.

M. Wolff looked astonished at Jeanne's calm face, which called to mind, feature for feature, the ideal of his cherished Correggio. He thanked the ladies for having assisted him in his plan for surprising George, and told them of the affection which he bore towards him, and all that he wished to do in order to induce him to remain in the house for ever.

"But, mademoiselle," added he, "you had carried off half his heart, and we were no longer able to do without you."

It was thought that the ladies had better remain in their apartment till the first interview; and M. Wolff, highly amused at the effect which he wished to produce, retired to prepare the surprise which it is easy to foresee.

Two hours after, M. Wolff might be

seen walking with George in the large garden of the mansion.

"My dear George," said he, "several years have passed since we first worked together. I have to appreciate your attachment, your ability, and, above all, your devotion. You have been busy in adding to my fortune—it is time now that I look after yours, as you appear to forget it. I know that you have a salary; I wish to double it, so as to put you in the position of a partner in the house of Wolff and Co. Do you agree to that?"

"My dear sir," said George, "all the devotion I may have shown to your interests was nothing more than was due, and I have nothing more to desire. This fresh mark of your esteem and confidence is almost too great for me."

"Well," said M. Wolff, "we will talk about it seriously. Sit down here. I will go and get the copy of an arrangement which I have drawn out, and we may as well look over it."

George sat down on a garden chair, under a thick branch of acacias and hazel trees, at the back of the pavilion which we have seen transformed into a fac simile of the little house near St. Germain. His thoughts wandered towards the two sisters. He knew they were now free from their great trouble, and felt himself yet more bound to secure their future happiness. His heart expanded amidst these joyous thoughts, when he fancied he heard the sound of an organ behind the trees. Listening with more attention, he was not long in recognising that plaintive melody which Anna loved to play, and that had made such an impression on him one summer evening—that parting night at the white house.

He rose, pushed aside the thick branches, and could scarcely believe his senses when he saw before him a building, with the dining-room, the white roses which carpeted the ground-floor, and then ran to embrace the windows up-stairs—in fact, a perfect photograph of the place to which his thoughts were unceasingly directed.

The window of the dining-room was opened.

"Well," said a known voice, "how proud you are, Monsieur George! then you don't wish to breakfast with us?"

"You here, dear Madame Blanchemain?"

"Have I lost my senses? Speak again! I am sure I am dreaming, and I am afraid of waking."

"If you dream whilst you are awake it is not my fault," said Madame Blanchemain, opening the door, "we have only moved—that is the whole affair."

George entered with fixed eyes. "Take care," said he; "what you are doing is dangerous; joy makes me afraid." And he looked at the dining-room, so like the one in which he had passed so many happy moments, and he looked at Madame Blanchemain, who asked permission to continue the management of his canaries.

"But," said she, "it appears you wouldn't come to see us any more, so we have taken a house here."

"We?" said George. "Is she, then, here?"

"Well, why don't you go and see?" said Madame Blanchemain. "Don't you hear her sister at the instrument?"

"Pray go up-stairs with me, dear Madame Blanchemain, I can scarcely support myself."

"Come, child," said Madame Blanchemain, "and learn to bear joy, as you will perhaps be obliged one day to bear misfortune."

They ascended the little staircase, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a merry voice.

Jeanne, surrounded by her drawings, was seated at her work-table, a splendid bouquet before her.

"At last!" said Jeanne, rising and standing before George.

Who would dare to describe these moments, and the emotions of the heart, when two pure souls blend together in one sentiment, and forget their sufferings in a smile?

Madame Blanchemain left them in this silent contemplation.

"You have suffered too much!" said George.

"And you, also," said Jeanne; "but each of us has followed the path of duty, and God has had pity on us."

A short period was allowed them to exchange a few sweet words; then Anna, then their friend Borghèse, Madame Wolff, and M. Wolff, surrounded them.

They came to announce that breakfast was ready at Madame Blanchemain's.

"How is this, George?" said M. Wolff. "I appoint a place of meeting, to speak on business matters, and I find you in conversation with our neighbours, the ladies! Well, we will put it off till to-morrow."

He then gave him a letter from his mother, which informed him that she would come in a few days to be present at his marriage.

George threw himself weeping into M. Wolff's arms; he had not words enough to acknowledge all the marks of friendship he received from everybody; and, as for the affianced ones, they gave a house-warming in their new abode.

RESTITUTION.

It was in the little church of Saint Germain that Jeanne and George wished to be united, with the least possible ceremony; scarcely any invitations were issued, but many unknown friends interested themselves in their simple history, and were present at the happy *finale* to their many sorrows. When they passed under the peristyle, George took the holy water, and, offering it to Jeanne—

"Do you remember?" said he to her.

She answered by a look.

It was before the chapel of the Virgin they wished to kneel. It was there George had come to pray, the first day, for the success of his enterprise.

Jeanne had not that timid and bashful look which is seen in some who are led to the altar, neither had she that quick and unbecoming manner which some young damsels assume to hide their embarrassment; her charming figure possessed that calm serenity which always follows the performance of duty.

Her bridal toilette was of the simplest kind, and there was nothing remarkable about it but a beautiful crown of roses, which appeared to be alive. In this symbolical bouquet, which trembled in her waistband, the eye was attracted by a falling eglantine; and here could be seen at the bottom of the calyx, lightly placed, a beautiful dew-drop, which was, indeed, a very fine pearl, a present from Madame Wolff. The diamond cross, an heir-loom of the family, was fixed round Jeanne's neck by a piece of black velvet, and, to include everything, even the poor pin had not been forgotten, for I reposed (how

happily no pin can tell) on the bride's bosom.

Jeanne was, of course, the object of many eyes, and very well she supported the difficult position, answering, by a friendly glance, people whom she recognised.

"She has nothing," said a mother to her daughter.

"Is he going to take both sisters?" said another lady.

"That is what he had better do," replied a neighbour, "for one would not know how to live without the other."

"The good God will bless them," said some poor people whom George had not forgotten.

Beautiful music now silenced those remarks which usually accompany these ceremonies. It was not difficult for George to see that the clever Borghèse had wished to raise those pious strains towards heaven while the priest blessed their union.

Everybody knelt in meditation under the influence of those pure sounds, which answered to the feelings of the two faithful beings united in the little church, and everybody shared in their happiness.

The good Abbé R——, Jeanne's kind friend, made a very touching and charming address. He took for his text these Gospel words, "Seek, and ye shall find," and, although he only spoke on moral subjects, and abstained from any allusion to the adventures of the newly-married couple, the attentive listeners remembered all that George had *found* by his studious and observing spirit, from even me, the metal pin, to the worthy woman for whom he had come to ask God in this same place, and whom he had now conducted to the altar of the Virgin.

The carriages were waiting; they set out for Paris, after having exchanged the most tender adieux with some friends, who they promised soon to see again.

M. Wolff, who had taken Jeanne to the church, presided over the entertainment, which was given at his house. He had on his right the bride, and on his left George's good mother, quite delighted at the happiness of her much-loved son.

George was placed between Madame Wolff and Borghèse, the two beneficent fairies who had prepared this beautiful scene; and you may imagine how beaming and full of warmth was Madame Blanchemin.

When George found himself in Jeanne's little room, she leant on his shoulder.

"Take back this pin," said she, in a low voice; "it well belongs to you." And the night enveloped in darkness the remembrance of this happy day.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

THUS it was that I, the poor little pin, again entered the service of my dear old master.

The increase in his fortune would have enabled him to have a beautiful summer residence, but he thought of the good Madame Blanchemain, and he wished to preserve as it was the little house at Saint Germain.

If you ask how I have been able to relate so many circumstances at which I have not been present, it must be admitted, for my justification, that all the events of this simple history have often been repeated and commented on before me in the young household where I am spending the remainder of my days.

And at this moment would you wish to know where I repose? Transport yourself to the little room whence extends the view to the distant horizon, the window of which is crowned with roses. A cradle is in the middle of the room, and around the cradle every one is standing, looking in silence at a beautiful sleeping infant. George is holding Jeanne's hand; Anna, a second mother of the little angel, busies herself with the thousand details of the house.

"It will be the image of Jeanne," said Madame Blanchemain, taking a pinch of snuff with satisfaction.

And I, poor little pin, I fasten the pretty white frock of the sleeping babe.

But don't ask anything more. We are leaving our friends in the happiest state that a sage can dream of. These delicious moments are of short duration; we must foresee that sorrow, an inevitable visitor, will assert its rights; and the pin which is listening to the beatings of this little heart, gift of the future, this poor pin, may, perhaps, one day fasten a sorrowful shroud. However, there is a moral to every fable; let us see if we can draw one from this true history.

If George had not loved and respected his father, he would not have cared to follow, for his sake, his most insignificant

advice, and he would not have stooped to pick up a pin.

If he had not stuck this pin on his sleeve, M. Wolff would not have felt interested in him.

If he had not had a taste for the beautiful and good, he would not have met in the Munich Museum the image of her whom the future had reserved for him.

If he had not gained experience in works of art, he would not have been sent to the Jardin des Plantes; he would not have found in his path her whose image and remembrance occupied so much of his thought.

If he had not been an honest and amiable youth, he would not have gained the friendship of the faithful Borghèse who led him by the hand.

If he had given up his pin to the whims and fancies of a woman of fashion, he would not have been able to lend it to his charming, unknown friend, nor to form this first fragile link, which served to draw two destinies together.

If he had indulged in pleasure, and if he had not applied himself to studying a foreign language, perhaps he would not have gone to America, and would not have found, at the other end of the world, the means of being useful to his *protégés*.

If he had demanded the poor pin, and had not desired to obey Jeanne's wish to submit himself to the painful exile, he would have been less worthy of her.

If he had not passed through the church on entering St. Germain, perhaps he would not have found her whom his heart had sought, or, at least, he would not have gone to her house with such good and pious thoughts.

And to what cause can you trace all these results?—TO A PIN.

A FLOWER "PARTY."

THE Glow-worm and the Fire fly vied with each other in the bright rays they emitted. The Lunar-bow threw around coquettish though radiant glances; while clearly and steadily shone the Star-of-Bethlehem—all combining to illuminate most brilliantly the *parterre* where the flowers were to assemble. The cards of invitation elicited a buzz of admiration, they were so tastefully prepared on rose-

coloured leaves, perturbed with the odour of a thousand flowers. The hour arrives; and each flower, arrayed in all her pristine loveliness, joins the gay circle. First came, impatient of delay, shaking from them the snow-flakes as they fell, the Crocuses—there they stood, shivering in their gauze dresses of purple, white, and yellow hue. Poor Miss Snowdrop, suffering from chilblains, came limping in, supported by the Anemones,* whose dresses were terribly torn by the wind; and close behind, endeavouring to hide themselves from the gaze of the crowd, crept the Blue Violets, twin sisters, who were amazed that they, of such humble origin, should be selected on such a grand occasion; but in gratitude they shed such a sweet fragrance around, that all were anxious to cultivate their acquaintance; indeed, they have ever since been celebrated for their sweet breath.

The Daffodils, though just recovering from an attack of jaundice, and yellow as an orange, vowed they would not miss such an entertainment; and with their cousins, the Orange Phenixes, the Narcissus, and the Jonquils, made quite a showy appearance; and then there was a large family of Hyacinths, some single ones among them, in pretty costumes, and highly perfumed. The dear little Four o'clocks were trying their best to keep their eyes open, being unaccustomed to such late hours; and the Evening Primrose declared she had slept all day to enable her to shine the better all night; and so had her aunt, Nightblooming Cereus, who was to chaperone her. Just then there was quite a commotion, and in walked gay, gaudy, flaunting Mrs. Tulip, with an immense family in her train—a scentless race, dressed within an inch of their lives. In juxtaposition with this dashing group stood lovely Lily of the Valley, arrayed in spotless white, with a broad mantle of green, to protect her from the night air's chill. She looked so pure and fragile that the young pitied and loved her, and the old shook their heads and feared she was not long for this world. The lackadaisical and affected Honey-suckles scorned to sit bolt upright, but would lean and loiter against the chairs and the mantle, looking

languishingly sweet upon all who came near; and die-a-way Miss Morning Glory, appearing as though she could not survive the night; and spinster Miss Wallflower, a lady of an uncertain age, in the sere and yellow leaf, obstinately retained her seat in the corner, all the while eyeing a score of bachelors opposite, whose "Buttons" shone resplendently.

By this time the excitement became intense, all awaiting in breathless expectation the arrival of Madame Rose, allowed the world over to be the queen of beauty. In she glided, with a train of seventy or more of her connexions, and beautiful in all their ramifications. They had assembled for the occasion from their different homes, from Damascus, from Persia, and from Japan; from American Prairies, from England, and from Scotland. It was wonderful to observe the variety and texture of their costumes, and to discern the strong family likeness between them. Some of the young scions wore their spurs, and were continually pricking the company; indeed, a small war was like to have ensued between two of the party, belonging to the York and Lancaster branches; an off-set of one having wounded a sprig of nobility just budding into flowerhood, young Moss Rose, all whiskered and moustached, by which he nearly lost a limb. There was Bridal Rose, she who married Count Le Marque, and his sister, Souvenir de Mulmaison,* of immense proportions; and the Baltimore belle, and she from Michigan, and of Burgundy, and the Hundred-leaved Rose; alas! what an elaborate toilet was hers.

It was curious to see the effect of the entrance of this party upon many of the guests; some sneezed incessantly, some coughed, while tears came into the eyes of others, and many were seized with a deadly faintness. Daylily swooned outright, and died the next morning. Poor Miss Chlammile was trodden under foot and bruised dreadfully; when most opportunely arrived Mrs. Balm, a homely matron, but of an excellent heart. She came with her pockets full of nostrums and recipes of every kind. She professed to have a panacea for every woe, a balm for every wound; indeed, a specific for all the ills flowers are heir to. She was a sister by

* Commonly called Wind-flower.

* The largest rose known.

Bindweed, a winsome country lass, who plucked from the Cotton-plant and downy Thistle materials to stop the wound.

The sensitive Mimosa shrunk from the crowd, and recoiled with horror at the war among the Roses. And Monk's Hood, drawing his cowl more closely, turned his back upon the world and its vanities. In one corner of the parterre was a rustic group, fresh from the rural districts, people of solid worth, but of no pretensions to fashion.

The Messrs. Sunflower, tall, yellow, oily-looking fellows, who had a way of turning themselves to the light, as though to show their seedy faces; and gawky, stiff Misses Hollyhock, in their bran-new brick-coloured dresses. A gossiping old couple, Mesdames Rue and Wormwood, sipping their tea, descanting upon the follies of the age, and making wry faces and bitter remarks on those who were more admired than themselves. Dr. Boneset was discoursing eloquently of herbaceous and deciduous plants, also advising his young friends Catnip and Spearmint to beware of juleps of all kinds; while hypocritical Bittersweet listened attentively with his face wreathed in smiles, intending to give a stab in the dark. And there sat wise Mrs. Sage, and her niece Sweet Marjoram; and grey-headed Old Man was mumbling soft nothings to bold Mary Gold; they, with Crown Imperial, little knew the bad odour they were in with the rest of the company.

The guests were nearly all assembled, when blue-eyed Forget-me-not timidly squeezed through the crowd, who very near crushed her with welcomes. The sentimental ones caught at her, and took bits of her dress to inclose to their sweet-hearts; the bereaved pulled at her root and branch, to decorate the last abodes of their lost ones. And so Sweet-scented Shrub was picked to pieces in a jiffy; the fact was, that she had been passing herself off under various aliases. Some knew her as the Strawberry Plant; others, as the Carolina Allspice. She flourished best in the Tropics; but the Frigid code of morality withered her, nay, absolutely froze her to death. And that little grisette, Mignonette, so dear to the Frenchman's heart, had no idea of wasting her sweetness on the desert air; in she came, dragging

after her prudent Pimpernel,* who had been eagerly watching the clouds, lest it should rain and spoil her new gown. The Aspens were tremblingly unpacking their trunks; venerable Mrs. Century Plant declined on account of her age; she had passed her "silver wedding," and was propping herself up for her golden one.

At a late hour, desirous of being thought fashionable, draggled in Dew Plant, weeping bitterly—for she was drenched to the skin; and Pond Lily came sailing in her broad green yacht, overpowering all by the combination of sweets she had about her person. Slender Miss Clematis made herself ridiculous by twisting and twining about the whole time; and, with professions of undying, unchanging love, Amaranth stole away from the crowd; and so did Holly, screaming at the top of her lungs, "Merry Christmas to all!"

Pitch Pine, a great stickler for the proprieties of life, stood bristling in the ante-room, armed *cap-à pie*, with his torch, ready to light the flowerets home. And Judge Fir, robed in ermine, was busy making a bonfire of Coke, the light of which discovered indelicate Miss Ivy hugging and embracing every one she could cling to. Many persons of rank graced the occasion. There was Paddy Shamrock, fresh from the Emerald Isle; and there was the Marvel of Peru, and the Belle of Canterbury, and the Pride of India. General Magnolia and his staff, and young Cape Jessamine, of North Carolina, the latter in lavender suit, with crimped edges, delicately perfumed. Squire Maple Sugar, from down East. Melancholy Mr. Cypress condoling with Weeping Willow, with her weeds trailing on the ground in the most lugubrious manner; and Mullen blistered you by his replies, so rough and brusque; at which Mr. Hemlock shook his Socratic head.

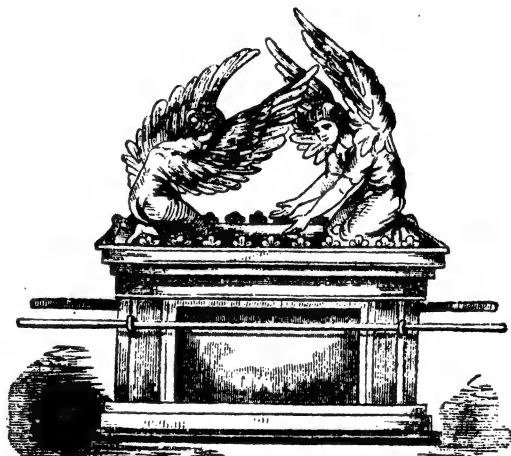
Some came with gloves, and some without; but that sly fox of a *Digitalis* wore his, and they nicknamed him ever after, Mr. Fox-glove; and proud Mr. Lobelia stalked about the room, with poison written all over his face; rumour, however, said he was soon to become a Cardinal. The Poppies were lost to all sense of propriety; they nodded and yawned abominably, and

* Called the "poor man's weather-glass."

fell without hesitation into the arms of Morphene. And there were the Balsam family, hopping and skipping about, as every one said, just to show their new slippers; and pretty Polly Anthus was blushing because her connexions, the Cowslips, would come: and they were laughing immoderately at a Coxcomb drinking from a Gourd; whilst Dragon Plant held over him a Golden Rod, just to nettle him. A large party from Mexico, glittering with scarlet and gold, made quite a sensation: the Cactus family, the Dahlias, and the Tiger Flower. There was also a family of Grasses, looking green and spindly enough, amid such a galaxy of beauty. There were Tomothy Grass, a respectable farmer, and all his relations; and a tribe from Seneca; and they from the Prairies, with

a graceful though antique feathery head-dress; and an immensely tall and formidable-looking couple from Florida.

The grey light of morning now dawning, dimmed the lamps of the Fire-fly and the Glow-worm. The Lunar-bow had dropped asleep over his cups; and the Star of Bethlehem, shocked at the lateness of the hour, ceased to shed her beautiful light; and the flowers and the vines and the shrubs, thus reminded of the conclusion of the festivities, one and all, scud to their homes, doffed their gay attire, closed their petals over their pretty forms, and sank exhausted on the beds which good mother Earth had provided for them. Nox covered them with his mantle, and tucked the little stragglers in, only to be removed at early dawn by Aurora's rosy fingers.



THE ARK.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

JUDAISM.

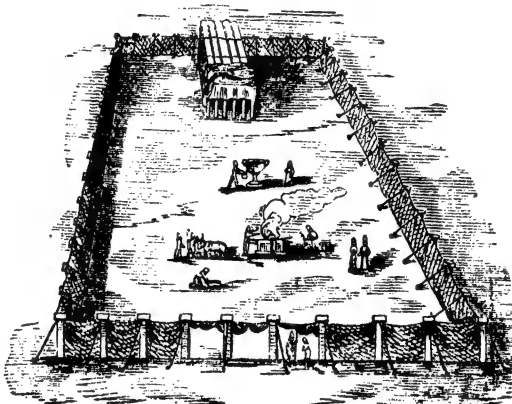
"The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth."—DEUT. vii. 6.

THE religious history of the whole world is a marvel, but the history of Judaism is, *par excellence*, the marvel of marvels. Chosen by the inscrutable fiat of the Almighty, not because they were more in number than any nation, but *because they were the fewest of all people; multiplied*

after their election until they became more numerous than the stars of heaven, or the sand upon the sea-shore; suffered to undergo the direful calamities of captivity in both Egypt and Babylon; sole witnesses of the signs and wonders and stretched out arm of Jehovah; known among the

nations as a stiffnecked, rebellious, murmuring generation; insignificant and weak in themselves, yet great and powerful and glorious, from the fact that they were the people whom *He* had chosen for Himself; that they were the nation of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came; that theirs were the hands in which the oracles of God had been placed, and by whom the heaven-lit torch of revelation had been handed down from one generation to another; scattered now among all people from the one end of the earth unto the other, finding no ease among the

nations, nor any rest for the soles of their feet; with failing eyes and trembling heart, and sorrow of mind, despised and rejected of men, like the Master whom they have refused and scorned; broken branches, hanging, lifeless and withered, upon the True Vine; children still, although perverse and gone astray; above all, children who will yet arise and go to their Father, and look on Him whom they have pierced, and mourn; a nation whose past history is more marvellous than that of any other people in the world; whose future is richer than the heart of man can



THE TABERNACLE.

picture or conceive; and whose full and glorious restoration to their own land is as certain as the second advent of our Saviour and the appearing of all men before the great white throne. This is the people whose religion we are now going to trace.

But what was the religious principle and practice of this remarkable people? what did their judges, prophets, priests, kings, and seers teach, reveal, or foretell? God did speak at sundry times and in divers manners unto the fathers—was the message identical or diverse? Friends, shall I startle you when I say that at all times and in all ages God has had but *ONE* message to man—that by prophets, and priests, and kings, as well as by apostles,

disciples, and the Saviour himself, the reiterated cry from the Fall till this very day has been the same, same story—that, as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so, by the obedience of one man, the man Christ Jesus, many are made righteous. Is it a hard saying, that the Gospel was preached to the old Jews as well as unto us? Follow on, and we will show you how, then as now, it was His blood that made the atonement and purchased heaven for us.

If ever the saying was true, that "coming events cast their shadows before," it was true in the religious history of the Jews. Take, for instance, Melchisedec coming out to meet Abraham, in his character of priest

of the Most High God, and offering in that capacity the sacramental elements of bread and wine; behold him accepting homage from the father of Levi, and receiving tithes. How well did the old patriarch, who saw the day of Christ and was glad, recognise in Melchisedec the type of that heavenly Priest who offered himself without spot to God, and who ever liveth to make intercession and receive homage from his people! Abraham was a good man, do you say? and he obeyed God, and therefore he was saved? That's not what God says on the matter, "for he had not wherof to glory before God." Abraham believed God—believed what? Why, that in his seed (i. e., Christ) all the families of the earth should be blessed, and that faith was counted to him for righteousness. Verily he saw his day and was glad; for, like Moses, though he saw it afar off, he embraced it, and was persuaded of it, or how else would Moses have esteemed the reproach for Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt? Yes, Moses knew what the blood of the passover lamb meant when the elders took the hyssop and sprinkled that symbol of satisfied justice upon the lintel and the door-posts of the houses of the believing people; and St. Paul knew what that paschal sacrifice foreshadowed when he cried, "Christ our Passover is slain for us;" and the redeemed who stand around the throne of God on high know what it means; for they see in the midst a Lamb as it had been slain—a centre figure towards which all who are or ever shall be saved, turn their eyes and live: the old Jew looking forward and anticipating, and we piercing the past, and remembering that one object for the exercise of faith, the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanses from all sin.

See how that truth was taught in the tabernacle and in the temple; for when Moses had spoken every precept to all the people according to the law, he took the blood of calves, and of goats, with water, and scarlet wool, and hyssop, and sprinkled both the book and all the people, and almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission.* And why is there to be no remission for sin without shedding of blood? Simply because God has said that

punishment shall always follow sin; and God is not a man that He can lie, and what He has said, that will He perform. Look you, the angels sinned, they kept not their first estate, and punishment came, suddenly, irreversibly, and down to perdition they were hurled, without hope of escape or forgiveness; ages pass, and the earth springs out of chaos, and the Great God creates man, "male and female created He them." Representative man and woman they are made, and they, too, keep not their estate; they, too, become disobedient. Ah, and what then? Is the dreadful sentence executed at once? No, for this time mercy is remembered in wrath, and God so loves the world that He gives his only begotten Son to die, the just for the unjust, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. And the good tidings is proclaimed in the garden and made known to Abel, it is revealed to Jacob, and to Job, and rejoices the heart of Abraham; and the sacrifices shadow it, and prophets prophesy about it, and the faithful believe it, and in the fulness of time the Deliverer comes, and, since our nature has sinned, He assumes our form and becomes very man. He keeps the law which we have broken, and makes it honourable. He bears the punishment which we have incurred by disobeying His Father and ours, and purchases, by that obedience and that suffering, an inheritance eternal in the heavens. And this is Judaism—not ritual Judaism—but the spirit of the law and the prophets, the gospel of the grace of God which bringeth salvation to men.

Do you ask what, then, was the reason why the Jews had so many ceremonies, and how about the law? We answer, the ceremonies of the Jews were all symbolical, and thus taught the people the essential elements and doctrines of Christianity; and secondly, they tended to preserve the isolation of the people, and to mark the wide distinction between the children of God and the other nations.

Did the high priest wave or lift up the first-fruits of the harvest as a sanctified pledge that the remainder of the field should be gathered in in safety? So has Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that sleep; the sanctified pledge and risen offering giving assurance

* Heb. ix. 19.

of our resurrection unto life. Does the high priest, and the high priest alone, enter into the holiest of all once only in the year, offering blood for the sins of the people? What was that but a type of Christ entering into the holy place, even heaven, and with his own blood, once shed obtaining eternal redemption for us?

What was meant by the fact that God never spoke to the people directly, but ever employed a mediator—a day's-man, as Job terms it—to receive his instructions? Was not all that to teach the people that God out of Christ is a consuming fire?

Yes; the ark and the manna, and the water flowing from the desert rock; the covenant, the sacrifices, the priesthood, and the water poured out on that last day, that great day of the feast, were each and all figures of Him who should come to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins.

And what did the law mean? Those tables of stone, what did they teach? Ah, with tenfold voice they cried, "Do this, and live—break this, and die!" Keep these commandments in word, thought, and deed—keep them spiritually, as Adam kept them before the fall—as you would have kept them if he, and you in him, had not fallen—and then demand heaven as a right, as your due, your reward for work faithfully accomplished. Divide them as Christ did—halve them into the two broad divisions of love to God and love to man. Can you say of the former, "With all my heart, and soul, and strength, I have served and loved Him; and, as myself, so have I treated my neighbour?" What! does the law condemn?—does it crush? You have not done all perfectly? Well, that is the object of sending the law; it is to crush your self-righteousness, to destroy your pride—it is the *schoolmaster* to bring you to Christ—and if it does not accomplish that in your soul, you have missed its aim. "Surely," as St. Paul said, "if righteousness could have come by the law, then is Christ dead in vain;" for if salvation is of grace, then works are of no more use as a means of justification, or grace would not be grace. The law is everywhere spoken of in Scripture as a rule of life, not a life-giving principle; it is the ministration of condemnation and death to both Jew and Gentile; for we are all

under sin—there is none righteous, no, not one. Does this offend you? This was the rock of offence and stone of stumbling to the carnal Jew, as it is to this day among all the world. The spiritually-minded man, under the old dispensation, saw Christ in all the ordinances and types; the carnally-minded sought salvation by the works of the law, and lost that salvation which they thus sought, as the carnally-minded are losing it now. They went about, as we do, to establish their own righteousness—viz., they were proud of their prayers, their tears, their repentance, their almsgiving and temple service, and they would not submit themselves to the righteousness of God. They never looked to the end of the law, which was Christ, or submitted to be saved by the righteousness of another person, even by the imputed righteousness of Christ. This moral law can never be abolished; it echoed first in the garden of Eden, though it was repeated on Sinai, and with us, as a standard of perfection and rule of life, and, withal, as the condemning schoolmaster, it will for ever remain. But the ceremonial law, the divers meats and drinks, and sundry feasts and fasts, and sacrifices, the shadows of good things to come, has passed away, being fulfilled in Him who filleth all in all—Himself both altar, and sacrifice, and priest.

The rejection of the Messiah by the Jew is well known; it was foretold by the prophets, and by the Saviour himself. Dwelling upon those portions of the Scriptures which revealed Him as the King of Glory and of the Jews, they suffered Sion to overshadow and hide Mount Calvary; and, anticipating the victories of the second Advent, they overlooked the fact that the same prophets had also foretold that he must first appear as the sorrowful man who should be acquainted with grief.

Of the tabernacle and its service, volumes might be written. In it was the golden candlestick, whose light shadowed forth the light of the Holy Ghost—the golden pot that had manna, emblematical of the true bread that came down from heaven and, over all, the cherubims of glory, shadowing the mercy seat, of which we cannot now speak particularly—emblems all of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man.

Jerusalem has destroyed the prophets and crucified the Saviour; her house is left unto her desolate—she is without an altar and without a priest; but yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry, and His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives, and they who were made enemies for our sakes, but who are still beloved for the fathers' sake, shall be grafted in again, and so all Israel shall be saved; for I would not have you ignorant of this mystery, that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the *Geutiles* be come in.

M. S. R.

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

LE PROPHETE—THE PROPHET.

IN FIVE PARTS.

III.

TIME passes on; the flame of enthusiasm and fanaticism quickly spreads; and ere many months we find the innkeeper of Leyden at the head of a numerous army, proceeding towards Munster; and at the time when we again take up his story, encamped in a forest of Westphalia, where baron after baron had fallen captive to their irresistible enthusiasm, their lives only spared to insure the heavy ransoms their coffers could yield. The country people gladly welcomed them as deliverers, and provisions and even luxuries were brought by them in abundance to the camp, and they and their pretty wives and daughters shared the festivity of the wild soldiery.

It was night, and their leaders had dismissed their rustic guests, and ordered the soldiers to repose, while they themselves, in earnest and serious conference, discussed their plans for the future, and the strange caprice that had for the last few days kept secluded even from their society the petted idol whom they had themselves raised.

"Munster must fall!" said one; "or, ere many days, it will be relieved by the Emperor's troops, and we are ruined; and that weak boy whom we have made our leader is shut up in his tent, regardless of all, and afflicted by some transient fit of remorse. We must act without him."

"Yes, old Oberthal, the governor, is so enraged at the destruction of his son's castle, that he will die sooner than yield. A party of our troops might surprise the

castle in the night. What think you, Matthias?"

"Right; we will show this proud boy he is not indispensable to our purpose. I will myself lead the attacking party." And Matthias left the tent.

Scarcely had he disappeared, when the third of the fanatic trio, Jonas by name, appeared, leading in a dusty, toilworn figure whom Zacharias regarded for some moments in puzzled, uncertain remembrance, ere he fully recognised in that fugitive the proud lord of Dordrecht—the guilty Oberthal. He concealed with some difficulty the welcome surprise the sight afforded him, and quickly turned to Jonas for an explanation.

"I bring you a benighted traveller, good brother, anxious to join our party, and take the oaths we demand of all new comers. Are you willing to receive him in our ranks?"

"Assuredly, all are welcome to the sacred host of freedom's champions. Fetch wine, brother, that our guest may drink and be refreshed, after he has taken our solemn pledges."

And with a heart swelling with rage and indignation, the haughty noble was forced to swear the destruction of his own order, and the protection and assistance for all those lowly-born serfs he had never looked on as of the same clay with himself, and drink the toasts his captors proposed, while a scornful smile wreathed the stern lip of the great Zacharias as he listened.

The pledges taken, at a sign from the latter, Jonas led off the unfortunate nobleman to the fate they had from the first intended for him, when at that moment John himself, pale, pensive, and thoughtful, slowly entered the tent.

"So thoughtful and sad, elected King and Prophet of Germany, worthy compeer of Joan of Arc, what means that dejected air, this strange seclusion from your best friends?"

"It means that I renounce this hideous imposture," cried John impetuously; "that I will seek my deserted mother, my home, and leave you, tempters from the arch-fiend himself!"

"Thou wilt? Then remember, the day thou carriest that resolution into effect thou diest, and thy mother with thee; remain, and thou shalt, as we promised, be

crowned King in Munster. Choose between death and royal power."

John stood irresolute at the open door, when the soldiers leading Oberthal to death passed near the tent, and he called to demand their purpose.

"We take this traitor and spy to execution," they replied.

"Who dares condemn to death without our order? Bring him hither; it is my pleasure to pardon him."

"Look at him ere thou decidest," whispered Zacharias. And as the group approached the tent John recognised the features of his enemy, the destroyer of his own and Bertha's happiness, and staggered back to the tent.

"Wilt thou still pardon him?" sneered the tempter at his elbow.

"Friend, leave us, I would speak to him alone," and, as it was not yet time to throw off allegiance to the puppet they had set up, Zacharias and the soldiers withdrew.

"Man, where is she, thy victim?" asked John hoarsely.

"Heaven is just," replied the humbled Oberthal. "Bertha, whom I took from thy arms, sought death in the waves rather than submit to dishonour; and now I receive the same fate from thee."

"She is dead, then, sweet, spotless angel!"

"No, I am spared that crime. She was seen but yesterday in Munster."

"Now Heaven be praised! Thy life is spared for the present. Ho, there! conduct this prisoner to a place of safety, and treat him well. But what means this tumult?"

A confused noise of troops, of lamentations and execrations, burst upon the ear, and John rushed out into the camp to see a mass of dusty, flying, bleeding soldiers, surrounded by a crowd of others, crying, "We are betrayed! death to the False Prophet!"

"What means this disorder, these blasphemous cries?" shouted John, in a voice of thunder, advancing towards the crowd. "Speak, ye rebellious crew—speak!"

"Betrayed, defeated, driven back from Munster!" cried a hundred voices in chorus.

"And who dares attack the city without their Prophet as the leader?" replied John sternly. Defeat, disgrace is just punishment for such treason and presumption.

Back to your tents, and to-morrow I myself will lead you to victory."

"He is right!" "Twas folly!" "Long live the Prophet-King!" burst from the fickle crowd, awed by his voice and look; and, after a few more words of encouragement and promise, John dismissed them, and himself retired to his tent, murmuring, "To-morrow, to-morrow, Bertha, beloved, thou wilt again be mine."

IV.

The predictions of the fanatic hero, the promises of John, were fulfilled, and Munster was the prey of the rebel army, and the subdued and terrified citizens were compelled to join in the cry of "Long live the Prophet-King!"—while curses, deep though silent, were murmured in their throats; and the low whispers with which they discussed the approaching coronation told of the suppressed hate and fury it excited in their hearts.

It was on the day preceding this event that a woman, dressed in the humble garb of a mendicant, was seen sitting patiently on a stone in the market-place, and some of the more charitable of the citizens spoke to her as they were retiring from the scene.

"Take care, good mother; you are not safe here; better retire out of reach of the fierce soldiery."

"I fear them not—she fears nothing who has nought to lose or hope. My son is dead; I care not for my life, and only live to pray for his soul. Give, in Christian charity, a trifle for the widow's soul's eternal rest."

"Willingly, good mother." And many a kreutzer was put into the open hands of hives as the citizens passed, and gradually left her, sole occupant of the market-place.

Still she sat, lost in thought and fervent prayer, till steps aroused her, and she saw a youthful figure in a pilgrim's dress approaching.

"Poor youth," she said compassionately, "thou art worn and weary."

"Oh, heavens! that voice, that face, my mother!"

"Bertha, my child, in that dress! What good angel has preserved thee?"

"Mother, dearest mother, what joy to behold thee! I have been preserved to thy prayers. A fisherman saved me from

the death I sought, rather than suffer the dishonour which threatened me; and he sheltered me in his cottage, and furnished me with this disguise. But John, thy son—oh, take me to him!"

"Poor child, poor child—how tell thee the sad truth! Since the day when thou wast torn from us, I have never seen him."

"Dead!" groaned, rather than spoke, Bertha.

"I know not. Soon after his disappearance, his garments, dyed with blood, were left in my cottage, and a voice cried, 'Heaven has claimed thy son—thou shalt never see him more!' And this is all I can tell thee, thou afflicted one, save that the Prophet's name was on the blood-dyed clothes!"

"Monster!—scourge of Germany! I will be avenged, mother. Be satisfied—I will punish the murderer of thy son."

"Thou! how canst thou do aught, poor helpless child!"

"I know not—Heaven will help me. If I can but get inside the palace, this hand shall strike the monster to the earth. Mother, farewell—thou shalt hear of me ere long."

And Bertha darted up one of the streets leading to the palace, leaving the more feeble Fides in an agony of terror, yet unable to overtake her rapid steps.

The day of the coronation had arrived, and Fides knelt in the cathedral, praying for her son's eternal repose, when the music burst forth in a glorious strain, which filled the building; and a gorgeous procession passed slowly along to its martial and inspiring notes. Soldiers, nobly bearing the insignia, pass slowly along, amid the shouts of the people, and gradually disappear into the chapel, where the ceremony is to be performed. Fides remained insensible to all around till the bursting forth again of the music, which had been silent for awhile, and the nearer tramp of the measured footsteps, roused her attention; and, as the crowned Prophet himself drew near, she approached to take a nearer view of the murderer of her son. She looked—her straining eyes refusing to believe their own evidence—then uttered one loud, frantic cry, "My son, my son!"

The kneeling crowd, the shouting soldiery, the proud, indignant nobles, sur-

rounding the new sovereign, started at the sound.

"Her son!" "The sent of Heaven—is it possible!" "Are we indeed deceived?"

"Woman, how darest thou utter so shameless an imposture?" cried the Anabaptists, approaching Fides with menacing looks.

"Knowest thou not, our Prophet can at once condemn thee to death for this impudent fraud?"

"I know her not," cried John, alarmed at the increasing murmurs of the people. "I know not what delusion has seized her—what she would with me."

"What she would with thee?" repeated Fides. "Why she would pardon thee—clasp thee in her arms—give her life, and more than life, for thee!"

The murmurs increased. "Woe to him, if he is an impostor!"

"Wretch, thou must die," exclaimed the three Anabaptist leaders, approaching Fides.

"Stop," thundered John; "she shall not die. Mark us," he said, turning to the people; "this woman is deranged; you shall see me restore her to reason by a miracle."

"Doubtless, doubtless," cried the citizens ironically.

"Woman," said John, turning to his mother; "may Heaven send thee the reason thou hast lost. Thou lovest thy son, and sayest I resemble him."

"Loved him? Oh, Heaven! yes."

"Then listen. Friends, draw your swords. If I have deceived you, strike this bared bosom. Woman! once more, am I thy son?"

Fides shuddered, hesitated. Maternal love conquered.

"No, no! I raved. Thou art not. I am childless."

A burst of admiring delight and homage rose from the crowd; and John, turning to a soldier, gave him an order in a low voice, and in another moment the unhappy Fides was led away and consigned to a vault in the Castle of Munster, where alone, and in terror for her guilty son, she awaited her fate and his.

V.

The Emperor was now rapidly advancing towards Munster, and offering pardon and reward for the head of the Prophet,

while denouncing destruction on the obstinate among the rebels; and, on the day of the events just related, three men might be seen starting from a subterranean passage from the castle, and taking their way to the gates of the town. They were the leaders of the Anabaptists, the treacherous instigators of the unhappy John.

Meanwhile Fides sat silent and prayerful in her gloomy prison, heeding not the flight of time, when a door opened, and a soldier, entering, announced the approach of the Prophet-King, and retired after ushering him to her presence.

John had not changed his coronation robes, though a cloak covered them, and the crown still rested on his head. But his steps were faltering and uncertain as he advanced towards the mother he had outraged, and, falling on his knees before her, cried—

"Mother, my mother! pardon thy erring son."

"I have no son," said Fides, in dignified accents. "My son was pure and good; I know no shameless impostor by that title."

"Mother, hear me. It was the frenzy of love and revenge which first led me astray; and, once in the path of evil, I could not draw back. And I would fain punish the cruel tyrants who oppress us."

"And deny thy own mother, which not even the Virgin-Born had dared to do? No, thou art utterly lost, and my curse is on thee. Go!"

"Mother, mother, curse me not." And John covered his face with his hands, and lay prostrate at her feet.

"Then repent, and turn from thy wickedness. Leave this accursed crew, and return with me to lowliness and purity."

John raised his head. "And be called coward, deserter!"

"Deserter to Heaven's cause—coward in guilt. My son, come!"

John lifted the crown from his head, and was clasped in his weeping yet joyful mother's arms.

"Thy reward awaits thee, my son. Bertha is found. Together we will seek some obscure corner, where we can live in peace and happiness. Come."

"Oh, joy! too much for such guilt as mine. With two such angels near me, I may hope for mercy. Mother, I am ready."

The door to the right, through which the three leaders had fled, suddenly opened, and Bertha entered with a torch in her hand, and advanced to a stone in the wall which yielded to her touch.

"Bertha!" cried Fides, rushing towards her, "what dost thou here?"

"My mother! what, thou here too? I have heard from my grandsire, the keeper of this palace, that a large quantity of gunpowder is kept in this vault, and, lit with this lighted torch, I can hurl into eternity the Prophet, his followers, and myself. Is it not glorious vengeance?"

"Merciful Powers!" cried Fides, in despair, "my son! my son!"

"John, my beloved, how hast thou escaped the fury of the monster, doubly cursed as he is?" screamed Bertha, darting towards her lover, whom she had not before perceived.

Fides ran to her son's assistance.

"Hush! hush! speak not of him. We will quit this place."

"Nay, no one hears; we are safe. Oh! John, my beloved, didst thou but know all I have done to avenge thee of that sanguinary wretch; how I risked life and honour itself to gain admittance here, and kill thy murderer!"

"Oh! mercy! mercy!" cried John, in despairing accents. "Mother, let us go. See, this door will lead us from the palace. Haste, my beloved mother—come."

"Too late!" groaned Fides, "they are approaching."

And as she spoke the door opened, and an officer, followed by several soldiers, entered.

"Prophet, you are betrayed; they would immolate thee amidst thy coronation *fête*. Come, avenge thee of thine enemies; it is not too late."

Bertha gazed in bewildered astonishment, and the cloak falling from John's shoulders in his horror and despair, she at once saw the whole fatal truth.

"Wretch! approach me not! let the earth open to engulf thy guilt. Oh! that I had died ere I had seen this hour!"

"Bertha—mercy! pardon! I am guilty, but penitent. prostrate before thee."

"My child, 'twas for thy love; to avenge thy wrongs. Forgive him, for my sake, and the sake of the love thou didst bear him. I, his mother, intreat thee to pardon him."

"Love him! God knows I loved him, Heaven forgive me! I love him still, guilty as he is. Be this my punishment."

And snatching a dagger from John's girdle, Bertha plunged it in her side, and fell lifeless on the ground.

John gazed in mute despair on her prostrate form; then turning away, he placed the crown on his head once more, and saying, "I go to punish the guilty. Farewell, lost angel. Mother, farewell. Nay, follow me not. Soldiers, watch over and keep her safe from harm," left the scene of so much agony.

The sequel of the Prophet's life can be told in few words. He ordered the banquet which was in readiness to be served, and, amidst pomp and luxury, costly viands, and music and dancing, awaited the coming of his enemies, whom he had ordered to be admitted freely to his presence. He had just quaffed a goblet to the "Reign of pleasure and luxury," about to be inducted through his elevation, and a joyful shout had echoed his welcome toast, when the three partners and leaders of his crimes entered, followed at short interval by a crowd of electors, princes, bishops, and imperial troops, who filled the banquetting hall, to the terror of its former occupants.

John rose and advanced calmly towards them.

"You are welcome, companions, friends, and illustrious guests; I have prepared a fit welcome for this goodly company."

"Vain fool, thou art in our power. I deliver him thus into your hands," cried Matthias, turning from his victim to the electors.

"You are in mine, baffled traitor. Hark! that closing gate is the shutting you in your tomb."

And, as the clang of the brazen door was heard, flames burst in; the walls gave way with a tremendous crash; and, in the midst of cries, execrations, and taunts, the fire, from which there was no escape, gradually surrounded them in its fearful prison.

Ere, however, the hall was quite wrapped in flames, a female figure—wounded, crushed, gasping for breath—rushed wildly in, and clasping the dying Prophet in her arms, exclaimed—

"I come to die with thee! Heaven have mercy on my erring but repentant

son! My pardon, and a mother's blessing be on thee!"

One loud, awful crash—an explosion which shook the city—and all that was mortal was destroyed of the guilty, infatuated John of Leyden, the Prophet-King.

[Founded on M. Scribe's libretto, composed for M. Meyerbeer's opera of "Le Prophète."]

FOUR DAYS WITH THE FAMILY AT VIOLET COTTAGE.

THE FIRST DAY.

THE family at Violet Cottage! Let us describe them—the different members according to their rank and importance, as they appeared on the first day we introduce our readers. The principal person—yes, certainly, the head of the family—was a rather eccentric, middle-aged gentleman, who generally went on four legs, but sometimes stood only on two. He had been exceedingly handsome in his youth, but he was now rather inclined to obesity; his black eyes had grown rather dim, and his silken ringlets somewhat thin and faded. He was irascible in his temper, very dainty in his appetite, lazy in his habits, and generally rather an unpleasant companion than otherwise. Nevertheless, he was much petted, and constantly spoken of by his attendants as "a dear beautiful darling," "a sweet love," and other epithets more expressive of their affection than his merits.

The next in position was a lady—a rather demure matron, yet addicted to roaming at unseasonable hours, frequently, indeed, creating a disturbance, and provoking the ire of the gentleman above mentioned, by returning unexpectedly at late periods of the evening, or being discovered absent at inconvenient times from the family circle. She was particularly neat in her habits, and, consequently, apt to quarrel with that worthy individual when he seated himself beside her with the mud or dust unremoved from his boots, as he sometimes did, or usurped her especial sofa at a time when his coat had been for some days unbrushed. The ill-will between the pair was increased by the circumstance of his being an old bachelor, while she was the mother of a numerous

family; and his inattention to the comforts of her young offspring, and roughness in associating with them, exhibited in growls, snaps, and pushes, and sometimes carried even to the extent of driving them from their nursery altogether, and taking possession of it for his own accommodation, was resented by her with becoming dignity, worthy of the most devoted mother.

The third person we shall mention was

a foreign gentleman, addicted, like many other foreigners, to singularity in his attire; for while he habitually wore a suit of the plainest and soberest grey, which would not have disgraced a broad-brim, he sported a bright scarlet neckcloth, and had his otherwise grave raiment trimmed with the same gay colour. This gentleman was generally an inoffensive, quiet person enough, remaining almost constantly in



his own apartment, except during the morning and evening meals, at which he made a point of being present, and where, truth to tell, his behaviour was not very agreeable, as he had a habit of walking over the table-cloth, drinking out of other people's tea-cups, nibbling at loaves of bread, purloining eggs, and sundry other little eccentricities; not to mention that he always made known his wants in a very loud voice, and with a very peremptory manner, and demanded such continual attention, that it was a relief when he returned to his own apartment, where, as we have said, he remained tolerably quiet, until the tinkle of cups and saucers, or the

rattle of knives and forks, brought him forth again. The two remaining members of the family were also foreigners, and, like the last-mentioned gentleman, had apartments for their especial use; but from which, unlike him, they never stirred. They were persons of great musical talent, and devoted nearly their whole time to the cultivation and exercise of their powers. They were quiet, good-tempered, and gentle fellows enough, but perfectly helpless, and unable to provide for their own wants; they required constant attendance and care, and must, indeed, have perished of starvation had they not been regularly supplied by the assiduity of others.

These persons formed "the family at Violet Cottage;" but there were, of course, other residents — necessary attendants, care-takers, purveyors, domestic drudges, who must be noticed in a cursory manner.

The first of these, Miss Dorothy Critchley, or Miss Critchley, as she was generally called—a middle-aged lady, of dignified presence and imposing manner, rather methodical in her habits, and a little, a very little, dogmatical in her opinions—was housekeeper, treasurer, secretary, and general superintendent. The second, Miss Bridget Critchley, her sister, and a couple of years her junior, was especial waiting-woman, and fag in ordinary to the various persons described; and the third, Betty Jenkins, was general assistant both to "the family" and their attendants.

We shall now proceed to the "first day at Violet Cottage." The housekeeper, Miss Dorothy Critchley, has just come down, and, finding the old gentleman, whose name is, very inappropriately, Cupid, stretched on the sofa in an exceedingly cross humour, she calls to the attendant in a rather louder tone than she is accustomed to use; but the exigency of the occasion warrants a slight departure from decorum.

"Bridget!"

"Well, sister."

"If there is not dear Cupid, who has been all night without a bed! You must have forgotten to put down a pillow for him. Poor dear fellow, I am sure he must have taken cold; he's coughing again dreadfully. Really, sister, I do not mean to reproach, but there seems to be a sad want of that attention and forethought—that is, I mean there is a forgetfulness that I——"

"Oh, dear me! true enough, my dear sister," interrupts Miss Bridget. "I am indeed, as you say, very forgetful; I have been sadly careless. Was he obliged to lie on the sofa all night, and without a coverlet? And there's poor Minnie, too—Betty has been in such trouble about her; I am afraid we shall never be able to manage. Betty is just coming to tell you."

"If you please, ma'am," Betty commences, entering the room with assumed composure, but real excitement, from the fact of having already had several arguments on the subject on which she is about to speak. "If you please, ma'am, if you please, Miss Bridget, Minnie can't manage

the four kittens no more anyhow; they're growing too big. And there's Mrs. Martin, the baker's wife, ma'am, as could take one and thanks. She wants a cat so bad, and ours are such good mousers!"

"Well, I really don't know, Betty; poor Minnie, she would be so sorry to part with them!"

"If you please, ma'am, not at all—quite contrary, I may say. She's getting tired of them, and beats them off."

"How can you say so, Betty, when you know she is the most affectionate of mothers and——?"

"Begging pardon, ma'am, for differing with you, leastwise, for interrupting, I would not say it but that I see it. One can observe kittens without spectacles, and hear them without ear-trumpets too, I dare say. Also the remains of the custard pudding, which is gone, though I locked the pantry-door before I went to bed, and see it safe with my own eyes."

"I think, my dear sister, we really must consider the matter," said Miss Dorothy. "You may go down for the present, Betty; after breakfast Miss Bridget and I will consult what is best to be done."

The breakfast proceeds, but in a rather disturbed manner; for Mr. Cupid, in resentment for the neglect which doomed him to a damask sofa and no coverlet, instead of a down pillow and quilted overlay, makes himself particularly disagreeable, and demands attention in so rude a manner that Miss Bridget is obliged to leave her first cup of tea to get cold, while she empties the cream-ewer over some white bread for his refection. It takes some time even then before he can be coaxed to partake of the repast which he has demanded so peremptorily; and while both the ladies are engaged in the task of soothing his perturbed spirits, the foreign gentleman in the grey suit takes the opportunity of abstracting the entire yolk from the egg which Miss Dorothy has just broken, besides upsetting the slop-bowl over the plate of toast.

Miss Bridget having at length succeeded in her endeavours to restore the amiable Cupid's good-humour, prepares to replenish her own and her sister's tea-cup, when it is discovered that the cream which had been appropriated to that gentleman's breakfast was all that remained in the

house, Mrs. Minnie having purloined a large quantity during the night, to meet the demands of her growing progeny.

This state of things has to be remedied by sending Betty to the dairy, which, luckily, is not very far off; and the fresh supply having escaped the imminent risk of an overturn, caused by Betty's fainting on one of the hall chairs on her return, from having met a man "in a beastly state of intoxication" near the garden-gate (she being a person of exceedingly delicate susceptibilities), arrives in time to allow the Misses Critchley to finish their breakfast before the tea-pot has got quite cold. It has not been a very luxurious meal, however, Miss Dorothy having been able to rescue but one slice of the toast in an entable condition, and even that was rather tough; and Miss Bridget being fain to content herself with half a roll because it was too late to make any more. Still, Cupid had been made quite comfortable, and Poll had got an extra egg, so there was nothing to be complained of; and the breakfast-tray being at length removed, and Miss Bridget having attended to the wants of the two musicians who had been practising since daybreak, and Miss Dorothy superintended Cupid's bath, they were at liberty to consider the important business of the settlement of Minnie's family.

"I have been thinking, sister," said Miss Dorothy, arranging the skirt of her black silk gown in a more comfortable manner for Cupid to repose on, after that amiable individual had eaten himself into an agreeable state of indigestion. "I have been thinking——"

"And so have I, my dear sister," said Miss Bridget.

"If you would not interrupt, my dear," said Miss Dorothy, letting her right hand fall gracefully upon her knee, and thereby permitting one of the needles from her knitting to drop into Cupid's eye, at which he growled in a most threatening manner. "If you would not interrupt me, I say, I have been thinking, I believe Mrs. Martin has children?"

"Dear me, yes, of course she has," replied Miss Bridget, politely returning her sister's knitting needle, and patting Cupid, which attention he acknowledged by a howl. "Yes, of course."

"And I fear," continued Miss Dorothy,

"that is—I am apprehensive—I am rather inclined to think—in short, that they, being scarcely arrived at years of discretion, and perhaps but imperfectly educated, may not be sufficiently impressed with the duty of being kind to animals."

"Dear me, no, I suppose, of course not," said Miss Bridget.

"They are rather rude, in fact, I dare say," said Miss Dorothy.

"Indeed, I dare say they are, sister. I think I may say I am sure they are. One of them, the eldest I believe, was whipping a top in a very rude manner as I passed yesterday."

Whipping a top did not strike Miss Critchley as being an act exactly calculated to bring the offender within the power of the law established for the prevention of cruelty to animals; still, as it was probable that the boy who whipped a top might whip a kitten, Miss Bridget's argument had as good an effect as if the conclusion actually followed the premisses, and Miss Dorothy went on with increasing determination of purpose and stateliness of manner—

"Yes, certainly, they must, of course, be rather rough—they must want, in fact, that refinement and delicacy—they must be, I mean, rather boisterous, if I may so express myself, in their manners and amusements. Now, you are aware, poor Minnie's kitten has been always accustomed to be handled gently."

"Of course, my dear Dorothy."

"One could scarcely expect, you know, that they should practise the same tenderness, sister?"

"Oh, certainly not; not at all likely. I assure you, Bobby nearly struck me with a ball he was throwing the other day. I did not like to complain to Mrs. Martin, she is always so exceedingly civil; but it was rather unpleasant."

The possibility of Minnie's off-spring being used as a projectile flashed for a moment across Miss Dorothy's mind, and nearly prevented the necessity of further discussion; but the idea was too atrocious to be admitted long, so she continued—

"She has also been used to great cleanliness, you know, sister?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Miss Bridget.

"And although Mrs. Martin is a most excellent person, and, I have no doubt, a

good manager, and generally neat, and so forth—indeed, I have remarked that her caps are always well got-up, and that she brings the rolls in a most unexceptionable napkin—yet, altogether, I fear it would be impossible that where there is so large a family there could be that general neatness—I mean, that perfect cleanliness and order—in fact, the children, I mean, must be occasionally, I suppose, not what one would wish?”

“They make mud pies, sometimes, I think,” said Miss Bridget.

Miss Dorothy dropped her knitting again, to consider whether mud pies were ever consigned to the oven. or if, in case they were, it would be possible for a mischievous urchin to inclose a kitten in that article of pastry, after the manner of the “four-and-twenty blackbirds;” but not being able to recollect an instance of the sort which could be taken as a precedent, and being inclined to believe even the case of the baked blackbirds an invention, she again proceeded—

“I also fancy, my dear sister, these children may be very greedy; they can scarcely have been taught to lay a necessary restraint on their appetites.” So she decided to refuse Mrs. Martin’s offer.

Having come to this decision, another consultation (to which Betty was admitted), was necessary as to where she could be bestowed; which resulted at length in the last-mentioned lady being sent on a voyage of discovery to procure an eligible situation for the object of their solicitude. She set out upon her mission accordingly, and succeeded in finding a perfectly suitable place for Minnie’s eldest daughter, in the family of an old bachelor gentleman, whose housekeeper had promised to pay her every befitting attention.

The remainder of the afternoon was sufficiently occupied in capturing the young lady, and securing her in the basket in which she was to be conveyed to her destination; during the progress of which business Betty had to be recovered from two fainting fits; into the first of which she was thrown by the ungrateful conduct of Mrs. Minnie herself, who attempted to bite Miss Dorothy’s hand, while that lady was assisting to tie the cover of the basket—a proceeding which, as Betty said, actually “put her into the shivers,” and

was “enough to make any one hate cats for ever.” Her second exhibition of acrobatic ability was caused by the unpleasant conduct of the boy sent to fetch the traveller, who, being in the habit of practising various gymnastic exercises and feats of dexterity, twirled the basket round his head as he proceeded down the back garden walk, and then, sending it into the air like a sky rocket, caught it by the handle in its descent, just as the three females expected to see it come with a crash on the gravel walk. This last occurrence, indeed, so agitated all the party, that had the boy not promised solemnly to carry the basket for the remainder of the journey as carefully as if it had been a china tea-pot, Miss Dorothy would have insisted on the unwilling aeronaut being released forthwith, and carried back to her bed beside the dresser.

“I trust, dear Bridget,” said Miss Critchley, as she was proceeding with languid steps to her chamber at night, being, as she herself stated, “thoroughly worn out” by the labours and difficulties of the day; “I trust, my dear, you have not forgotten Cupid’s bed?”

“Oh, no, he is quite snug, you may be sure,” said Miss Bridget.

“It is quite a relief to be able to manage matters so satisfactorily, although I certainly am rather tired.”

“Indeed, I dare say, sister; but it certainly is, as you remark, a comfort to have everything so well arranged.”

“I have been thinking, my dear,” Miss Dorothy began again after a pause of some minutes, when they had reached their room—“I have been thinking, my dear, that Poll’s cage is very shabby.”

“Yes, indeed, my dear Dorothy.”

“And I was going to propose, that is, of course, if you approve; I was going to suggest, I mean, the propriety of getting a new one.”

“Of course, sister,” said the readily-acquiescing Miss Bridget.

“I should prefer—that is, I am sure we should both like to have it—a handsome one.”

“Oh, no doubt.”

“We may, therefore, I think, write to order it to-morrow, sister?”

“Yes, to be sure,” said Miss Bridget.

“Really, we have so many things to

think of," said Miss Dorothy after another fit of musing, "that I had nearly forgotten one I intended to mention to you; I think," she added, "Betty is certainly a very good servant."

"Indeed, she certainly is," replied Miss Bridget with an eager confirmation, beyond even her usual unhesitating acquiescence in all her sister's opinions or propositions.

"I was intending, but I wished to consult you, sister, to make her a present of my last summer's lilac and green dress—it is very good—and purchase a checked silk for myself."

"Of course, sister."

"And perhaps, my dear, you might give her your white shawl, which is a little soiled; a mantilla would be more fashionable now, I think."

"To be sure, my dear Dorothy, with the greatest pleasure," replied Miss Bridget with ready generosity. "Indeed I am very fond of Betty," added the good lady in the kindness and simplicity of her soul; and then looking rather confused at having indulged in and expressed a feeling unsuggested by her sister. And having thus arranged all their domestic concerns, the Misses Critchley betook themselves to repose.

THE SECOND DAY

The morning dawned on the second day at Violet Cottage; and the morning was, indeed, rather advanced before Betty was "about," for she was tired after her long walk of the previous day; so that Miss Dorothy and Miss Bridget were both down before she had made the "kettle boil." It was not, certainly, very late, being only half-past six, but they were usually very early people at the Cottage.

The family were all happily recovered from the excitement which had prevailed; Cupid, having enjoyed an excellent night's rest on his accustomed couch, was perfectly amiable; Mrs. Minnie, having been relieved from some of her maternal anxieties and recovered from the pain of parting, was enjoying the youthful gambols of her remaining offspring; the grey-coated foreigner was indulging himself with a little gentle exercise in his swing, and seemingly indifferent to the probable delay of breakfast; the other gentlemen were practising a soothing and harmonious melody, quite

different to the series of runs, and shakes, and bangs, in which they sometimes indulged when excited; and, altogether, the whole household was completely, as Miss Dorothy said, "delightful."

Alas! for human, or even for canine, or feline anticipation. Alas! for Cupid's silken slumbers, and Mrs. Minnie's unpunished depredations; for Poli's unchecked rambles, and the musicians' uninterrupted vocalization. Little did any member of the "family" think how soon the entire economy of his or her comfort was to be deranged; little did the self-sacrificing attendants deem what an accession of work one additional member, to be received that day into "the cottage," was to bring. Unconscious Miss Dorothy had just finished reading the morning chapter in the large old Bible, and was gently stirring the yet smoky fire to coax it into "clearing" for the toast, and Miss Bridget was herself setting out the breakfast, when Betty, who had been to answer a ring at the bell of the back garden gate, made her appearance with a fluttered manner and a frightened face.

"If you please, ma'am, oh! if you please, Miss Bridget—if you'd be so kind, ladies, as to let me have the least taste of sal-

"What is the matter, Betty? you really must not give way in this manner," said Miss Dorothy, "it quite unnerves me." This remonstrance, by the way, had been daily, nay, almost hourly, addressed to Betty for the last ten years without any visible effect. Betty always grew dignified in proportion to Miss Critchley's stateliness, so she remained for a few moments silent, and drank the sal-volatile which Miss Bridget handed to her with interesting deliberation before she replied—

"If you please, ma'am, it's quite impossible to control one's feelings at all times, more especially under circumstances, as one may say" (she was apt to imitate Miss Dorothy's style occasionally), "under circumstances that—If you please, ma'am, and Miss Bridget, THERE'S A BABY!"

"A what?" said Miss Dorothy.

"A what?" said Miss Bridget.

"A baby," repeated Betty.

"Where?" cried Miss Dorothy.

"Where?" echoed Miss Bridget.

"If you please, ma'am, just inside of our back garden gate!"

It was scarcely to be supposed that a baby inside any gate or door belonging to the Misses Critchley could have been a matter of pleasure; but annoyance was lost in amazement.

"Goodness!" said Miss Dorothy.

"Gracious!" said Miss Bridget.

"Begging your pardon, ladies, I don't think it is goodness at all; and I am sure they had little grace that left it there," said Betty, her agitation giving place to indignation, "as if there wasn't another gate in the parish indeed!"

"What is to be done, sister?" said Miss Dorothy, startled into a straightforward question.

"What is to be done?" repeated Miss Bridget.

"I really think, sister, we might—that is, we ought, perhaps—you would have no objection. I mean—and the morning is cold for a Spring morning. Maybe it had better be brought in."

"Oh, for the matter of that, ma'am, please," said Betty, in increasing ill-temper, "it's brought in."

"Oh!" said Miss Dorothy.

"Oh!" said Miss Bridget.

"It was lying, ma'am," said Betty, recovering her volubility, "a-just inside of our back garden gate, in a pink frock, on the violet bed, and wrapped in a check shawl, blue and crimson; which I was opening of the gate for Mrs. Martin, who was a-coming with rolls; and I heard a cry, and fell, if you please, right up against the door-sill; and Mrs. Martin, she let fall the rolls, which the butcher's dog, as he was passing, ran away with three; and, if you please, Mrs. Martin has it in her lap; and there isn't a roll left for breakfast but two as the dog put his teeth through."

The "baby" lay in Mrs. Martin's comfortable lap; the half-eaten rolls were carelessly thrown on the kitchen table; Mrs. Minnie was mewling, unheeded, for her morning saucer of milk; Cupid, who had followed the ladies to the kitchen, was growling most plaintively, without eliciting an endearing word; and a sharp, clanging sound from the parlour gave notice that the foreign gentleman was endeavouring to force the door of his apartment, furious at the neglect which had left him a prisoner.

Here was a *bouleversement* at Violet Cottage! Here was a state of affairs in the family! Betty and the two ladies stood looking at the "mysterious arrival;" while Mrs. Martin repeated the former statement of the "violet bank," the unwonted "cry," the "pink frock," the "shawl," the "butcher's dog," and the "devoured rolls."

That there must be some decided step taken in this new aspect of affairs, was becoming dimly perceptible to Miss Dorothy's mind; but what it was to be was a difficult question; and she remained silent until another cry from the baby enforced the necessity of speaking.

"Something ought to be done," said she.

"Certainly," said Miss Bridget.

"Perhaps Mrs. Martin——" hesitated Dorothy.

"Yes, of course, Mrs. Martin," said Miss Bridget.

"Just what we would do at *present*, Mrs. Martin," said Miss Dorothy; intimating, by the emphasis, that it was merely the suddenness of the call on her judgment which rendered it necessary for her to apply for advice, "just immediately, you know."

"Yes, just immediately, Mrs. Martin," said Miss Bridget.

"La ladies! feed it, to be sure," said Mrs. Martin; "feed it, to be sure."

It had never occurred to the Misses Critchley that such a thing could be necessary; but Mrs. Martin knew, by experience, the appetites of such "members of the family."

"It must be hungry, of course," said the worthy dame.

"Dear me, who could have supposed it?" said Miss Dorothy.

"Hunger is a shocking thing," mildly declared Miss Bridget.

"Dear! Yes, of course, my dear sister," said Miss Dorothy, in a sort of stately surprise at Miss Bridget's presumption; "we scarcely, I think, need be informed on that point, although, happily, we—that is, we have reason for much thankfulness—I mean, my dear; and Miss Dorothy's happiness and thankfulness propelled the good lady's feelings towards the "singular event" in the pink frock and checked shawl, "it would be better, perhaps, to inquire with what it is to be fed."

"Have you never a drop of milk, ladies?" said Mrs. Martin.

"Yes, certainly; Betty, pray fetch some milk," said Miss Dorothy; "or, perhaps, my dear, you would be so kind," turning to Miss Bridget. "I did not intend to say anything harsh, my dear Bridget," she added, as that lady handed the pan of genuine country milk, showing a rich covering of pale cream.

"If you please, ma'am, there isn't but that pan of milk in the house, ma'am," put in Betty; "Minnie, ma'am, she got into the pantry again last night; and the kittens haven't had any breakfast, and Cupid, ma'am; besides cream for the parlour, and——"

"I really think, sister——" said Miss Dorothy.

"Of course, Dorothy," replied her sister.

"Minnie has had more than a pint already, you know, my dear."

"Certainly, sister," said Miss Bridget.

"And as to Cupid—Betty, perhaps, could boil the chicken bones; he likes broth, I am sure, and——"

"No doubt, sister," said Miss Bridget.

"And as Mrs. Martin considers that milk is the best thing——"

"Oh, to be sure, Dorothy."

"If you please, ma'am, it isn't skimmed," said Betty.

"The cream is the very thing, ladies," said Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, the poor dear!" said Miss Dorothy.

"The sweet little love!" said Miss Bridget.

"And some loaf-sugar, if you please, ladies," said Mrs. Martin.

So the prospect of doing without cream for breakfast having perfectly reconciled the ladies to the "extraordinary circumstance," Mrs. Martin undertook to administer the baby's first meal in Violet Cottage—a fortunate thing for the recipient, as it must infallibly have been choked had Betty or either of the Misses Critchley attempted the operation. But the baker's wife had quite a "knack" (no wonder, she had had pretty good practice), as Miss Dorothy declared, of getting the food down the throat; so, having given it a sufficiency for the present, and endeavoured to make Miss Dorothy understand that it was not to be fed every time it cried, she deposited

it, warmly wrapped in that lady's own new flannel dressing-gown, in a temporary cradle, which Miss Bridget, without any prompting, had improvised out of her own bed-pillows and an old clothes-basket; and as she went down the back garden walk she looked back and apostrophised the inhabitants of Violet Cottage, with a smile on her comely face, "Well, God bless them! they take to the baby as naturally as can be, after all. They're good old souls, I think, though I said, only yesterday, they cared for nothing but cats, and dogs, and parrots. I hope the rolls aren't all sold. I'll send Jim over with the nicest in the shop for their breakfast, and not put them in the bill neither. I wonder who the child belongs to; leastways, who left it there?"

The baby behaved so well that it did not cry once until after the Misses Critchley had quite done breakfast, and Miss Critchley had attended to the wants of every member of the family; and then she was quite ready to try her skill in a new sphere. In a short time the baby was washed and dressed and made quite a new creature, when it continued to eat and sleep during the day, much to its own and the Misses Critchley's satisfaction, who were so occupied by the recurring duties attendant thereupon, that they failed, I am sorry to say, a little in their usual vigilant attention to their "family," in consequence of which, one of Mrs. Minnie's remaining kittens, finding her natural protectors neglectful of the duty of providing her a suitable establishment, and warned, probably, by the quantity of milk consumed by baby, that that fluid would not be as plentiful in the feline nursery department as heretofore, disposed of herself by eloping through the front garden gate, where she was immediately caught up by an old laundress returning from her work, who was just (as she said herself) eaten alive with mice. And that same evening, while Miss Bridget and Betty were searching every nook in the house for "the very prettiest of all Minnie's kittens," she was bemoaning her premature proceeding in the coldest and darkest corner of the garret, where poor Mrs. Green and her "poor fatherless children" were sleeping off the recollection of hard work and hard fare.

Having at length acknowledged that

further search was useless, the Misses Critchley retired to rest on this eventful day; and we must again violate the sanctity of their maiden chamber in order to give our readers their latest conversation before they sought repose.

"I think, my dear sister," began Miss Dorothy in her usual manner.

"After being domesticated in our family, becoming attached, as it were, to the domestic circle—at least," continued Miss Dorothy, being rather dubious herself as to the amount of attachment, "at least, after having partaken of the comforts associated with kindness and refinement, it would be unpleasant—I mean disagreeable, and perhaps particularly so to our feelings. In short, I do not like the workhouse."

Miss Bridget had no reason to suppose that her sister had ever contemplated a residence in that cheerless abode; but, not having courage enough to ask a question, responded, as usual, "Of course not, sister."

"I believe, I really do believe they feed babies there on stirabout," said Miss Dorothy.

"I believe, my dear," said Miss Dorothy; "I may be mistaken, but I believe stirabout is made from oatmeal."

Miss Bridget being silent after this remark, her sister went on—

"There are other considerations, also, my dear sister; and really, as I have said, if you see no objection—I mean, if you are quite of my opinion—in short, perhaps it may as well stay here."

"Certainly, my dear Dorothy," replied Miss Bridget.

"It is not very troublesome," said Miss Dorothy.

"Not at all," eagerly acquiesced Miss Bridget; who would, indeed, have undertaken the care of a young alligator, if only her sister wished it, and the task required sufficient self-sacrifice to satisfy the really generous impulses of her nature.

"And, I think, if you also approve—if you wish it, I mean—"

"Of course," said Miss Bridget.

"If you have no objection," continued Miss Dorothy, not noticing the interruption this time, "we might call her—it would be appropriate, you know, being found on a violet bed—and our dear home—the season, also—and her eyes are so blue—we might call her Violet."

"To be sure, Dorothy," said Miss Bridget.

"And I think also," said Miss Dorothy, speaking without circumlocution now that she was fairly afloat—quite in for it, as we may say—"I think we must purchase a cradle."

"Of course, sister."

"And as one suit of clothes will scarcely last very long I should think, perhaps we had better employ Mrs. Siny to prepare a supply."

"Certainly, sister."

"Those things will not be very expensive, I dare say."

"Oh, not at all, sister."

"And even if they should be, my dear, why, you know, I could dispense with—that is, I could postpone the purchase of—a new silk for myself."

"And I could do without a mantilla," replied Miss Bridget, too glad to do without something.

"We must give Betty the presents we spoke of, though," said Miss Critchley.

"Oh, of course."

"Because, if we still found it necessary to retrench—to economize—we might—for a little time. I mean—we might put off the purchase of Poll's new cage."

"No doubt," said Miss Bridget, not quite heartily, for she was not accustomed to sacrifice any comfort but her own; however, there was a long prospect of other mantillas being relinquished to purchase other frocks, and she was reconciled.

"Mrs. Martin is really a respectable person," said Miss Dorothy, after a few minutes' pause in the conversation.

"Very respectable, indeed."

"She really evinced great kindness this morning; and a manner superior to what—I mean, above anything we could have expected."

"Certainly, sister."

"So that I think we might—she could be taught to comprehend our feelings and wishes—if you do not perceive any objection, I really think we might let her have one of Minnie's kittens."

"Of course, Dorothy."

And the Misses Critchley, having taken a parting peep into the clothes-basket, retired to such rest as it was possible they should enjoy, consistent with a due attention to the wants of the new "member of the family."

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

Cow-pox, properly speaking, is an artificial disease, established in a healthy body as a prophylactic, or preventive against the more serious attack of small-pox, and is merely that chain of slight febrile symptoms and local irritation, consequent on the specific action of the lymph of the vaccination, in its action on the circulating system of the body. This is not the place to speak of the benefits conferred on mankind by the discovery of vaccination, not only as the preserver of the human features from a most loathsome disfigurement, but as a sanitary agent in the prolongation of life.

Fortunately the State has now made it imperative on all parents to have their children vaccinated before, or by the end of, the twelfth week, thus doing away, as far as possible, with the danger to public health, proceeding from the ignorance or prejudice of those parents whose want of information on the subject makes them object to the employment of this specific preventive; for though vaccination has been proved *not* to be *always* an infallible guard against small-pox, the attack is always much lighter, should it occur, and is seldom, if indeed ever, fatal after the precaution of vaccination. The best time to vaccinate a child is after the sixth and before the twelfth week, if it is in perfect health, but still earlier if small-pox is prevalent, and any danger exists of the infant taking the disease. It is customary, and always advisable, to give the child a mild aperient powder one or two days before inserting the lymph in the arm; and should measles, scarlet fever, or any other disease arise during the progress of the pustule, the child, when recovered, should be *re-vaccinated*, and the lymph on no account used for vaccinating purposes.

The disease of cow-pox generally takes twenty days to complete its course; in other words, the maturity and declension of the pustule take that time to fulfil its several changes. The mode of vaccination is either to insert the matter, or lymph, taken from a healthy child, under the

cuticle in several places on both arms, or, which is still better, to make three slight scratches, or abrasions, with a lancet on one arm in this manner, " " and work into the irritated parts the lymph, allowing the arm to dry thoroughly before putting down the infant's sleeve; by this means absorption is insured, and the unnecessary pain of several pustules on both arms avoided. No apparent change is observable by the eye for several days, indeed, not till the fourth, in many cases, is there any evidence of a vesicle; about the fifth day, however, a pink areola, or circle, is observed round one or all of the places, surrounding a small pearly vesicle or bladder. This goes on deepening in hue till the seventh or eighth day, when the vesicle is about an inch in diameter, with a depressed centre; on the ninth the edges are elevated, and the surrounding part hard and inflamed. The disease is now at its height, and the pustule should be opened, if not for the purpose of vaccinating other children, to allow the escape of the lymph, and subdue the inflammatory action. After the twelfth day the centre is covered by a brown scab, and the colour of the swelling becomes darker, gradually declining in hardness and colour till the twentieth, when the scab falls off, leaving a small pit, or cicatrix, to mark the seat of the disease, and for life prove a certificate of successful vaccination.

In some children the inflammation and swelling of the arm is excessive, and extremely painful, and the fever, about the ninth or tenth day, very high; the pustule, therefore, at that time, should be always opened, the arm fomented every two hours with a warm bread poultice, and an aperient powder given to the infant.

SMALL-POX.

There are few diseases more dreaded by mothers than this loathsome and repulsive eruptive fever; but, dangerous and formidable as it is, strict attention to cleanliness, keeping the patient cool, shutting out excessive light, the avoidance of noise, and the following treatment, with judicious nursing, will not only make the worst form of it manageable, but insure for the patient the largest moral certainty of cure.

Small-pox, measles, and scarlet fever have each, independently of their separate

symptoms, a distinctive set of symptoms, or characters, that always distinguish the one from the other, and infallibly indicate the disease.

Thus, in small-pox, the eruption takes place on the *fourth day*, and is preceded and attended throughout by nausea or sickness; *vomiting*, or an irritable state of the stomach, being the characteristic of this disease, as the *running* at the eyes and difficulty of breathing are of measles, and *sore throat* and the *speckled appearance of the tongue* of scarlet fever.

We beg to impress the above distinctive facts on the memory of all mothers, as a means of at once enabling any careful observer to define the actual nature of the disease with which the child is attacked, when taken into consideration with the general symptoms of inflammatory or febrile action that concurrently present themselves with one or the other of the above indications.

Small-pox is divided into two forms, the *distinct* and the *confluent*.

The *distinct* is the mildest form of the disease, and the *confluent* the most severe and dangerous; and though it not unfrequently happens that, from some accidental cause, as mismanagement, exposure to sudden draughts of cold air, or owing to the natural weakness of the child and the severity of some particular symptom, the *distinct* may be suddenly converted into the *confluent*, yet, as a general rule, the *confluent* shows its character from the beginning, and may be anticipated rather as a positive than an accidentally-acquired disease.

Symptoms.—Shivering, thirst, and headache, with nausea or sickness, usually commence the chain of morbid actions, succeeded by heat of the skin, intolerance of light, restlessness, great heat of body, full, quick pulse, pain in the back and over the stomach. The eyes are red, and the tongue covered with a thick, white fur. In weakly children convulsions may occur at this stage, especially if the disease is likely to become *confluent*. A general tumescence of the features, chiefly about the eyelids, is also observable. On the fourth day the eruption manifests itself, at first, like the other eruptive diseases, on the face and neck, gradually extending over the whole

body, so as frequently not to leave an inch of skin without its distinctive papilla.

The eruption in small-pox has three distinctive forms or stages in its progress towards maturity.

First, the *papillary*, when the rash appears like small, red pimples, in which state it continues from the fourth day, on which it shows itself, to the sixth, gradually increasing in size, when the second stage is reached. The *papillæ*, or pimples, now assume a *vascular appearance*, resembling small bladders, filled with a transparent fluid, with a red margin round each vesicle. On the eighth or ninth day the third and last stage is arrived at. The vesicles, which have now lost their globular shape, and have become *pustular*, are filled with a yellow matter, or pus, with a central depression in each, while the *areola* has become deeper, and more raised or defined.

The *puffiness* or *tumescence* of the features has at the same time gradually increased, and, in severe cases, swells the head to an enormous size. About the twelfth day from the commencement of the disease, and the eighth from the eruption, the pustules begin to break, and gradually to dry up, and in four, five, to six days later commence peeling off, and the other symptoms subsiding, convalescence usually sets in. Such are the characters and such the progress of the mild or *distinct* small-pox.

CONFLUENT, or severe small-pox.—The eruptive fever in this form is more intense from the first, and the secondary fever, that attends its several stages, more grave, generally assuming a typhoid character. The severe, or *confluent* small-pox, is derived from the Latin words *con* and *fluo*, to flow together; because several pustules run into one, forming large patches, in some cases as broad as a shilling or a florin. This form of the disease is marked from the first by the increased severity of every symptom, especially the vomiting and pain over the stomach, occasional convulsions, and great aversion to light and noise. In the second stage of the eruption, when the vesicles are changing into the pustular form, the confluence takes place, and the inflammatory action of the skin being very great, several vesicles converge and blend themselves into one pustule.

Treatment.—Both forms of small-pox—

the distinct and confluent—demand the same treatment, unless some particular symptom, becoming more intense than usual, calls for a special deviation to meet the urgency of the affected part. From the great heat and inflammatory state of the skin all through this disease, diaphoretics, or medicines to promote sweating, are, as a general rule, contra-indicated—that is, must not be employed.

The first step to be adopted, with child or adult, is to empty the stomach by a strong emetic, and in men or women of robust constitutions this should be followed by bleeding to the extent of eight or ten ounces. For children the best emetic is an equal mixture of antimonial and ipecacuanha wines—say, two drachms of each. Of this give an infant of from one to two years, a *teaspoonful*, following it by as much warm water as the child can be induced to take. If in ten minutes the patient does not vomit freely, or not at all, repeat the same dose, and, after it, a little more water. To patients from two to six years old give a *dessertspoonful*, repeated, if necessary, at the same time and in the same way. Above that age, and to twelve years, give a *tablespoonful* of the emetic wines, and in the same manner as to the others.

If, after the second dose, vomiting is not produced in ten minutes, the finger, or feathery part of a quill, should be passed over the back of the tongue, when instant vomiting will ensue. In half an hour after the action of the emetic sponge the body with tepid water, and give one of the following powders every four hours, and a dose varying, according to age, from a tea to a *tablespoonful* of the saline mixture every two hours.

Purgative powders.—Take of jalap, powdered, two scruples; cream of tartar, ten grains; calomel, twelve grains. Mix well, and divide into *twelve* powders for children from one to three years; into *nine* for those from three to five; into *eight* from five to eight; and into *six* from eight to twelve years.

Saline mixture.—Take of Rochelle salts, commonly known as the tartarate of potass and soda, one ounce; Epsom salts, half an ounce; dissolve in six ounces of mint-water, and add three drachms of ipecacuanha wine. Mix.

To quench the thirst, let the patient have barley-water to drink, acidulated with the juice of an orange, and given in *teaspoonfuls* frequently, or to infants in proportions of a *tablespoonful*.

At the period when the eruption is maturing, or passing from the vesicle to the pustule, it is sometimes necessary in weakly constitutions to assist the change by giving a little wine or beef tea. From the first attack, the room should be kept darkened, and particularly cool, either by a small fire, for ventilation, or sprinkling the floor frequently with vinegar and water, or by the use of the chloride of lime.

To avoid the unseemly consequences of small-pox, such as pits and scars, which are caused by the conversion into pus of the fatty tissue below the cuticle, many plans have been suggested, but the course we have invariably adopted, and with success, is the application of lunar caustic, which, if prepared as directed below, and each vesicle touched with a camel's-hair pencil dipped in the lotion, will prevent the suppuration and insure success. The proper time to apply the lotion is in the second stage of the eruption, when the vesicles are filled with a transparent fluid. Before that time, it would be useless, and after suppuration has set in, ineffective.

Lotion to prevent pitting in small-pox.—Take of nitrate of silver, two grains; rose-water, one ounce—dissolve. Let every vesicle on the face, neck, and bosom be touched with a brush wetted in this lotion. Each spot, as it dries, will become black, but that, of course, will peel off with the eruption at the proper time.

When the eruption begins to dry up, the puddings and farinaceous food, on which in the early stage the patient should be fed, may give place to a more generous diet, though if secondary fever should supervene, as it sometimes does at this crisis, they must be stopped, and the saline mixture again resorted to. As soon as the greater part of the scales and dead cuticle fall off, wash the face frequently with elderflower-water, and in the convalescent stage give quinine in small doses, thus:—Dissolve five grains of quinine in two ounces of water, with five drops of diluted sulphuric acid. Mix, and give from ten to thirty drops three times a-day, in a little water or wine, according to the age.

The most frequent sequelæ, or diseases that follow small pox, are inflammation of the white coat of the eye, swelling and inflammation of the glands of the neck, and abscesses or boils on different parts of the body.

For the first, bathe the eyes ~~twice a day~~ with a lotion made by dissolving two grains of white vitriol or sulphate of zinc in an ounce of rose-water, or if made in quantity, twelve grains to six ounces. For the second, endeavour to dissipate the swelling by rubbing the glands of the neck with an embrocation made by dissolving by the heat of an oven two drachms of camphor, cut small, in two ounces of sweet oil; and for the third, poultice the boils with linseed meal frequently. The diet must also be good and stimulating, and as much exercise taken as is consistent with the age of the patient and the nature of the affection.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Mix a quart of new milk with eight well-beaten eggs, strain the mixture through a fine sieve, and sweeten it with from five to eight ounces of sugar, according to taste; add a small pinch of salt, and pour the custard into a deep dish, with or without a lining or rim of paste, grate nutmeg or lemon-rind over the top, and bake it in a very slow oven.

VERY RICH SHORT CRUST FOR TARTS.—Bake lightly, with the least possible handling, six ounces of butter with eight of flour; add a dessert-spoonful of pounded sugar and two or three of water; roll the paste for several minutes, and blend the ingredients well, folding it together like puff crust, and touch it as little as possible.

SODA CAKE.—Half a pound of loaf sugar, half a pound of flour, and half a pound of ground rice mixed altogether; add two eggs, a teacup of milk, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub in half a pound of butter, and well work it with the hand, and bake immediately.

VERY GOOD OLD-FASHIONED BOILED CUSTARD.—Throw into a pint and a half of new milk the very thin rind of a fresh lemon, and let it infuse for half an hour, then simmer them together for a few minutes, and add four ounces and a half of white sugar. Beat thoroughly eight fresh eggs, mix with them another half-pint of new milk; stir the boiling milk quickly to them, take out the lemon-peel, and turn the custard into a deep jug; set this over the fire in a pan of boiling water, and keep the custard stirred gently, but without ceasing, until it begins to thicken, then move the spoon rather more quickly, making it always touch the bottom of the jug, until the mixture is brought to the point of boiling, when it must be instantly taken from the fire, or it will curdle in a moment. Pour it into a bowl, and keep it stirred until nearly cold, then add to it

by degrees, a wine-glassful of good brandy and two ounces of blanched almonds, cut into spikes; or omit these at pleasure. A few bitter ones, bruised, can be boiled in the milk instead of lemon-peel, when their flavour is preferred.

EGG CHEESE-CAKE.—Six eggs, boiled hard, which rub through a sieve with a quarter of a pound of butter; add a quarter of a pound of sugar, one lemon-juice and rind (grated), nutmeg and nutmeg to taste. A few currants are an improvement.

RHUBARB JAM.—To every pound of rhubarb add one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar, let the rhubarb boil gently quite an hour before the sugar is put in, and then well boil altogether for half an hour or more, until it nicely thickens.

CHERRY JELLY.—Have three-quarters of a pound of ripe red cherries, take the stones out, put them with the cherries into a basin, pour over them, boiling hot, a syrup made with a pint of water and five ounces of lump sugar; let them stand two or three hours, stirring gently once or twice, strain carefully through a muslin bag, taking care not to make the juice thick. Pour half of it over three-quarters of an ounce of Nelson's isinglass, let it dissolve and just boil, then mix it with the remaining juice; add a little citric acid, which gives it a beautiful colour.

ORANGE CREAM.—Put into a stewpan one ounce of Nelson's isinglass, with the juice of six large oranges and one lemon, add sugar to your taste, rub some of the lumps on the peel of the oranges, add as much water as will make it up to a pint and a half, boil, strain through a muslin bag; when cold, beat up with it half a pint of thick cream; put into a mould. In hot weather add more isinglass.

APPLE CREAM.—Put into a pan twelve tablespoonfuls of the pulp of baked apples, the whiter the better, the same proportion of cream, beat well together with a pint and a quarter of lemon jelly, made with one ounce and a quarter of Nelson's gelatine. Lemon juice, peel, and sugar to taste. Clear the jelly with white of egg.

PORTUGAL CAKE.—Half a pound of butter, three eggs, leaving out one white, work it well with your hands for half an hour, till the eggs are smoothly mixed; add half a pound of sugar sifted, half a pound of flour dried, half a pound of currants; mix the above ingredients well together, butter the pans, which should be small, bake them in a quick oven.

HERODOTUS'S PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of beat figs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of brown sugar; mince the figs and suet very nicely, a little salt, two eggs, well beaten, nutmeg to your taste; boil in a mould four hours. Serve with wine-sauce.

BAKED PUDDING.—Butter a suitable dish, the lay a slice of baker's bread, then shred beef suet and a few currants, until you have sufficient. Then take three eggs, a pint of new milk, a little nutmeg, essence of lemon, and sugar, beat them well together, and an hour will bake it. Add little pastry round the dish.

TRIFLE PUDDING.—Three tablespoonfuls of treacle, one of flour, and a little ground gince mix all together; line a basin with paste, spread some of the mixture on with a spoon, then put a layer of paste with the mixture spread over until the basin is full. Either baked or boiled very good.



THE FASHIONS

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE inventive genius of fashion allows no idleness in those who follow out her decrees, and we therefore proceed to notice such changes as have arisen during the past month.

In our last number we brought before the notice of the readers of this journal the Raphael body, which will, from its own merits, and a sort of classical prejudice in its favour, probably enjoy a longer reign of popularity than is usually accorded to any ordinary style. We this month

offer to their consideration the last promenade dress received from Paris, which we trust will prove equally acceptable.

Plain silks are now preferred for this purpose in the French capital. These are made with two skirts trimmed with a vandyke of quilled ribbon, the turning of each point being finished with a small tassel. The sleeve is full, and closed at the cuff, having puffings at the top, and a rail beneath the bust, all with the same quilled ribbon

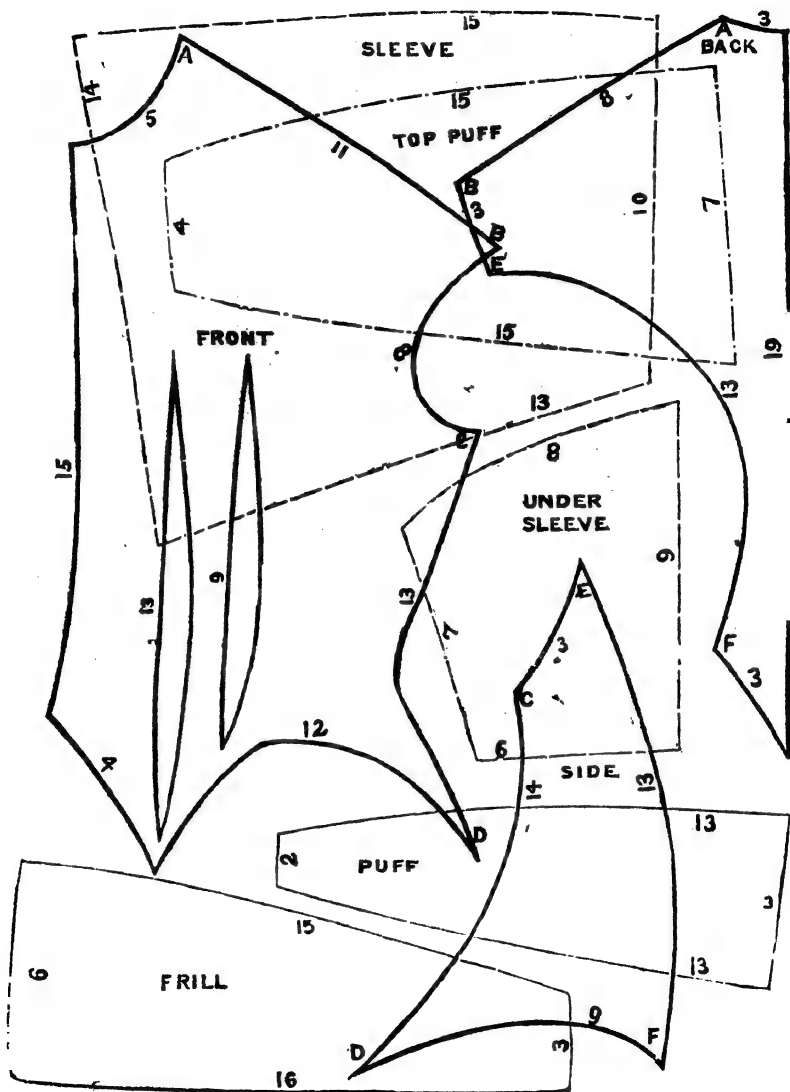


DIAGRAM OF PROMENADE DRESS.

carried round. The body is high, with five points; one behind, two in front, and one under each arm. This body has one peculiarity which ought not to be overlooked. In the front it is full at the shoulders, the back being plain. Quillings of the same ribbon are placed in a slanting direction up the front of the body, each point being finished with a tassel. The colour of the silk admits of some variety; grey trimmed with black is in excellent taste; but black trimmed with *grossette* or orange is much approved.

The mantle for the new year, intended not to supersede the *Pardessus*, but to succeed it when the weather allows of a lighter wrapping, is an elegant novelty called the *Pélerine-Cardinale*. In this the *Pélerine*, finishing with a point both at the back and the front, becomes the body of the mantle, which is sometimes plaited in, and sometimes plain behind. It can be made in light cloth, although velvet, black satin, or silk the colour of the dress with which it is to be worn, are its more especial materials.

In bonnets the shape goes on enlarging; projecting over the face, but receding at the sides. Two colours of velvet in the same bonnet are still worn, and will continue to be so, until the spring shall supersede the winter fashion. A new and lovely colour is putting in claims to favour with great success. It is of a lighter tone than the *grossette*, having in it more of the exquisite blue-bloom of the violet plum. This, mingled with black velvet, produces an admirable effect; thus, the front of the bonnet is formed of a broad band of the coloured velvet, the crown being of the black. There are two curtains, the under one black, the upper one coloured, set on with a plaiting. The sole but distinguished trimming of this bonnet consists of a couple of feathers, which are adjusted in a peculiar manner to fall over the crown, which they almost conceal.

One of the prettiest ball dresses of the season is of black Brussels net, having three skirts, the upper one being looped up with gold wheat ears, with a bunch of the same in the centre of the body, which has a *berthe*, formed of folds deep in the front but narrow at the shoulder, where it is confined by a bow of deep rose-coloured ribbon, from which depend the winged sleeves, which descend as low as the depth of the first skirt. Under these are short sleeves, formed of either one or two puffs. This is to be worn over a silk skirt.

The *Cashe-peigne* is still the favourite ornament for the hair, made of various materials. The hollow gold bead, the imitation pearl, gold mingled with black beads, form the most novel sorts, and are extremely elegant.

THE WORK-TABLE.

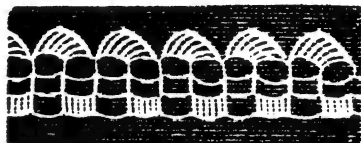
EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

HONITON LACE SLEEVE.

WHAT very inexpensive and simple implements are a needle and a little cotton! and yet by their means, united with industry and taste, what exquisite productions are accomplished, even to imitate which, costly machinery is necessary, and man's mind overtaxed to invent and arrange the complication of countless wheels and bars, before an inch of the commonest imitation lace can be manufactured, or the smallest portion of the

cheapest carpet or damask can be produced. Has not female industry and ingenuity been the foundation of England's most important manufactures? Laces, carpets, all floral designs in weaving, all the beautiful productions of embossed and stamped cardboards and papers, have sprung from, and been suggested by, embroidery and lace work. Up to the present moment, the lightest occupation of a lady's leisure hours is taken advantage of as an article to be copied by the machinery of the manufacturer, and woven crochet may now be seen in every window. We think this is very complimentary to feminine industry, and a great encouragement, as the original article is always much more valuable than any imitation, however good it may be.

We give this month a genuine design of Honiton lace, which can be worked to produce a very elegant effect. It is intended for a sleeve. A very fine clear muslin must be selected, on which is traced the outline in cotton. It is then very



neatly and carefully sewn over. The centres of the flowers are to be filled in with a variety of lace stitches, which add very much to the lacy appearance of the work. Wherever any portion of the pattern does not unite to the next, it must be attached by the Venetian Bar. The intermediate muslin is all cut away, leaving the design clear. The best cottons for this work are Nos. 24 and 30 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionne, and No. 30 Boar's Head Crochet for the lace stitches.

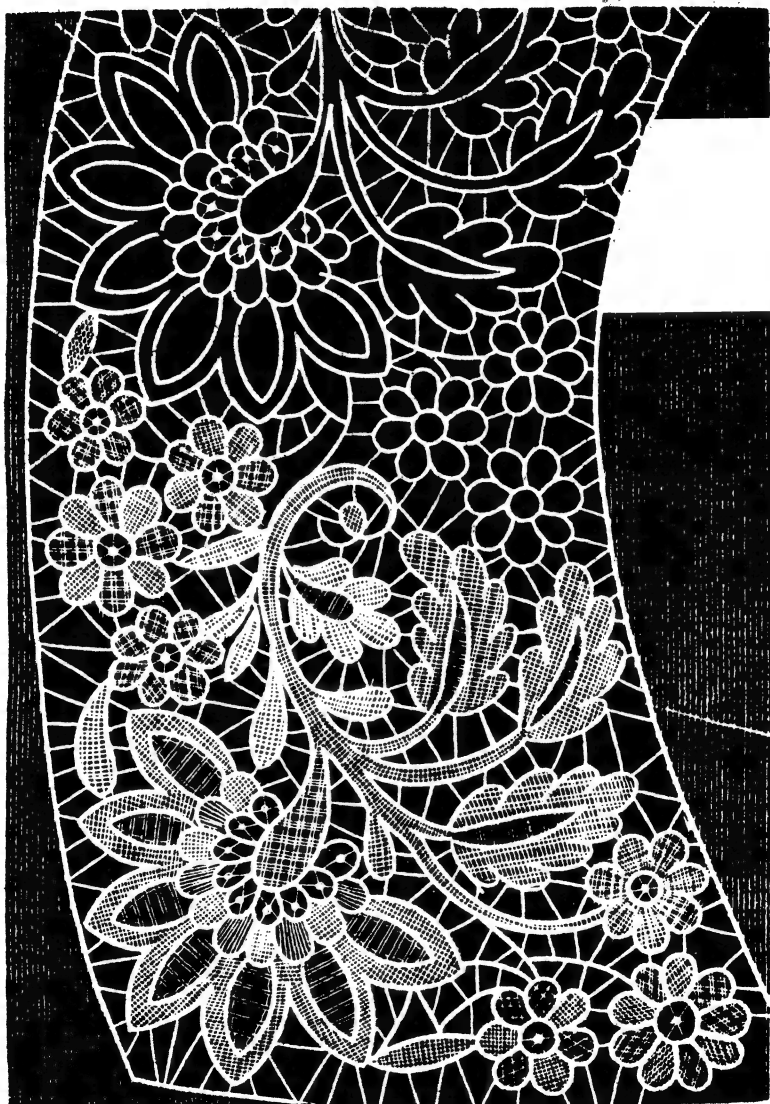
Things Worth Knowing.

AN EXCELLENT GARGLE FOR SORE-THROAT.—Half a pint of rose-leaf tea, a wine-glassful of good vinegar, honey enough to sweeten it, and a very little Cayenne pepper, all well mixed together, and simmered in a close vessel; gargle the throat with a little of it at bedtime, or oftener if the throat is very sore.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Borax, two scruples; glycerine, half an ounce; mix in three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, and use morning and evening.

TO KILL FLIES.—Two drachms of extract of quassia, dissolve in half a pint of boiling water. Sweeten with a little brown sugar, and pour on plates.

CASTOR OIL POMADE.—Castor oil, eight ounces; best lard, four ounces; white wax, four drachms; bergamot, four drachms; oil of lavender, forty drops. Melt the lard down in a pipkin, and on cooling add the castor oil, stirring the whole well; then add the bergamot and oil of lavender. You can increase or decrease the above in equal proportions at pleasure.



HONITON LACE SLEEVE.



TALES OF THE OPERAS.

L'ETOILE DU NORD—THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

AMONG the events which may well be styled "the Romance of History," none are more surprising—incredible, indeed, were it not for its actual existence—than the elevation of the Empress Catherine of Russia, from a peasant girl, to share the throne of the great Czar Peter, to whose intellect and enlightened views of his country's real good Russia owed her commencement of civilized habits, and true notions of a nation's greatness and happiness.

We propose now giving a slight sketch of the manner in which this strange transformation was effected, and the causes which we are told led to it.

No. 11, VOL. VII.

In a quiet village, near Wyborg, on the Gulf of Finland, in the commencement of the eighteenth century, might be seen, one bright summer's morn—bright even in those cold regions—a group of workmen engaged in various trades, but, at the moment we allude to, reposing from their labours, and taking rest and refreshment with their families.

There was, however, one exception, in a man of powerful frame and striking features, whose brilliant, restless eye, and quick movements, betokened an eager, nervous temperament, and strong passions, who was working eagerly at his trade, that

of a carpenter, and mixing little in the jests and conversation of his companions, till the appearance of a man bearing a basket of smoking pies caused a general exclamation of pleasure, and even caused the industrious Peter, for such was his name, to rest for a moment, and watch the general rush to the welcome visitor.

One of the men was without money apparently, but, in default, he offered a glass of the country's favourite beverage, schink, to the pastrycook, whom they addressed as Danilovitz.

"That will do excellently," said the man, swallowing the draught; "but where is the handsome vendor of that capital Dantzic? I don't see her here."

"Oh, she is not out yet; she is still with her brother in the cottage; and, a word in your ear, comrade—Peter, there, is in love with her. See, he waits her now; but I suspect he has no chance, poor fellow."

The man alluded to evidently heard, for a gust of strong passion swept over his features; but they heeded him not, and, filling their glasses, drank to the great hero of the age, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden—all but the pastrycook, who declined the toast, and drank, instead, to their own Czar Peter, in spite of the clamour of the assembly.

"He is right, I will stand by him," cried Peter, advancing, and placing himself at the side of the pastrycook.

A general scuffle was about to take place, which would have led, perhaps, to fatal consequences, had not the dockyard bell summoned the workmen, and, with a good-natured offer of renewed amity, they rushed off, leaving Peter and his ally alone.

"You like Finland, friend Muscovite?" asked Danilovitz.

"I should have died on my first arrival, in a paroxysm of rage, to which I am subject," replied the Russian, "but for the help of a gentle girl, who lives not far from hence."

"Ah, they say true, then, that it is for her love you work in this dockyard, where she so often comes to sell her Dantzic, and go to her brother each day to play on the flute the sister's favourite ballad?"

"And, were it so, how dare they talk of my proceedings? And who are you, that presume thus to question me?"

"Like yourself, a Muscovite. I mean

to return to my own country, and offer my services to Peter."

"To that savage brute?"

"Yes; his heart is good, I hear, and his soldiers adore him, and I would go to death at the sound of the sacred March which his guards played at Pultowa, and he himself composed."

"Well, you shall accompany me, for I, too, mean to return."

"I will follow you, brave countryman, and, if I rise not to be a general, it shan't be for lack of courage. But I must go: farewell for the present." And the pastrycook departed.

"He may be useful to me," mused the seeming carpenter; "and, indeed, go I must. But Catherine—how can I leave her? Hark! her brother plays her favourite air. I must reply."

A few bars on his flute brought the brother of the young *cantinière* to his side.

"My sister is gone out on my affairs," he said, "and my very life hangs on her success."

"How so, my friend? Confide in me; I will be secret," replied Peter, anxiously.

"You know that we come from Ukraine," returned George, "and from our mother inherit but her music and her magic power, and yet I have dared to love Prascovia, the beautiful niece of the rich old innkeeper, till my very reason is almost lost in the madness of my passion. And yet I dare not ask the old man's consent; and Catherine, more brave than I, has gone to plead for me. Come, drink to my success!"

"And Catherine's health," said Peter; and, even as they drained their glasses, the fair girl entered.

"The anxious lover can drink to soothe himself, I find," she said, laughing; "then he is not in very terrible suspense."

"Nay, dear sister, speak! Don't trifle with my misery."

"Confess that I am a good ambassador," replied the smiling girl; "the King of the Inn graciously consents to give you his niece, if you can find a certain sum; and, with my earnings, that you can manage."

"No, no, generous sister, keep them for your own dowry—I think not of marriage."

"Catherine," murmured Peter, "forget not my love—have pity on me."

"Love!" repeated the beautiful girl, scornfully, "when you quarrel, drink, indulge in all I warn you against. You love me not."

"Confusion! death!" exclaimed Peter, another of his fiery gusts convulsing his features.

"Catherine, it is partly your own fault," interceded her brother George; "you should be more gentle and kind to him."

"Listen," said Catherine, with a lofty, earnest air, which gave her beauty a singular elevation. "Remember you not our mother's prediction on her death-bed, that my natal star shone brightly towards the north, and that there some one of transcendent merit and power should both love and share his might and fortune with me; and when," she added, turning to Peter, "I preserved your life, and saw a something in your eye and bearing which spoke a different race to our humble class, I deemed the prediction might be verified in you."

"And why not think so still?" inquired Peter, anxiously.

"It matters not; I speak no more."

"I *will* know, I insist on your speaking!" exclaimed he, imperiously.

"That tone is too much your habit," said Catherine proudly. "You have no right to speak thus to me. In aught but this imperious will, you are vacillating and weak; you will never rise to greatness."

Peter's fury increased, his clenched hand and flashing eye might have awed any but the proud Catherine.

"So," she said, "I brook not such insolence."

At that moment the trio were startled by the sudden entrance of the pretty Prascovia, breathless and trembling with terror, and the speed with which she had run to them.

"My love, my bride, what has alarmed you?" cried George, clasping her in his arms.

"The Calmucks!" she gasped; "they are plundering our inn. My uncle has fled! Save me, save me!"

"Quick, let us fly!" said George, preparing to collect any loose articles they might carry with them.

"Not so," said Catherine calmly; "do you not recognise in these intruders our

mother's kindred of the Meeanni? Fear not; I will save you. Leave all to me."

And the brave girl left the wondering trio, and encountered the disorderly band, about to attack their cottage.

They stopped, astonished at her bold, calm demeanour.

"Withdraw!" she cried, "or woe to you if you brave me. Reverse the memory of my mother, the sainted Wlasta."

"Our own prophetess!" they cried in surprise.

"Yes; woe to him who honours not her memory. Enter, if you will, but respect the laws of hospitality. Come, let us raise our national song, and with music and dance celebrate our meeting, far from our native land."

And, with a rich voice, she began herself the national hymn, and, placing herself at their head, led the fascinated band of wild adventurers away.

"Thank heaven!" said George. "And now, I will go to prepare all for our wedding at the church, while you, dearest, go to your uncle. Haste, for in such lawless times, only the present moment is our own."

And the lovers left the cottage, on their respective missions.

"Brave, noble girl, she is worthy of her desires," muttered Peter. And, at the instant, the fair heroine herself appeared, pale but calm.

"I am more satisfied with you in this affair," she said, in answer to Peter's enthusiastic praises. "You controlled yourself; I acted in accordance to the dictates of prudence. Had you but a true friend always near you, you might——"

"I have no friend," interrupted Peter.

"And I," she murmured.

"You have rejected me, Catherine."

"As a husband; not as a friend."

"Thanks, gentle maiden. I am indeed miserable, and need a friend and councillor."

"Listen," said Catherine. "Nothing is impossible to him who has a strong, indomitable will. Greatness may still be yours, if you but find your right vocation. If you would win glory, fame, and my hand, go, seek all at the cannon's mouth; my heart, my prayers will be yours. Go, make a name, a reputation, and then come back and claim your bride."

"Your words inspire me, noble girl; the thought of you will be my talisman. To

my love I shall owe my glory. Farewell. I go to deserve you." And, with one hasty embrace, he departed.

Catherine remained lost in thought, and her pale cheek spoke more emotion than she confessed—even to herself. The entrance of the lovers roused her.

"All is ready," said George.

"Except yourself," said his sister, smiling. "Quick, go and dress."

And the happy bridegroom went off to complete his toilette for the occasion.

"Here, dear Catherine," said the bride-elect, "here is a letter your lover, the burgomaster, gave me privately for you. Read it while we wait."

Catherine read, and her face grew troubled. "My sister, this is sad news for us both. The Cossacks have imposed a conscription on the village; and, if we cannot find a substitute for George, this very evening he must leave us as a recruit."

Prascovia burst into tears. "This evening—our wedding day? Oh, Catherine, my heart will break!" and she threw herself into her sister's arms.

Catherine's brow was grave, and she was silent for a moment or two; then her resolution seemed to be taken.

"Be comforted, my sister, he shall not go."

"But how avoid it?" sobbed Prascovia; "no, no, there is no hope."

"I know a substitute," said Catherine firmly, "one who might pass for him, he is so like. I go to secure him; he not surprised if I do not return in time for the wedding; but fear not, he is safe. Trust in me." And she hastily left the cottage.

An hour or two later the village was gay with the bridal procession of George and Prascovia; while, even as the rites were performing, the doomed recruits marched to the spot where they were to embark. And among them, wrapped in a large mantle, stood a slender form, who gazed from the jetty on that gay group, and murmured, "Mother, I promised to watch over my brother's happiness. Be content, I have redeemed my vow."

* * * *

We must now follow our heroine to the Russian camp, where the usual wild excesses of rude troops in idleness were practised, and where her delicate frame had to

bear the heavy toils of a recruit; and all the embarrassments of her disguise were equally frequent and difficult to escape from without discovery, more especially as the leader of the Cossacks, who had invaded her native village, and to whom she had, in her mythic character, promised fortune and advancement, was there, and now a corporal in the Imperial Guard; and Gritzenko came upon her one day as she was singing, in her rich voice, the Czar's sacred March.

"That tune is forbidden, young man," he said roughly.

"That tune—the Czar's own March?" she repeated.

"Yes, our colonel has ordered that no one shall sing or play it."

"But tell me, young man, who are you?"

"Why do you ask?" said Catherine; "what matters it to you?"

"Because you are so strangely like a handsome *cantinière* I saw at Wyborg, in Finland, not long since; voice, features, all are the same. I can't comprehend it."

"She was my sister," said Catherine, averting her face to hide the rising colour.

"Ah, that explains it. Well, she was right; she told me I should soon be what I now am, a corporal of the guard, nothing less."

"And you get six copecks a day, don't you?"

"Oh, sometimes thirty, forty; always twenty every night."

"How? Explain."

"Listen, and I will tell you the strange mystery. One night I was complaining of the Czar's order to shave our beards, when an officer passed by, and threw a scroll containing twenty copecks into my hand. Next parade, he passed again, and asked, 'Have you fulfilled the order?' I said, 'As well as I could,' and he gave me thirty copecks; and again, last night, forty. Oh, it is wonderful luck!"

"And what was the order?"

"I don't know; I can't read; but I have kept the scroll, and here it is."

Catherine read, "Corporal Gritzenko shall be rewarded for every soldier he can induce to join our project." "Good heavens!" she murmured, "what project?"

"Quick, give me the scroll!" said the Cossack. "Salute; here comes our colonel."

And Zermittoff and a brilliant suite came up as the two soldiers presented arms.

"Go, corporal, and inform the captain that the general will soon hold a review."

And Gritzenko departed.

"Gentlemen," said Zermittoff, "know you that the Czar has sent an edict extending the punishment of the knout to the highest officers?"

"Death to the tyrant!" "We will not brook the disgrace!" "Better death itself!" were the exclamations, not loud, but deep, which answered him. Zermittoff spoke a few words to Gritzenko, and then, with a well-pleased smile, went off with his friends; while the corporal proceeded to deliver the order to Catherine to stand sentinel, with another soldier, over a tent which had been prepared for two noble officers.

She took her station, little dreaming of the occupant it was about to receive.

Two hours later, and Peter himself, Danilovitz, and the General of the Camp, were assembled within its folds; and the latter, under strict injunctions to preserve the Czar's *incognito*, was despatched to make arrangements for the arrival of two bodies of troops, hourly expected, to awe the disaffected Cossacks; and the two quondam friends were left alone.

Peter's vice was, it is well known, the love of intoxicating liquors, and he lost not this opportunity of indulging it, favoured by the administration of the accessories to his taste by two pretty *vivandières* belonging to the camp. And Catherine, from her post, peeped into the tent from time to time unnoticed, and her astonished and jealous eyes saw both *who* was its occupant and his intoxicated trifling with the young girls who waited on him.

Enraged, suffering, yet spell-bound, she remained till detected by the corporal Gritzenko, who entered to deliver a letter to the "Commander Peter."

"How now, young soldier! Spying into your superior's tent! This must be looked to. Go; I come to change the guard."

"I will not go," said Catherine, reckless of the consequences.

"You will not? Then take the consequences. I arrest you."

"Take the consequences yourself," retorted Catherine, giving him a smart blow on the face.

Gritzenko's rage was both violent and deep; and, seizing the culprit, he dragged her into the tent, and preferred his complaint to the superior officer, the character in which alone the Czar was known to him.

Too intoxicated to recognise the suppliant Catherine, yet preserving sufficiently his instinctive severity of discipline, he at once ordered the culprit to be shot; and Catherine was dragged away to execution, exclaiming, as she left the tent—

"Oh, Peter! the thought of my doom at your hands shall haunt you for ever."

Her voice, her features, brought past memories back to the intoxicated Peter, and he rubbed his forehead, and vainly strove to collect his scattered senses.

"Bring him back," he cried. "Quick! bring back that soldier, or dread the knout the next moment."

At the same instant an aide-de-camp entered to announce the general's terror of an impending revolt among the soldiery; but Peter, unheeding the crisis, strained his eyes in anticipation of the re-entrance of the being who had so strangely moved him.

The curtain was raised, but, alas! Gritzenko entered alone.

"How now?" cried the impatient Peter. "Where is your prisoner?"

"Captain, I arrived at the moment when the soldiers were loading their guns, while the prisoner was tranquilly writing—for he can write——"

"Quick! Speak!"

"I stopped the execution, captain, and proceeded to bring him hither, when, as we passed the river, he jumped in—after thrusting this paper in my hand—and disappeared, swimming like any fish."

"And you let him escape?"

"Captain, I shot, but——"

"Fool, give me the paper, and begone. Good heaven! Catherine's ring! Then, 'twas she. I am lost!"

Danilovitz took the paper from his hand. It contained these words, "You have betrayed me. My vengeance shall be giving you prosperity. This document, given to the Czar, will make your fortune."

"The names of the conspirators, Sir? You are safe!"

"And Catherine lost!"

And the mighty Czar of All the Russias covered his face and wept. But there was no time for the indulgence of heart sorrows.

News poured in of the troops' disaffection—of the approach of the Swedes to aid them; and Peter found himself at the mercy of a mutinous soldiery, among whom the report of his presence in disguise was rapidly gaining ground. His courage and presence of mind stood him in good stead; he stood before the enraged soldiery, and strove to awaken them to loyalty and honour.

"Would you sell your fatherland," he cried, "and be traitors to your homes, to your own glory? Follow me, I will lead you on to honour and fame, and, alone and undefended, I will deliver up the Czar to your mercy."

"You will! You can! Who, then, art thou?" rose from a thousand voices.

"I am the Czar. Strike."

The effect was electrical; subdued by his presence, his undaunted courage, and their own old habits of loyalty, the troops gazed, hesitated, and then, falling on their knees, implored pardon, and promised to follow him to the death. The arrival of the expected troops added to the general enthusiasm, and the triumphant Peter led his enthusiastic army, as he had promised, to victory and glory.

Victory, glory, power, was his; but happiness and Catherine were alike absent from his desolate and gloomy palace; desolate amongst pomp and splendour such as his predecessors had never known.

* * * *

Months passed by, and once more we behold Peter alone and thoughtful as when we introduced him to our readers, but not now in the dockyard of Wyborg, but in an apartment of the palace at Moscow do we find him, the only trace of that past episode of his life being the axe and workman's jacket which he had worn, and on which he loved to gaze, as associated with her loved memory. Danilovitz, too, the quondam pastry-cook, was now a colonel, high in the favour of his imperial master, since to him he could speak of his lost love, and speculate on the probability of her return, or rather discovery in her retreat, if still alive.

He was, as we say, sitting thus lost in thought when this favoured servant entered.

"Sire," he said, "I trust I bring you news of her you mourn. Catherine is, I

believe, not dead; indeed, I know it, though, perhaps, lost to you."

"How!" exclaimed the Czar, "a rival—death!"

The reply of Danilovitz was prevented by the entrance of the Corporal Gritzenko, who, with many apologies and tremblings, informed the Czar that some Finnish carpenters demanded to pass into the city.

"Admit them instantly; let all that come from Finland pass unquestioned."

The man bent low, but still lingered.

"What more, speak!" said Peter, impatiently.

"Your Majesty, pardon; but your Majesty will remember the young soldier who so impudently gave me a blow, and whom I tried to shoot in his flight, but failed."

"Villain! was it thou? Out of my sight!" thundered the Czar; and the trembling corporal retired, fully persuaded that his want of success in shooting the young fugitive enraged the Czar, and prevented the promotion for which he was about to petition, as a reward for the indignity he had suffered.

He went moodily enough to fulfil the imperial order and admit the Finnish carpenters, and proceeded to see and examine the travellers, consisting of a man and his wife, both young and handsome, though wayworn and dusty.

"You come from Finland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your name?"

"George Savaronsky."

"Of the regiment Novogorod?"

"Yes."

"The third battalion?"

"True."

"Then, my honest friend, the beginning of your residence here, I regret to say, will be to be shot."

A scream from Prascovia, expostulations, protestations from George himself, were of no avail. The doughty corporal deemed that he should both wipe off his own disgrace and avert the Czar's displeasure; and the unlucky pair were put under strict guard till the execution could be carried out, which he kindly promised them should be with as little delay as possible.

Meanwhile, the Czar was traversing the passage of his palace with hasty strides, his usual dejection giving place to violent

and uncontrollable agitation, and his whole demeanour betokening some sudden emotion.

As the doors had opened on the hasty exit of the corporal, followed by Danilovitz, a soft strain had been heard in the distance—a melody, a voice he had known in the days of yore—and he rushed with all his old impetuosity to the apartments of his favourite, to demand an explanation of sounds which shook his soul to the very centre.

The colonel was alone, and not a little astonished at his master's abrupt entrance.

"Sire, you are agitated. What moves you?"

"Traitor! can you ask? This moment, even in your apartments, I heard the voice of Catherine, singing that melody which she alone and I can know. Where is she? Where have you hidden her?"

"Sire, she is here, it is true, but only since last evening, when the peasant who has sheltered her brought her in consequence of the reward I offered. But, alas! her reason is gone. Your unfaithfulness, the wound, the river, all have so affected her brain that she is no longer Catherine, but a maniac. She does nought but call on Peter, and sing the song you loved, and speak of her brother—of the village where you dwelt together."

"My Catherine! my injured angel!" said Peter, deeply moved. "But she is found! and if love and skill can work a cure, she shall yet be restored to happiness and to me. Danilovitz, we will humour her fancies; let all be prepared as it was the day she left her native village—the wedding procession, the chorus, the very scenes as far as it is possible to create them here. It may work a cure."

"Sire, the idea is a happy one, and, in good time for its fulfilment, the brother and sister of Catherine have just arrived. The Finnish travellers yon blockhead announced but now, were they."

"Tis well; they must take their part in the drama; and you too, Danilovitz, must return to your old trade for my sake and hers."

"Sire, you shall be obeyed."

Danilovitz kept his word, and in an astonishingly short space of time his arrangements were completed; and Catherine was gently borne, during slumber, to the spot

where all was prepared for the illusion, from which so much was hoped.

Her slumbers were disturbed by the cheerful chorus of the Finnish workmen; and as she rose and advanced towards them, her eyes fell on the loved village of her youth, and the cottage where she had first seen and loved the cruel Peter.

"Catherine," cried the workmen as of old, "come, give us something to drink this morning; surely your barrel is not empty. Come, fill our cans, we are thirsty."

She looked round bewildered, and her eyes fell on the cask of rum from which she used to dispense the favourite beverage of the Finlanders.

While she, joyful yet bewildered, proceeded to obey the call, another familiar sound met her ear. 'Twas the well-remembered cry of Danilovitz, with his basket of pies. She rubbed her forehead.

"The pastrycook, Danilovitz—I did think he was an officer. My head is sorely confused."

"Catherine, are you not going to your brother's wedding? You know he marries, this day, Prascovia."

"Do I dream, or are these the shades of those who once loved me? Ah, yes; surely I am in spirit-land!"

Again joyous music broke on the air, and George, Prascovia, and the bridal procession came on the scene.

"George, my brother! Oh, blessed sleep! Let me not awake from this happy dream."

"Catherine, wilt thou not embrace me?"

"No; thou art a spirit, the shade of my loved brother! Ah! could I see the form of that cruel one for whom I braved death! But no, it cannot be."

"My sister, you dream. That poor, faithful man lives but for thee alone. He comes, from the very dawn of day, to learn, as he says, the flute, but really to be near thee. Hark! that is his flute."

At that moment the well-known air was heard.

"Tis he," she cried; "that is the air he played each day. Methinks I could sing it now."

And she began to sing, while the chorus softly echoed the melody; and, as she listened to their sweet notes, the cloud seemed to pass gradually from her brain, and the eyes grew calmer and more rational in their expression.

Nearer and nearer drew the flute, till at length Peter himself appeared, and, with a cry of joy, she threw herself in his arms.

"Thank heaven, she is restored!" burst from the assembled group, while the astonished Catherine gazed round at the splendid train which followed the humble carpenter of Wyborg.

"Catherine, thy mother foretold a day of glory and honour for thee. Behold there its fulfilment."

"I find it here," she cried, resting her beautiful head on his bosom, while her eyes spoke the true affection of her heart for *Peter*, not the Czar; and cries burst from the multitude, who now flocked to the spot, and, admitted by the Czar's command, shouted—

"Long live our lovely Empress! Long live our bright Northern Star!"

The transformation was complete—the holy Finnish maiden was Empress of All the Russias.

[Founded on the libretto of M. Scribe, written for Meyerbeer's opera of "L'Etoile du Nord."]

GREAT MEN AND THEIR MOTHERS.

THE biography of the most illustrious men of all ages proves the truth of this remarkable fact, that those who have been eminent for goodness, greatness, or virtue, have generally owed the excellence which has been the basis of their reputations to the teaching, the example, or the influence of their mothers. The mother is the chief biasser, for good or evil, of the mind of the child. Before the master or the clergyman can impart one lesson, either secular or of a religious nature, the soul of the child has received its earliest and, very frequently, its most indelible impressions.

Listen to Lamartine, the French statesman, historian, and poet, as he speaks of his saintly mother:—

"Our mother's look," he says, "is a portion of our soul, which penetrates into our being through the portal of our eyes. The future fate of the child depends in a great measure upon the house in which he is born. His soul is nourished, and grows above all, by the impressions which are there left on his memory. The graceful figure of my mother—her eyes beaming

forth the tenderness which filled her soul—the musical and thrilling accents of her voice—her gentle smile, ever so expressive of kindness and goodness, on her ever-parted lips, which were never distorted by the least expression of sarcasm—ever held a place in my memory.

"My education was wholly centred in the glance, more or less serene, and in the smile, more or less open, of my mother. The reins of my heart were in her hands. She asked nothing of me but to be good and truthful. My father gave me the example of a sincerity carried even to scrupulousness—my mother of a goodness rising to devotion the most heroic. I advanced without being conscious of making progress. My thoughts, ever in communion with those of my mother, were developed, as it were, in hers, as I had received nourishment from her bosom. I drank deep from my mother's mind, I read through her eyes, I felt through her impressions, I lived through her life. She translated all for me—nature, sentiment, sensations, and thoughts. We lived a double life. It was thus that my heart was formed within me, in a mould which I had not even the trouble of looking at, so closely was it blended with my own. What my mother wished was to make me a happy child, with a healthy mind and a loving soul—a creature of God, not a puppet of men.

"Her piety, which flowed from every breath she drew—from every action and every gesture—enveloped us, as it were, in an atmosphere below. We believed that God was behind her, and that we were about to hear and to see Him, and converse with Him. In each impression of the day, God formed for us, as it were, one of our circle. He was born in us, with our earliest and most undying impressions. *There never was a day when we had not been spoken to of Him.*

"Our mother's knee had long been our familiar altar. She elevated her thoughts to God as naturally as the plant stretches upward to the air and the light. When she prayed along with us, and over us, her lovely countenance became even sweeter and gentler than before.

"Instead of enjoining on us an annoying devotion, which would take children from their sports, or from their sleep, to

force them to pray to God; frequently amidst their repugnance and tears, she made these short invocations a sort of feast of the soul, to which she invited us with smiles. She did not mingle prayer with our tears, but with all the happy events which occurred to us during the day. In the evening, she did not wait until our eyes, weighed down with sleep, were half-closed, to make us stammer out, as it were, in a dream, the words which delayed, to our pain and discomfort, the hour of repose, but she collected around her in the saloon, immediately after supper, the domestics and even the peasants of the nearest hamlets, who were most intimate in the house. She took a book of pious Christian instruction for the people, and read a few short passages to her rustic audience. This reading was followed by a prayer, which she repeated herself in an audible and distinct voice.

"One of us always had the task assigned him of offering up in his turn a short prayer for travellers, for the poor, for the sick, or for any private necessity of the village or the house. In thus appointing us a little part to perform in the serious act of prayer, she gave us an interest in it by associating us with it, and prevented us from joining in it as a cold and lifeless habit, or an empty ceremony.

"My mother was not my master, she was more—she was my will itself."

The filial affection of Pope, the translator of "Homer's Iliad," a work worthy of the original, is the most beautiful feature in his moral character. Who has forgotten his pathetic lines?—

Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient acts extend a mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of
Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aching eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

In one of his letters to Swift, he says:—"I find many ties dropping from me—some worn off, some torn off, some relaxing daily. My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs by a thread. I am many years the older for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless for having been so long helped and

tended by her; much the more considerate and tender for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and, consequently, the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother."

A still more touching notice of his mother may be found in the postscript of a letter which Lord Bolingbroke had written to Swift, and in which the former, speaking in affectionate terms of his wife, provokes the poet to add at the conclusion of his friend's letter, "P.S.—My lord has spoken justly of his lady, why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers. This is all she does. I have reason to thank God for her continuing so long a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me."

Curran, the great Irish orator, says—"The only inheritance I could boast of from my poor father was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a fortune from the treasures of her mind."

Schiller, Goëthe, the two Schlegels, Victor Hugo, Canning, Lord Brougham, and Guizot, may be added to the list of gifted men formed by mothers, or endowed by them with the best and brightest of their qualities. The latter, indeed, was left fatherless at the early age of seven, and it was upon Madame Guizot that the education of her two sons devolved. She has been described as an excellent woman of the old school, religious, true-hearted, and energetic, bound up in the welfare and right education of her children. We have

somewhere read that she was found by a visitor one day with Guizot on her knee, to whom she was repeating stories from the lives of the great reformers. "I am trying," she said, "to make my Frank a resolute and diligent boy." And she succeeded, as every mother must who so guides and teaches. At the early age of twelve he *proved*, in the public school at Geneva, that his mother's efforts had not been thrown away—first-fruits of that richer harvest of literary renown which he was destined to reap in later life.

Sir William Jones, the great linguist, owed an incalculable debt of gratitude to his mother, upon whom, also, alone rested the responsibility of his education. Fortunately, she was a woman in many respects eminently qualified for the task. Her vigorous understanding had been improved by conversation and study. Under her husband's tuition, she made considerable proficiency in Algebra, and subsequently, that she might become a competent preceptress to her sister's son, who was destined for the sea, she made herself mistress of trigonometry and the theory of navigation.

Sir William Jones's mother was urgently solicited by the Countess of Macclesfield to remain at Sherborne Castle, where her husband, who was honoured with the patronage of the Earl of Macclesfield, had resided during the latter years of his life. But, apprehending that her continuance at Sherborne might interfere with the course of education which she had designed for her son, she most judiciously declined this hospitable invitation. Fortunately, his inclination to learn was as ardent as her desire to teach, and her instructions were so seconded by his facility and retention, that in his fourth year he could read English distinctly and fluently. He began very early, during school vacations, to learn French and drawing from his mother—in which latter accomplishment she excelled—to which the study of Italian was afterwards added.

Her death, as might have been expected, cast him into the deepest affliction; but his devotion and gratitude to her had been shown during the whole of her life, by hours passed in her presence, or by regular correspondence. His mother was the confidant of his plans and hopes, and always

consulted by him on all important occasions. His satisfaction at the eminence to which his abilities raised him was redoubled by the consideration that it was a source of pleasure to her, and the obligations of filial duty and affection were never more cheerfully and zealously discharged. Verily, as she had sown so also did she reap.

One more example of the powerful nature of maternal influence is found in the life of a remarkable man, whose history has lately been written under the title of "The Successful Merchant," whose piety, industry, and Christian practices entitle him to our sincerest admiration and closest imitation. His mother was an eminently pious woman, her influence on her son powerful and happy.

When he was about nine years old, he heard one day, as he was passing his mother's door, his own name mentioned as she was earnestly praying for her family. The child was struck, and the humiliating truth that his mother was more in earnest that he should be saved than he was about his own salvation, clung to the lad as an arrow from the bow of conviction, and from that hour he set his face to serve God; nor was the impression then received ever effaced. Such was the seed sown, which sprang up and bore fruit abundantly, both in this life and in that which is to come. The boy, the man, the master was actuated by those high principles which his mother thus implanted and fostered. His mercantile successes were marvellous, his liberal donations, subscriptions, and other gifts to the poor in proportion to his gains in trade. By his efforts, Kingswood, which has been described as incredibly uncivilised and lawless, was transformed into a comfortable and quiet village, with its schools in which he and his sons and daughters instructed the ignorant and those who were out of the way, giving for their relief, out of his own pocket, 2,000*l.*, a year,* and of whom the sobbing poor said, as they laid him, on one bright spring morning, in his grave, "The best man in Kingswood—the best man has gone this day." And, best man as he was, under God he owed his goodness to that maternal influence and training which sank so deeply into his young heart. Ah, believe us, the Christian mother neglects her

* See *Bristol Times*, May, 1851.

first and most bounden duty (not to speak of privilege) who permits the earlier years of infancy to pass away without elevating the primal thoughts of her child to God.

FOUR DAYS WITH THE FAMILY AT VIOLET COTTAGE.

THE THIRD DAY.

WE must allow six years to elapse before we again spend a day at Violet Cottage; and those years have made some alteration in the position and circumstances of the various members of "the family." Cupid has grown very old; and, like Lear, he has lost his kingdom—but, not like Lear, has the resignation been voluntary. We are afraid Miss Bridget often forgets, now, to place his pillow in the right position without being chidden for her negligence; indeed, we are rather inclined to think that he has no especial place of repose at all, but is allowed to take his rest anywhere and everywhere. Nevertheless, he is otherwise well cared for, and looks, in spite of his age, sleek and glossy—not so fat as of old, but much more healthy; and his temper, also, has greatly improved. Mrs. Minnie has disappeared altogether from the scene; she met with a fatal accident shortly after the disposal of the third of her nurslings; and the fourth of that illustrious family, a dark-complexioned lady, striped like a zebra, sits quietly by the fire, washing her face all day, and probably all night too, when she is awake, being deprived of her natural occupation of mouse-hunting by the ruthless scissors of Miss Dorothy, which have cut her nails off close to the roots. I'll give his new cage four years ago, but it is questionable whether he likes it at all as well as the old one; for ever since he once betrayed his dormant ferocity by biting at a tiny, dimpled, rosy-tipped finger held out to him at the breakfast-table, the door has always been kept fast shut, and he is only allowed a short rumble occasionally, while the little fingers are supporting a yet more rosy cheek in untroubled slumber. The musical gentlemen practise as usual, except during the slumbers aforesaid, when they are usually extinguished by a couple of cambric handkerchiefs or black silk aprons, and sit in dudgeon until again re-

leased from darkness, and invited to commence their music by a voice as loud, if not as harmonious, as their own.

The head of the "family" is now a laughing, romping maiden of some six years old, with eyes blue as the heavens, and golden ringlets that give Miss Bridget no end of trouble to keep smooth, perpetually discomposing Miss Dorothy's nerves by slipping off chairs or tripping over rugs and footstools; and causing Betty to faint at least twenty times a day by sudden bursts into the kitchen or precipitate rushes down the back stairs.

Ludicrous were the blunders made, and heavy were the perplexities and anxieties endured, by the Misses Critchley during these six years in the performance of their self-imposed task. To speak of the heart-wearying mistakes that occurred before Miss Bridget learned to put on "the baby's clothes after any charitable fashion," to use Mrs. Martin's expression; of the painful disappointments about her first pair of shoes; of the innumerable difficulties that stood in the way of "weaning her of caps," which she at last surmounted herself by tearing them (the caps) to pieces; or of the hundred-and-one obstacles to be overcome before she could be "put to her feet," until in this case, as in the last, she at length took the matter into her own hands, or perhaps legs, by making an unexpected and unencouraged run one day from Miss Dorothy's knee to Miss Bridget's, actually electrifying the former lady, as she herself said, and causing Betty to let fall the luncheon-tray, thereby fracturing three china plates and dislocating sundry knives—to speak of these numerous trials would fill volumes, as the usual saying is with story-tellers.

However, nothing is without its use, and these constantly-recurring perplexities had kept the good ladies so well employed that they had no time to interfere in more important matters, when their interference might have been prejudicial; and so the little lady, being blessed with a remarkably good constitution, passed safely through various difficulties of babyhood, in which the ill-judged and ill-timed officiousness of inexperienced nursery councillors is almost always mischievous, and sometimes fatal. Thus a three days' anxiety about the fit of a new frock had kept

the ladies from being aware of the approaching advent of a "first tooth," which knowledge would have been the signal for the exhibition of every cordial and soothing-syrup invented to interfere with the operations of Nature; so that Betty had the glory of pointing triumphantly to the "first pearl" before they had even begun to think "if it was not likely the child would be soon teething." And when, in her third year, the incipient little romp, acting without fear for her own limbs, or regard for Miss Dorothy's nerves, tumbled from the top of the chiffonier to which she had climbed and raised "a bump as large as a pigeon's egg on her forehead," the terror of the whole household at the present disfigurement and possible consequences "to the brain" prevented their perceiving that the child had been restless and irritable for some days past, plainly indicating the presence of some undeveloped disease. Nature, therefore, assisted simply by the "quiet and low diet" oracularly prescribed by Miss Dorothy, and which, though unnecessary for the "bump," was excellent for the increasing feverishness, brought out a most satisfactory display of measles next morning. And when the sympathising and deferential apothecary, Mr. Parker, arrived in answer to Betty's hasty and alarmed summons, he "begged to assure Miss Critchley that, owing to her judicious treatment, and Miss Bridget's indefatigable attention, really nothing remained for him to do; there was actually nothing necessary but to keep the dear little patient from sudden draughts of air, and give her a sufficient of cooling drinks."

And now, on the day we speak of, the nursing of Violet Cottage having only just recovered from her last trouble, whooping-cough, instead of chasing butterflies and romping with Cupid in the garden, as she would otherwise have been, this fine summer day, is sitting between Aunt Dorothy and Aunt Bridget, as she has learned to call them, at their work-table. She is putting together her new joining map, while those worthy ladies are holding a consultation as of old; Miss Dorothy being engaged, meanwhile, in "pulling out," as laundresses call it, the lace of a new frock after a first washing, and Miss Bridget carefully "running" the heel of a little stocking, a basket-

ful of which articles is beside her, awaiting a similar operation. Miss Dorothy looks up over the spectacles which she has lately begun to put on boldly, in defiance of the "prattling propensities of all children," or the possible arrival of a visitor, and says, with her usual stateliness—

"I really think, my dear Bridget—that is, I have been reflecting on the subject—and I do believe it is full time Violet should learn something."

Miss Bridget having just passed two loops instead of one in her "running," and being at that moment engaged in considering whether she shall draw out her thread and remedy the mistake, does not answer with her usual promptness; perhaps she has not entirely caught the meaning of Miss Dorothy's observation; for, although Miss Bridget is "not deaf, no, certainly, not at all deaf," she does require that, in addressing her, you should raise your voice a little—very little. Miss Dorothy, being aware of this peculiarity, condescendingly pardons the seeming inattention, and repeats what she has said. Her sister, having by this time rectified her error, looks up.

"She is very ignorant," continues Miss Dorothy.

Miss Bridget coloured up to the borders of her cap, for this seemed rather an imputation on her own talents or diligence, she having been governess in ordinary since Violet was considered capable of being introduced to the mysteries of an ivory alphabet: the surprise was so great, and the subject of so much importance, that she actually ventured a mild dissent.

"Ignorant! My dear sister, do you consider Violet ignorant?"

"I did not intend to annoy you, my dear Bridget," replied Miss Dorothy; "I am sure you have taught her such branches of education—you have imparted such instruction, I mean, as we have thought necessary, very well; but still I think—that is, I have been considering—I mean that it appears, it certainly seems, that there are some things which we have omitted; in short, she certainly appears to require instruction on some subjects on which we have not as yet thought it necessary to teach."

"Oh, of course, sister," said Miss Bridget, with her usual readiness of assent; "but I thought—I understood—you intended to

have Miss Carter when the child was old enough to learn music, and drawing, and all that, you know."

"Yes, certainly, so we had agreed; but it is not exactly of those things I spoke; it is—in short, do you not perceive, my dear, that she is actually unconscious of—in fact, that she is totally ignorant of religion?"

Miss Bridget had never in her life been so directly called upon to give an opinion—assent being usually all that was required of her—so that she was compelled to make a frightened pause before she replied—

"Indeed, I fear it is so, sister;" and then she pleadingly added, "but she is very young."

Miss Dorothy having but very vague notions with regard to the growth and development of human intelligence, waived the consideration of the "plea," and stuck to the other question; she had grasped one idea, and she wisely held it fast.

"Last Sunday," she continued, "yes, last Sunday; indeed, every Sunday, I may say, she stares all service time at old Mr. Nott in the choir—he certainly has rather an odd expression—but then, you know, a young person properly brought up—that is, duly instructed in her duty, would not. And then she seems totally inattentive to Mr. Markham's sermons; in fact, I do not think she listens to one word; really I fear she does not understand them."

"But, sister, Mr. Markham's sermons, you know—indeed, indeed, I fear I do not always understand them myself," said Miss Bridget.

"My dear Bridget," said Miss Dorothy, taking off her spectacles and leaning back in her chair, "is it possible I have heard you aright? Do you really mean to say that, after having for your whole life attended with punctual regularity on the ordinances of our church; after having been duly instructed in your younger years on all those points on which—I mean on those subjects necessary to be impressed on the youthful mind; after having gained three premiums for superior answering at catechetical examinations, do you really acknowledge that you are incapable of comprehending our very valuable minister's most excellent discourses?"

"Indeed I do, sister," said Miss Bridget

boldly; "that is, not always I mean, but sometimes, I feel very ignorant."

Poor Miss Dorothy and poor Miss Bridget! They were far abroad yet; but Miss Bridget was coming nearer to the truth than her sister; for while Miss Dorothy was allowing in her own case, and ready to allow in another's, the seed to be still sown amongst the thorns, Miss Bridget was beginning to see the necessity for the plough and the harrow. Sometimes the rampant briars and thistles of utter worldliness are more readily perceived and eradicated than the smaller weeds of little petty cares, and pleasures, and businesses, and amusements, which creep over the lives of those far removed apparently from "the world." While you are hewing down or rooting up those unsightly thorns, dear reader, do not forget to sweep away the mosses and lichens.

Miss Dorothy looked, not daggers, but homilies at Miss Bridget, who had now not only presumed to urge a plea against her dictum in Violet's case, but had actually gone so far as to judge of her own feelings and capabilities to "know her own mind," in fact, better than Miss Dorothy could. She began to collect her faculties for further discussion—rather disturbed by the unusual form the discussion had taken—and was just preparing to speak again, when Miss Bridget prevented her—positively prevented her—by asking, "Well, sister, and what are we to do?"

Here was a puzzler for Miss Dorothy! It was not exactly that she was quite unprepared with an answer, because she had some dim and vague notion afloat in her mind as to how the evil was to be remedied, but that Miss Bridget asked the question, not as appealing to her final decision, but rather as inviting an opinion to be discussed, as wishing to be informed of a plan, with a view to considering its feasibility or usefulness; and this was a mode of "consultation" to which she was totally unaccustomed. She had been used to make up her own mind in a manner peculiar to herself—namely, by a series of little waverings; and when she had fixed it at last by a feather in the balance at one side, to clinch the business by Miss Bridget's ready and unqualified assent, so that it was with hesitation, not now merely a hesitation in forms of speech, but actual

uncertainty of her powers to judge or convince, that she at length answered—

"I think, my dear sister—that is, I suppose—I believe there are books which might be useful—which would, of course, assist us in the task of instructing the dear child."

"Certainly, sister," said Miss Bridget.

"And I am really of opinion," said Miss Dorothy, gaining strength, "that we should lose no time in this matter."

"Oh, of course not," said Miss Bridget.

"With regard to the books to be used, I daresay there must be plenty," said Miss Dorothy.

"No doubt," said Miss Bridget.

"The Catechism, for instance," said Miss Dorothy in her old tone, and looking up for the ready response.

But Miss Bridget had made great progress in moral knowledge and in moral courage. Watching the development of the human mind from two months to six years is a very different employment to feeding lap-dogs and teaching parrots. She had been forced to think and to speak by the dawning intelligence which she could not always satisfy with a "very true," when it went astray in its crude ideas; and the eager questions, which would not always be contented with a "certainly, my dear;" so that she was now not only prepared to *plead*, to *judge*, to *question*, she was also able to *object*.

"The Catechism, my dear Dorothy," she repeated in rather a doubtful tone.

"Perhaps you do not approve," said Miss Dorothy, rather meekly, in a new-born deference to her sister's judgment.

"Oh, of course I approve," said Miss Bridget; "but then, you know, Violet is very young, and there are really very hard words."

"Mrs. Trimmer, perhaps?" said Miss Critchley, with a recollection of her own childhood.

"I wonder is there a new edition?" said Miss Bridget in a ruminating tone; "I fear the old-fashioned print—so puzzling, you know. And do you not think, my dear sister, it is rather formal—and Violet has such warm feelings."

"Doctor Watts?" again suggested Miss Dorothy.

"Yes! good Doctor Watts."

Miss Bridget had nothing to object to

him; but she had come, by this time, even farther than objections—she had arrived at "ideas." It was now her turn to suggest.

"Perhaps, my dear Dorothy, the Bible?"

The Bible! Miss Dorothy was a most regular Bible-reader; duly were the morning and evening chapters gone through, with three additional on Sunday afternoons; but, like many other persons, she sometimes forgot why she read them. Great was her respect for the sacred volume; but it was rather a superstitious reverence than a grateful love, a reasonable regard. She walked through the "mine," she did not dig in it; she looked on, but did not "search the Scriptures."

"The Bible!" she repeated slowly after Miss Bridget. "Do you think, then, that she could understand—that she is capable of comprehending?"

"*Had these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes,*" replied Miss Bridget.

"True, true," said Miss Dorothy; "but do you think we could explain—I mean, endeavour to lead—to direct?"

Miss Dorothy was progressing too. If her sister was beginning to have ideas she was beginning to analyze and understand hers. The good lady had just perceived the truth, had just caught at the reality, that the difficulty was in themselves, and not in "the Book."

"What do you say, now—what part would you select?" continued she.

"There are stories," said Miss Bridget.

"Yes, stories, of course," said Miss Dorothy.

"Beautiful stories, sister," said Miss Bridget.

Miss Dorothy bent her head in acquiescence.

"Bethlehem, you know, my dear Dorothy."

Miss Dorothy inclined her head again, and passed her hand across her forehead. Probably she had a brighter vision of the "stable and the manger" than had ever visited her thoughts before; perhaps she had never heard "peace on earth, goodwill to men" sung so sweetly.

"And when will you begin, my dear sister?" she said.

Miss Bridget made no answer, but looked at Violet—who, tired of her solitary play, was leaning her dimpled elbows on

the table, her chin resting in the hollows of her hands, and gazing alternately at each of her "aunts," divining, with a child's perception, that their discourse had reference to herself—and then rose, and, reaching the Bible from a side-table, lifted the little girl on her knee, and opened the "Word of Life."

"She seems rather tired, I fear," said Miss Dorothy.

"It will interest her," said Miss Bridget.

So she opened the book, and showed the little one a picture of the "Shepherds Abiding in the Field;" and when she had sufficiently admired that, there was "The Arrival at Bethlehem," and then Miss Bridget read "the wondrous story." She was not very clever at paraphrasing—so much the better for the present, perhaps—but she read twice over such passages as were most important or most difficult to be understood, and Miss Dorothy was so good as to explain every word which, being different from those in common use, might be incomprehensible to the youthful listener; and as she had been in her younger days remarkable for that sort of learning, having gained a prize at Mrs. Stockwell's academy for repeating "by heart" twelve pages of Johnson's Dictionary, meanings and all, she was well qualified for the task, and considered herself so.

So, after Violet had listened to the story, with "Aunt Bridget's" reiterations and "Aunt Dorothy's" explanations, and had received rather a long lecture afterwards from the latter on the necessity of being very grave and serious while listening to stories from that book, and a short one from Aunt Bridget on the duty of loving the babe announced by the angelic messengers, it was time to lay by the book and prepare for an airing in her little carriage.

Aunt Dorothy and Aunt Bridget walked beside their nursing, and the day being very fine, they lengthened their excursion beyond what had hitherto been the limits of Violet's drives since her illness; and after they had proceeded for some distance down a lane unfamiliar to the child, she looked up from her infant cogitations and asked Miss Critchley, "Shall we soon be there, aunt?"

"Where, my child?"

"Where—I forget the name—where the baby is that Aunt Bridget read about."

Aunt Dorothy was rather startled by this first effect of Miss Bridget's religious instruction; she was almost afraid that the child had been guilty of some profaneness in supposing "the babe" was to be found in some of the farm stables around them. But Miss Bridget was better able to understand the child's feelings and answer her questions; so she told her that that "babe was not now on earth; that He had died long ago; that it was for her as well as every one else in the world He had died as well as lived; and that she should hear all about Him some other time, by and by—how He died, and why." And she was satisfied with the effects of her teaching when Violet said, "Promise you will tell me some more about Him to-morrow, aunt;" and gave the promise and a kiss, before she went to gather "some very bright buttercups" to add to the heap which already filled Violet's lap.

But Violet had not exhausted all her ideas on the new subject presented to her. Miss Dorothy had always continued her task of putting the child to bed, and this night, after she had deposited her in her little cot, Violet drew her aunt's head close to her own and said, "Aunt Dorothy, Aunt Bridget said I ought to love Jesus, the babe, you know."

"Yes, surely, my love."

"And how am I to love Him, aunt—to get to love Him, I mean?"

"You must pray, dear, to God—to God, who is His Father, and yours, if you love His Son."

"Is that what I mean when I say 'Our Father,' aunt?"

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Dorothy.

"And, aunt," said Violet, after a short pause, "do you love Him?"

"Yes, dear."

"Better than you love me, aunt?"

Had Miss Dorothy been asked six years before whether she loved her God and Saviour better than her earthly happiness and her earthly possessions, she would most probably have answered "of course," and the words might have been repeated merely of course; but, as we have said, she was beginning to analyse her ideas and feelings, so she answered humbly, "I hope so, dear; I ought to do so."

"And do you pray, aunt?"

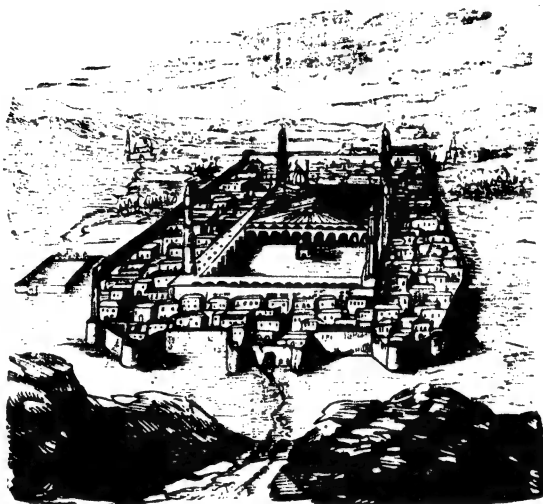
"Yes, dear."

"And you would rather that I should love Jesus better than I love you and Aunt Bridget?"

"Yes, my child."

So Violet let her head drop on her pillow, where she was soon asleep; and Aunt Dorothy withdrew, to pray, for the first

time, perhaps, with the full consciousness of her own need to approach the "throne of grace." And from this time the Misses Critchley and their adopted child went on teaching each other with rapid success, and the word which was sown bore "fruit an hundred-fold."



MEDINA.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

MAHOMETANISM.

"He said, I am a prophet also, and an angel spake to me by the word of the Lord. And he lied."—1 Kings, xlii., 18.

FOR upwards of eleven hundred years has Arabia the Happy, that land of spices, perfumes, and frankincense—the Sabæa of the poets, the Sheba of the Sacred Scriptures, the "wealthy nation that dwelleth without care, which have neither gates nor bars, which dwell alone"—cried with a loud voice, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" And even to this very day, in the ancient cities of many a distant land, do the followers of the Crescent still echo that cold and monotonous prayer! Yet, in spite of the many and palpable absurdities connected with this creed, no revolution recorded in history, with the exception of that effected by the

religion of the Gospel, has introduced greater changes than those which have grown out of the rise, progress, and permanence of Mahometanism.

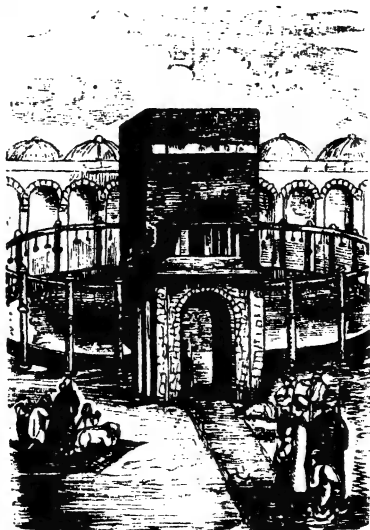
The history and character of this superstition are objects of laudable curiosity to every thoughtful mind, and furnish some of the most interesting records of the human race.

That an obscure individual, sprung from the roving tribes of Arabia, following no higher occupation than that of a caravan trader, possessing no advantages of mental culture, nor distinguished in the onset by any pre-eminence of power, should yet have been enabled, in spite of numerous

obstacles, to found an extensive empire over the minds as well as persons of millions of the human race, presents a phenomenon which increases our wonder the more steadily it is contemplated. We shall endeavour to examine some of the reasons which undoubtedly led to the establishment, growth, and increase of Mahometanism.

Copying the creed of the Romish Church, by asserting that duration and temporal prosperity are infallible marks of a true

Church, the followers of Mahomet point to their eleven centuries, and urge the brilliant victories of the prophet as an express testimony from heaven to the truth and holiness of their religion, an argument which may be used with equal propriety by the followers of Numa as well as by the disciples of Mahomet and Christ. Let us beware how we confound the uncommon with the supernatural; for what can be accounted for by human means must not indiscriminately be declared divine.*



THE KAABA AT MECCA.

One of the first causes which facilitated the progress of Mahometanism was the miserable and distracted state of the Christian Church. In contemplating the sixth and seventh centuries, we are struck with horror and amazement at the absence of all purity of doctrine and simplicity of manners. The most trifling and absurd distinctions divided the households of faith, who persecuted each other in the most bitter and rancorous fashion. Corrupt in opinion and degenerate in practice, the Christians of this unhappy period seem to have retained little more than the name and external profession of their religion.

For centuries, religion and learning had been hastening, with visible and equal steps, to decay. While ignorance was thus extending her dominion over the Christian world, superstition, her genuine offspring, followed close behind; the absence of morality was a natural consequence of the death of piety, while, as if to increase the difficulties of the Church, the wealth and privileges of the clergy had been as gradually increasing, introducing, in their turn, an extended train of vices and follies; hence followed those fierce struggles be-

* See White's Bampton Lectures

tween the bishops of Rome and Constantinople—hence those furious persecutions which so disgracefully characterize that age. While the majesty of the laws was thus being trampled upon, and the cities of the East deluged with blood, Mahomet arose and assumed the prophetic character, seizing with irresistible ardour, and pursuing with unremitting activity, these favourable circumstances for the establishment and propagation of a new religion.

The political and religious state of Arabia itself contributed no less remarkably to the success of the prophet. While Rome was, on the one hand, overwhelmed by the northern barbarians, and Persia, on the other, distracted by intestine divisions, both evidently in the last stage of decline, Arabia was in every respect prosperous and flourishing. Celebrated, however, as she had ever been as the seat of unbounded liberty, Arabia was divided into many independent tribes, and idolatry, in an almost endless variety, prevailed.

To this divided state of both the religion and government of Arabia, much of the success, if not the very existence, of Mahomet, must be ascribed. Had there been one common government, the daring project must have been quickly crushed; had there been one system of religion universally received throughout the country, Mahomet must certainly have sunk under his attempt to undermine the established belief of the land.

Another element which greatly contributed to secure the victory of the prophet was that spirit of accommodation which so strongly distinguished his conduct and the character of his religion. With the Jew, he maintained the inspiration of Moses, the authority of the Pentateuch, and of the prophetic writings; with the Christian, he admitted the divine mission of Jesus Christ; while, to win the affections of his idolatrous countrymen, he indulged their prejudices by giving a new and superior sanction to their favourite ceremonies and customs, and adorning them with still more pompous and attracting embellishments.

Ignorance, ever the strongest and safest ground on which imposture can be erected, flourished even to a proverb among the people of Mecca, to whom the pretended prophet first asserted his divine commission.

Such, then, was the state of the nation, and such were the people to whom this new religion was offered—a religion which, while it retained almost every principle and opinion that immemorial custom had taught them to revere, at the same time held forth new doctrines the most pleasing and captivating to the human heart.

The Mahometan paradise was adorned with the gayest colours which imagination could conceive. Gardens fairer than those of Eden, watered by a thousand streams, and enlivened by blooming hours, addressed itself in unmistakable terms to the gross and sensual conceptions of uncivilized men.*

While this happiness and these pleasures were thus graciously offered to the faithful who embraced the new religion, the most dreadful torments which imagination could suggest were at the same time denounced against an unbelieving world. Tempted on the one hand by promises thus specious and alluring, and assailed on the other by new and unheard-of terrors, against which his former principles could afford him no certain resource, what wonder that the unlettered Arabian willingly embraced a creed which thus forcibly addressed itself to his strongest passions?

No sooner had the insinuating address of Mahomet enabled him to assemble a party sufficiently strong to support his ambitious designs, than he threw off the mask, which was no longer necessary, declaring that, since a disobedient world had rejected the summons sent in former times by the prophets, now it pleased the Almighty to send forth His last great prophet, that by the strength of his arm, and by the power of his sword, men might be compelled to embrace the truth.

Acting under the fancied authority of this divine commission, looking forward with anxious expectation to the joys of Paradise and the glorious crown of martyrdom which was laid up for those who should perish in the propagation of the faith—convinced that their lot, whether of life or death, was absolutely and inevitably predetermined—the first followers of Mahomet were animated with that enthu-

* For an account of the Alkoran or Koran, see Berton's "Dictionary of Universal Information," p. 59, article ALKORAN.

siastic zeal which inspires the most invincible contempt of danger or of death."

Marvellous tales are not wanting concerning the parents and birth of this remarkable man. Of his father, if Moslem traditions are to be credited, it is said he was so handsome that two hundred virgins died of broken hearts on the day of his marriage with Amina. Mahomet was the only fruit of this sadly celebrated wedding, and at his birth a celestial light illumined the surrounding country, while the newborn child, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "God is great. There is no God but God, and I am his prophet!" Heaven and earth were agitated at his advent, the lake Sawa shrank back to its secret springs, while the Tigris, bursting its bounds, overflowed the neighbouring lands. The sacred fire of Zoroaster, which, guarded by the Magi, had burned without interruption for upwards of a thousand years, was suddenly extinguished, and all the gods in the world fell down. The Arabian legends go on to state that he could stand at three months, run abroad when he was seven, and at ten months he could join other children at their sports with bow and arrow.

At the age of three years, while playing in the field with his foster-brother, two angels in shining apparel appeared; laying Mahomet gently on the ground, Gabriel, without inflicting any pain, opened his breast, taking from thence his heart, and after bringing from it those black and bitter drops of original sin inherited from our forefather Adam, he filled it with faith, knowledge, and prophetic light, and replaced it in the bosom of the child. About the same time began to emanate from his countenance that mysterious light which had continued from Adam to Isaac and Ishmael, but which had lain dormant in the descendants of the latter until it shone forth with renewed radiance from the features of Mahomet.

After the death of his father and mother, the young child went to live with an uncle, an enterprising merchant, and one of the sacerdotal guardians of the Caaba, the marvellous stone which was fabled to have fallen from heaven, and used by Abraham as a scaffold, which rose and sunk with him as he erected the walls of that sacred edifice which was to commemorate the precise

spot of the tabernacle of clouds in which Adam had worshipped after the fall.

Another tradition declares that this stone was the guardian angel appointed to watch over Adam in Paradise, who was changed into a stone and ejected thence with him at his fall for not having been more vigilant. This stone Abraham and Ishmael received with proper reverence, and inserted it in a corner of the exterior wall of Caaba, where it remains to the present day, devoutly kissed by worshippers each time they make a circuit of the temple. When first inserted in the wall, it was, we are told, a single jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but became gradually blackened by the kisses of sinful mortals. At the resurrection it will recover its angelic form, and stand forth a testimony before God in favour of those who have faithfully performed the rites of pilgrimage!

Mecca, which contains this marvellous stone, and also the sacred well of Zem-Zem, where the angel appeared to Ishmael and Hagar, was a holy city many years before the rise of Mahometanism, and was the resort of pilgrims from all parts of Arabia. So universal and profound was the religious feeling respecting this observance, that four months in every year were devoted to the rites of pilgrimage, and held sacred from all violence and warfare. Hostile tribes then laid aside their arms, took the heads from their spears, traversed the late dangerous deserts in security, thronged the gates of Mecca clad in the pilgrim's garb, made their seven circuits round the Caaba, touched and kissed the mysterious black stone, drank and made ablutions in the well Zem-Zem, in memory of their ancestor Ishmael, and, having thus performed the primitive rites of pilgrimage, returned home in safety, again to resume their weapons and their wars.

Before the promulgation of the Moslem doctrines, they had also three principal fasts in the year—one lasting seven, one nine, and one thirty days. They prayed three times each day, about sunrise, at noon, and about sunset, turning their faces in the direction of the Caaba, which was their Kelba, or point of adoration.

Brought up as Mahomet was in the house of the guardian of the Caaba, his mind was deeply impressed with the ceremonies

and devotions connected with the sacred edifice. At the age of twelve the lad and his uncle made a caravan journey into Syria, where he met with one of the Nestorian monks, who, surprised at the precocity of his intellect, and interested by his eager desire for information—which appears to have had reference principally to matters of religion—endeavoured to impress Mahomet with the follies of idolatry, in which he had been educated; so that the child returned to Mecca with his imagination teeming with the wild traditions picked up in the desert, and deeply struck with the doctrines imparted to him at the Nestorian convent.

In his twenty-fifth year Mahomet married a rich widow named Cadijah, a woman of judgment and experience, about forty years of age. This marriage placed Mahomet among the most wealthy merchants of his native city, and for several years after he continued his traffic, visiting the great Arabian fairs, and making distant journeys with the caravans. His wealth, however, raised him above the necessity of toiling for a subsistence, and gave him leisure to indulge the original bias of his mind—a turn for reverie and religious speculation which he had evinced from his earliest years. During the course of years, the sacred edifice Caaba became filled and surrounded with idols to the number of 360, being one for every day of the Arab year, which circumstance gradually strengthened the idea of the necessity for a religious reform which had already taken possession of his mind, and that the advent of another prophet, authorised by a mandate from on high, to restore the erring children of men, and bring back the worship of the Caaba to what it had been in the days of Abraham and the patriarchs, was greatly needed. He gradually absented himself from society, and remained engaged in prayer and meditation for days and nights in one of the caverns north of Mecca.

The sacred month of Ramadhan was thus passed, and in his fortieth year the angels, in answer to his prayers and meditations, descended, bringing by the hand of Gabriel the decrees of God, who gave into the keeping of Mahomet a silken cloth, covered with written characters; or, in other words, the Koran, which had first

descended from the seventh to the lowest heaven. The prophet received the joyful tidings respecting his ministry on earth, when the angel slowly and majestically re-ascended into heaven. This tale was by Mahomet told to his wife, who believed, or affected to believe, its truth; her conversion, and that of his servant and of the son of his uncle, followed.

Three more years were spent in converting the six men who afterwards became his chief companions, at the end of which time he received in a vision another command to “arise, preach, and magnify the Lord.” The success which attended this preaching has already been shown.

Of his flight from Mecca, his journey to Jerusalem, and from thence to the seventh heaven, and the supernatural visitation of genii in the Valley of Naklah, are matters of history already well known. After his arrival at Medina, he found himself at the head of an army devoted to his person and obedient to his will, from which time he became a monarch, assuming the ensigns of temporal as well as of spiritual dominion. The troops of the imperial prophet were now sent forth through every part of Arabia, prepared alike to convert by instruction or to subdue by arms the enemies of the faith. The effects of their zeal and courage were soon apparent; the streets of Medina were crowded with ambassadors from various tribes, who came to humble themselves before the conqueror of Mecca, and to acknowledge both the unity of God and the authority of his prophet.

Thus rapidly did the religion of Mahomet triumph over all the opposition of his idolatrous countrymen, and thus was his empire firmly established throughout the several provinces of Arabia. The leaders whom he had chosen were men of distinguished talents and abilities, and from them, after his death, his immediate successors were elected. The Arabians, naturally brave and warlike even in their divided state, were, now that one common head guided the nation, capable of producing the most extraordinary revolutions. Conquest succeeded conquest, and, as their pagan captives were allowed no other alternative than an immediate desertion of their former errors and conversion to the faith, or an instant and cruel death by the

hands of a barbarous zealot, it is not, perhaps, so very remarkable, after all, that the Moslem religion triumphed as it did in those heathen and benighted lands.

M. S. R.

LITERARY WOMEN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Still hope, and labour on."

THE man who ate the first mussel was undoubtedly no coward; but, query, wasn't the woman who first clutched the quill, and made up her mind to live thereby, a far braver person? Undoubtedly; but who was that individual? Did desperation or hope, or a combination of events, lead to such a consummation? Was it devoutly to be wished for, or otherwise? Have others followed her adventurous example, and with what success? And, lastly, why was it not till so late in the history of letters that women have pursued literature as a profession?

You see we are not talking about the learned ladies of the sixteenth century, nor the blue stockings of a still later date—other motives and other aims influenced them. They have gone to their rest, an unbroken one, we fear, save when the measured step of the antiquarian disturbs their repose, and their works do follow them—not such works as the "Mirroure of Golde for the Sinfull Soule," nor the sober translations of Epictetus and Plato, nor their Evalinas and Ceciliass, which so delighted our grandmothers—but their noble example, their patience, industry, and love of learning, for its own sweet sake—all these have fallen, as a goodly heritage, to their younger sisters, bidding them take heart, and hope, and labour on: and so, after years of sorrow and contumely, after struggles and bitter contests, after many mistakes and not a few false steps, at length we have reached the hour when publishers are as willing to receive the productions of female pens as they are to accept manuscripts from men, and not only as willing to receive, but as ready to pay. And if it be asked how is the amazing stride which women have made as authors during the few last years to be accounted for, we reply chiefly from that very fact—the labourer looks for his hire, he expects it, he is worthy of it, and if the reward does

not follow the work, except in a very few rare cases, the unremunerative labour ceases. That is just, and right, and true—the plain statement of the case acted upon all over the world every day of our lives; and we are beginning to discover—nay, we have already tested the truth—that the golden spur speeds on all racers, without respect to either sex or age. It is rather late in the day, too, to find out that what hinders and clogs the man should similarly affect the woman; but better late than never; so, thanks to a free trade in literature, thanks for the ready market, and, above all, thanks to the continual practice which such circumstances place within the reach of every painstaking woman, such progress has already been made, such conquests achieved, that a return to the "good old times" need neither be feared nor anticipated.

The sneers levelled at the blue stockings have long ago been exchanged for the smile of patronage, and that, in its turn, is, we are convinced, rapidly changing into the honest, hearty confidences of approval and congratulation. Circumstances, aggravated by eccentricities of individual character, justly provoked, in too many instances, those jests and sneers, which retarded in so great a measure the emancipation of the female pen; and it is only justice to our forefathers to acknowledge that too many women of earlier days, feeling their superiority to the mass of their companions, and forgetting that other minds, had they received the same advantages, were capable of receiving the same polish, were puffed up, and, like folks suddenly raised from poverty to an exalted station, thought more of exhibiting their wealth, and of calling attention to their riches, than of quietly enjoying their store, or of using the same with profit. Gradually, but effectually, education widened, deepened, spread; many read, many read much; then came the steam-press, which effected nearly as great a revolution in letters as the invention of printing itself; then followed the demand for food—fresh, wholesome food—to feed that living monster, and the supply was equal to the occasion. But, in order to make that supply equal to the demand, many new pens were dipped in ink, and not a few of those quills were held by female fingers.

The impetus thus given was enormous talents, if not of the highest order, but yet of a more than average working worth, were thus unexpectedly called out, used, appreciated, and speedily acquired a high market value. Other women followed so pleasurable and profitable a path, thus deducting from the ranks, and making a sensible diminution of that great army of martyrs, the governesses, and producing the great results from which we are now beginning to reap the benefits.

Any attempt to mention even the names of the principal female writers of this nineteenth century would be utterly useless in a short paper like this: their name is legion. Two-thirds of "*Chambers's Journal*" is written by women. The daily papers teem with information and leading articles from their pens. Harriet Martineau received, and still receives, some hundreds a-year for a weekly leading article in one of the London papers. Eliza Cook received a similar sum for contributions to the *Weekly Dispatch*. The letters from "our own correspondent" on the Danubian Principalities, printed in the *Times* a short time since, were written by a lady—and a very young lady, too. The late Mrs. Johnstone, the author of "*Elizabeth de Bruce*," "*Violet Hamilton*," and the "*Edinburgh Tales*," edited for many years, in its elder and best days, "*Tait's Magazine*," and managed also, in conjunction with her husband, the *Inverness Courier*. De Quincey calls her "the Mrs. Jameson of Scotland," and adds, "she has cultivated the profession of authorship with absolutely no sacrifice or loss of feminine dignity, and that as a daily occupation, with as much benefit to her own happiness as to the instruction and amusement of her readers; for the petty cares of authorship are agreeable, and its serious cares are ennobling." But, leaving the journalists, we discover Mrs. Somerville displaying, in her "*Mechanism of the Heavens*," and in sundry* similar works, a genius of the highest order, and producing books of which no man need be ashamed, and which few men could produce. The greater part of modern translations are from the pens of our educated women. German, Danish, Russian, Italian, and French novels, his-

tories, philosophical essays and biographies, appear regularly every season from the pens of Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Percy Synnott, Jane Chapman, Mrs. Foster, and others.

No novel from the pen of any man, either living or dead (if we except "*Robinson Crusoe*"), ever created the same sensation, or sold to such an extent, as that wonderful "*Uncle Tom*" of Mrs. Stowe—a work which, for aim, interest, pathos, humour, and vitality, must ever stand on the very highest pinnacle of glory, and raise its author to the proudest position amongst the great minds of the nineteenth century.

Equally remarkable in its way—even far more unique, and conveying to us the impression of as deep, if not a still deeper, mind in the author—is that powerful, if painful, "*Jane Eyre*" of Charlotte Brontë—a novel which, so long as temptation walks this earth, and so long as the heart of woman is what it is, must necessarily be the text-book of those great kindred minds at whose side sorrow and similar circumstances will too often walk.

Other novelists, whose names are all more or less household words, are Lady Rachel Butler, whose "*Jessie Cameron*" contains so charming a picture of Highland life; Miss Jewsbury, Miss Pardoe, Miss Sewell, whose "*Laneton Parsonage*," "*Amy Herbert*," "*Gertrude*," and other numberless works, have all proved so popular; Julia Kavanagh, Lady Emily Ponsonby, well known by her "*Discipline of Life*," "*Pride and Irresolution*," and "*Clare Abbey*," are among a few of the many female novelists of the day whose works are widely read and appreciated.

In natural history we have Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Loudon, and Miss R. M. Zoroastrian, whose "*Recreations in Physical Geography*," "*World of Waters*," and "*Recreations in Geology*," are text-books in many of our schools.

Of historians, Agnes Strickland stands foremost, followed by Mrs. Everett Green, whose "*Lives of the Princesses of England*" forms so good a sequel to Miss Strickland's works. Miss Freer must not be forgotten, nor the industrious Mrs. Corner, who has given our children condensed histories of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, France, England, Wales, Germany, Holland and Belgium, Ireland, Italy and Switzerland,

* "*Somerville on the Physical Sciences*," "*Somerville's Physical Geography*."

Poland, Russia, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, Turkey and the Ottoman Empire. Mrs. Markham's histories of France and England for young persons leave nothing to be desired; and Lady Callcott's "Little Arthur's History of England" (which had, years ago, reached an edition of thirty-three thousand) is beyond all praise, and is as interesting as any novel. Nor must we forget to mention Miss Pardoe's "Memoirs of the Court and Reign of Francis I. of France" and "Mary de Medicis," Lady Lewis's "Lord Clarendon's Contemporaries," and Miss Martineau's "History of Great Britain during the Thirty Years' Peace." Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Miss Brontë" displays considerable talent, and ranks with Southey's "Biography of Kirke White" or Milne's "Life of Keats."

Of travellers who have seen wonders, no one has seen more and described them better than the late Ida Pfeiffer, whose extraordinary "Journey Round the World" is written with much spirit, and displays great talent in the delineation of men and things. Mrs. Trail's "Backwoods of Canada," Lady Sheil's "Persia," Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush," Mrs. Bowdich's "African Wanderers" and "Adventures in Australia," and Mrs. Mackenzie's "Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana," are all standard works, very vividly describing the various countries they have visited.

To praise Lady Eastlake (one of the contributors to the "Quarterly") or Mrs. Jameson would, indeed, be superfluous; they are giants in the land, and by them are standing, as of equal stature, and with even still fairer faces, that first of all the living poets, Mrs. Browning, whose depths and heights no fool can fathom, but whose burning and earnest words are living realities in all the warm hearts and thoughtful minds of the age. Theodosia Trollope, a young and yet but little known poetess, following in her footsteps, while Adelaide Procter (whose "Legends and Lyrics" passed through a second edition in almost as many months) and Isa Craig (the successful candidate for the prize poem on Burns) are names familiar to all readers: both being well known for their plaintive, elegant ballads, which display both high purposes and simple pathos.

What shall we say, in closing this paper,

concerning those great women who not only labour practically among the poor, the ignorant, and the depraved, but whose pens are also continually employed in bringing before the public statistics and facts connected with their particular branches of investigation and work?

Miss Nightingale! did she not prepare the "Hospital Statistics" which formed the groundwork of a Government blue-book? Who that has read will ever forget Miss Marsh's* "English Hearts and Hands?" or Miss Howell's account of the "Westminster Ragged Schools" (some twelve of which were founded by that lady)? or Mary Carpenter's book on the "Reformatories?" or Miss Twining on the "Work-houses?"

But we forbear, not from inclination or from paucity of material, but actually from want of room. We have given a hasty sketch of the great progress which literary women have made within the last few years, and we have no doubt that these works are but the first-fruits of a rich harvest, for, since the rough ploughing of the literary field has produced such results, what may we not expect when the ground shall be carefully cultivated, watered, and kept?

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

HATE.

"We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them."—CORTON.

"We always hate those whom we have injured."—TACITUS.

"Who hides hatred to accomplish revenge is great, like the Prince of Hell."—LAVATER.

Fly from the press, and dwell with soothfastness. Suffice thee with thy good, though it be small; For hoard hath hate and climbing lickeness.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, born 1328, died 1400.—
[Good Counsel.]

And some there be that, when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath
been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.

SIR THOMAS WYATT, born 1503, died 1542.—
[Sonnet—The Deserted Lover Consoleth himself.]

With such sharp words procured I great hate.
Here sprung my harm.

The Second Book of Virgil's *Æneid*.

* The most accomplished author of the "Victory Won," "Hedley Vicars," "Light on the Line," &c.

- On th' other side, in one consort there sate
Cruell revenge and rancorous despiht,
Disloyall treason and hart-burning hate.
EDMUND SPENSER, born 1553, died 1593.—*The
[Faerie Queene, Book 2, Canto 7.]*
- Disdain gets hate, and hate calls for revenge,
Revenge with bitter prayers urgeth still;
Thus self-love, nursing up the pomp of pride,
Makes beauty wrack against an ebbing tide.
ROBERT GREENE, born 1560, died 1592.—*From
[Alcida.]*
- All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, born 1563, died 1593.—*[Hero and Leander.]*
- Arise, black vengeance! from thy hollow cell.
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of asp's tongue.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—*Othello, the Moor of Venice, Act 3, Scene 3.*
- Tempt him not so too far. I wish, forheare,
In time we hate that which we often fear.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Scene 3.
- Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything, of nothing first create.
Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Scene 2.
- Weston! that waking man, that eye of state,
Who seldom sleeps, whom bad men only hate.
Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
Thous' slugish spawn that canst but will not see.
BEN JONSON, born 1573, died 1637.—*Underwoods.
[To the Envious.]*
- Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
Of transitory joys, and feed on joys above.
FRANCIS QUARLES, born 1592, died 1645.—*[Emblems, Book V.]*
- No pity, youth; fairness no grace could win.
Joy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forsook.
Wrath kill'd remorse, vengeance stopt mercy's
breath.
Love's thrall to hate, and beauty's slave to death.
EDWARD FAIRFAX, died 1632.—*Tasso's Godfrey of
[Bulloigne; or, Jerusalem Delivered. Book II.]*
- The hidden devil that lies in close await
To win the fort of unbelieving man,
Found entry there where ere unid the gate,
And in his bosom unperceived ran.
It fill'd his heart with malice, strife, and hate;
It made him rage, blaspheme, swear, curse and
bait.
Invisible it still attends him near,
And thus each minute whispereth in his ear.
[Book V.]
- Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a rage with such a different fate.
He honour won, where thou hast purchased hate.
EDMUND WALLER, born 1605, died 1687.—*In
[Answer to a Libel.]*
- For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep,
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
- And heavier fall. So should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
JOHN MILTON, born 1608, d. ed 1674.—*Paradise
[Lost. Book IV.]*
- Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families, debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does evil ways create.
ABRAHAM COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.—*[Anacreontics. Gold.]*
- And, as its little interests move,
Can turn an all to hate or love;
For nothing in a moment torn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity as hate;
And hate, again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.
SAMUEL BUTLER, born 1612, died 1680.—*[Miscellaneous Thoughts.]*
- Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing heaven and fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
JOHN DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1701.—*Palamon
[and Arcite.]*
- Ah! wretched Israel! Ah! unhappy state!
Exposed to all the bolts of angry fate;
Exposed to all thy enemies' revengeful hate.
JOHN OLDHAM, born 1653, died 1683.—*Darius's
[Lamentation for the Death of Saul and Jonathan.]*
- Now in my heart behold thy ponard stain'd.
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd.
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate.
Thy ill-star'd passion and my steadfast hate;
For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful god declare,
Hate is my part; be thine, O king, despair.
MATTHEW PRIOR, born 1664, died 1721.—*Solomon.
[Solomon.]*
- But little now avail'd
The ties of friendship. Every man, as led
By inclination or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate
And dire revenge.
JOHN PHILLIPS, born 1676, died 1708.—*Cider.
[Book II.]*
- Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire.
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
EDWARD YOUNG, born 1683, died 1755.—*The
[Complaint. Night 8.]*
- Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude;
To that each passion turns or soon or late.
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse;
But an inferior not dependant? worse.
ALEXANDER POPE, born 1686, died 1744.—*Moral
[Essays. To a Lady.]*
- He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try what 'tis to hate,
And do an act which rage infers,
'Cause lameness hurls, or blindness errs.
MATTHEW GREEN, b. 1695, d. 1757.—*The Sultana.*

But far the greater part, by rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
"Ye sons of hate!" they bitterly exclaim'd,
"What brought you to this seat of peace and
love?"

JAMES THOMSON, born 1700, died 1748.—*The
[Castle of Indolence. Canto 2.*

On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend;
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.

At length his sov'reign frowns. The train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, born 1709, died 1785.—*The
[Vanity of Human Wishes.*

But anxious study, discontent, and care,
Love without hope, and hate without revenge.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, born 1709, died 1779.—*The
[Passions.*

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate;
I fly from falsehood's specious grin.
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, born 1714, died 1763.—
[Written at an Inn at Henley.

Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted love, now, raving, call'd on
hate.

WILLIAM COLLINS, born 1720, died 1756.—*The
[Passions.*

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, born 1728, died 1744.—*On a
[Beautiful Boy Struck Blind by Lightning.*

Too well thou knowest good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.

WILLIAM FALCONER, born 1730, died 1769.—*The
[Shipwreck. Canto 1.*

'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

CHARLES CHURCHILL, born 1731, died 1764.—
[Epistle to W. Hogarth.

Lo! wizard envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance.
Pride smiling stern, and yellow jealousy,
Frowning disdain, and haggard hate.

JAMES BEATTIE, born 1735, died 1805.—*Ode to
[Hope.*

O woe upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return.

ROBERT BURNS, born 1758, died 1796.—*Logan
[Water.*

Let all on thrones and judgment-seats reflect
How dreadful Thy revenge through nations is
On those who wrong them; but do Thou grant,
Lord,

That, when wrongs are to be redressed, such may
be done with mildness, speed, and firmness, not
With violence or hate, whereby one wrong
Translates another—both to thee abhorrent.

JOANNA BAILLIE, born 1762, died 1851.—*Prayer
[for the People.*

Oh! the curse

To be the awakener of divinely thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds

And to whole nations bound in servile straits
The liberal donor of capacities
More than heroic! This to be, nor yet
Have sense of one connatural wish; nor yet
Deserve the least return of human thanks;
Winning no recompense but deadly hate,
With pity mix'd; astonishment with scorn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, born 1771, died 1832.—
[The Excursion. Book VII.

He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude and scant of courtesy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.—*The
[Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto 5, Stanza 28.*

For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, born 1807.—
[The Spanish Student. Act 2, Scene 4.

Sure dost not like me? shrivell'd hag of hate.
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;
I am not either, beldam, over strong;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet fury, art my bitter hate.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, born 1785, died 1806.—*To
[Misfortune.*

May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight,
And make thee, in thy leprosy of mind,
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind,
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, born 1788, died
[1824.—A Sketch from Private Life.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,

I know not how thy joys we ever should come near.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, born 1792, died 1822.—
[The Skylark.

Smile, nor tear, nor passion-word
Never yet my heart has stirr'd—
Never shall they. Hate is free.
Love abides in slavery.

THOMAS HOOD, born 1798, died 1845.—*The Witch
[of Sherrieboore.*

For why should I love her with love that would
bring
All misfortune, like hate, on so joyous a thing?
Lycus the Centaur.

Mysterious song, the new-arrived exclaimed;
Mysterious mercy, most mysterious hate!

Great ancestor of vice,
Hate, unbelic'd, and blasphemy of God!

ROBERT POLLOCK, born 1799, died 1827.—*The
[Course of Time, Book II.*

Thief stole from thief, and robber on the way
Knocked robber down; and lewdness, violence,
And hate met lewdness, violence, and hate.

Book VI.

The abominable, that, uninvited, came
Into the fair Peleian banquet hall,

And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change. That I might speak my
mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence—hated both of God and man.

Enone.

'Tis true that war's unsparing hand
Hath ceased to bathe our fields in gore;
That hate hath quenched his burning brand,
And tyrant princes reign no more.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, born 1823, died
[1838. *Lenore. Introduction.*

He died. I sought, with keenest hate,
The proofs of this, thy fair estate.
I kept the parchments, that I still
Might guide thy fortunes at my will.
I hated: for thy features bore
The smile, the glance thy father's wore.

Canto 2.

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest—
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the earl was fair to see.

ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, born 1810.—
[*The Sisters.*

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND
DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

MEASLES.

THIS much dreaded disease, which forms the next subject in our series of infantine diseases, and which entails more evils on the health of childhood than any other description of physical suffering to which that age of life is subject, may be considered more an affection of the venous circulation, tending to general and local congestion, attended with a diseased condition of the blood, than either as a fever or an inflammation; and though generally classed before or after scarlet fever, is, in its pathology and treatment, irrespective of its after-consequences, as distinct and opposite as one disease can well be from another.

As we have already observed, measles are always characterized by the running at the nose and eyes, and great oppression of breathing; so, in the mode of treatment, two objects are to be held especially in view. First, to unload the congested state of the lungs—the cause of the oppressed breathing; and, secondly, to act vigorously both during the disease and afterwards on the bowels. At the same time it cannot be too strongly borne in mind that, though the patient in measles should on no ac-

count be kept unduly hot, more care than in most infantine complaints should be taken to guard the body from cold, or any abrupt changes of temperature. With these special observations, we shall proceed to give a description of the disease, as recognised by its usual

Symptoms, which commence with cold chills and flushes, lassitude, heaviness, pain in the head and drowsiness, cough, hoarseness and extreme difficulty of breathing, frequent sneezing, defluention or running at the eyes and nose, nausea, sometimes vomiting, thirst, a furred tongue, the pulse throughout is quick, and sometimes full and soft, at others hard and small, with other indications of an inflammatory nature.

On the third day small red points make their appearance, first on the face and neck, gradually extending over the upper and lower part of the body. On the fifth day the vivid red of the eruption changes into a brownish hue, and in two or three days more the rash entirely disappears, leaving a loose, powdery disquamation on the skin, which rubs off like dandruff. At this stage of the disease a diarrhoea frequently comes on, which, being what is called "critical," should never be checked, unless seriously severe. Measles sometimes assume a typhoid or malignant character, in which form the symptoms are all greatly exaggerated, and the case from the first becomes both doubtful and dangerous. In this condition the eruption comes out sooner, and only in patches, and often, after showing for a few hours, suddenly recedes, presenting, instead of the usual florid red, a dark purple or blackish hue, a dark brown fur forms on the gums and mouth, the breathing becomes laborious, delirium supervenes, and, if unrelieved, is followed by coma; a fetid diarrhoea takes place, and the patient sinks under the congested state of the lungs and the oppressed functions of the brain.

The unfavourable symptoms in measles are a high degree of fever, the excessive heat and dryness of the skin, hurried and short breathing, and a particularly hard pulse. The sequelæ, or after-consequences of measles, are croup, bronchitis, mesenteric disease, abscesses behind the ear, ophthalmia, and glandular swellings in other parts of the body.

Treatment.—In the first place, the patient should be kept in a cool room, the temperature of which must be regulated to suit the child's feelings of comfort, and the diet adapted to the strictest principles of abstinence. When the inflammatory symptoms are severe, bleeding in some form is often necessary, though, when adopted, it must be in the *first stage* of the disease; and, if the lungs are the apprehended seat of the inflammation, two or more leeches, according to the age and strength of the patient, must be applied to the upper part of the chest, followed by a small blister, or the blister may be substituted for the leeches; the attendant bearing in mind that the benefit effected by the blister can always be considerably augmented by plunging the feet into very hot water about a couple of hours after applying the blister, and kept in the water for about two minutes. And let it further be remembered that this immersion of the feet in hot water may be adopted at any time or stage of the disease; and that, whenever the *head* or *lungs* are oppressed, relief will *always* accrue from its sudden and brief employment. When the symptoms commence with much shivering, and the skin early assumes a hot, dry character, the appearance of the rash will be facilitated, and all the other symptoms rendered milder, if the patient is put into a warm bath and kept in the water for about three minutes. Or, where that is not convenient, the following process, which will answer quite as well, can be substituted:—Stand the child, naked, in a tub, and, having first prepared several jugs of sufficiently warm water, empty them, in quick succession, over the patient's shoulders and body; immediately wrap in a hot blanket, and put the child to bed till it rouses from the sleep that always follows the effusion or bath. This agent, by lowering the temperature of the skin and opening the pores, producing a natural perspiration, and unloading the congested state of the lungs in most cases, does away entirely with the necessity both for leeches and a blister. Whether any of these external means have been employed or not, the first internal remedies should commence with a series of *aperient powders* and a *saline mixture*, as prescribed in the following formularies; at the same time, as a beverage to quench

the thirst, let a quantity of barley-water be made, slightly acidulated by the juice of an orange, and partially sweetened by some sugar-candy; and of which, when properly made and cold let the patient drink as often as thirst, or the dryness of the mouth, renders necessary.

Aperient powders.—Take of scammony and jalap, each twenty-four grains; grey powder and powdered antimony, each eighteen grains. Mix, and divide into twelve powders if for a child between two and four years of age; into eight powders if for a child between four and eight years of age; and into six powders for between eight and twelve years. One powder to be given, in a little jelly, or sugar and water, every three or four hours, according to the severity of the symptoms.

Saline mixture.—Take of mint-water, six ounces; powdered nitre, twenty grains; antimonial wine, three drachms; spirits of nitre, two drachms; syrup of saffron, two drachms. Mix. To children under three years give a teaspoonful every two hours; from that age to six, a dessertspoonful at the same times; and a tablespoonful every three or four hours to children between six and twelve.

The object of these aperient powders is to keep up a steady but gentle action on the bowels; but, whenever it seems necessary to administer a stronger dose, and effect a brisk action on the digestive organs—a course particularly imperative towards the close of the disease—two of these powders given at once, according to the age, will be found to produce that effect; that is, two of the twelve for a child under four years, and two of the eight and two of the six, according to the age of the patient.

When the difficulty of breathing becomes oppressive, as it generally does towards night, a hot bran poultice, laid on the chest, will be always found highly beneficial. The diet throughout must be light, and consist of farinaceous food, such as rice and sago puddings, beef-tea and toast; and not till convalescence sets in should hard or animal food be given.

When measles assume the malignant form, the advice just given must be broken through; food of a nutritious and stimulating character should be at once substituted, and administered in conjunction with

wine, and even spirits, and the disease regarded and treated as a case of typhus. But, as this form of measles is not frequent, and, if occurring, hardly likely to be treated without assistance, it is unnecessary to enter on the minutæ of its practice here. What we have prescribed, in almost all cases will be found sufficient to meet every emergency, without resorting to a multiplicity of agents.

The great point to remember in measles is not to give up the treatment with the apparent subsidence of the disease, as the *after-consequences* of measles are too often *more serious*, and to be more dreaded, than the measles themselves. To guard against this danger, and thoroughly purify the system, after the subsidence of all the symptoms of the disease, a corrective course of medicine, and a regimen of exercise, should be adopted for some weeks after the cure of the disease. To effect this, an active aperient powder should be given every three or four days, with a daily dose of the subjoined tonic mixture, with as much exercise, by walking, running after a hoop, or other bodily exertion, as the strength of the child and the state of the atmosphere will admit—the patient being, wherever possible, removed to a purer air as soon as convalescence warrants the change.

Tonic mixture.—Take of infusion of rose leaves, six ounces; quinine, eight grains; diluted sulphuric acid, fifteen drops. Mix. Dose, from half a teaspoonful up to a dessertspoonful, once a day, according to the age of the patient.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

SPONGE CAKE.—A quarter of a pound of lump sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, well dressed, the rind of a lemon, grated, seven eggs, leaving two of the whites out; do not beat up the eggs; boil the sugar in a quarter of a pint of water, and pour it boiling hot unto the eggs, whisking them very quickly while the sugar is poured gently on them; continue to whisk it for twenty minutes; stir in the flour, but do not whisk it after; put it into moulds, well buttered, and bake it in a quick oven. Be careful to have the oven ready, or the cakes will be heavy.

RHUBARB TART.—Cut some rhubarb into pieces an inch long, place it in a saucepan without a cover, adding chopped lemon-peel and sufficient sugar to sweeten—in water; let it simmer till reduced to a pulp; stand aside till cool. Line a flat dish with paste, put in the

rhubarb, and, before putting it into the oven, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a good sprinkling of nutmeg. Serve with custard-cream.

TO MAKE THE CREAM.—Beat up two eggs with a tablespoonful of cold milk, have ready half a pint of milk boiling hot, to be poured gradually on the eggs, stirring all the time, pour backwards and forwards in the saucepan. If not sufficiently thickened, place on the fire for a moment, but be careful it does not boil, or it will curdle and be spoiled.

TO MAKE BRILLA SOUP.—Take a shin of beef, cut off all the meat in square pieces, then boil the bone three hours; strain it and take off the fat, then put the broth to boil with the pieces of meat, a few carrots and turnips cut small, and a good sprig of thyme, some onions chopped, and a stick of celery cut in pieces; stir them all till the meat is tender. If not cooking brown, you must colour it.

ARROWROOT DROPS, OR BISCUITS.—Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, seven eggs well whisked. Adding seven ounces of flour, six ounces of arrowroot, and half a pound of loaf sugar. Mix all well together, and drop on a clean tin, size of a shilling; bake in a slow oven.

BLOCK BISCUITS.—Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, half a pound of ground rice, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, four eggs, and a little sal volatile.

BAKERS' YEAST.—Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water, take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk-warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour, and half a pint of brewers' yeast to work it.

GERMAN METHOD OF KEEPING CUCUMBERS FOR WINTER USE.—Pare and slice (as for table), sprinkle well with salt, in which leave the cucumbers twenty-four hours; strain the liquor well off, and pack in jars, a thick layer of cucumber and then salt, alternately; tie close, and when wanted for use take out the quantity required. *Kince* in fresh water, and dress as usual, pepper, vinegar, &c.

WHIPPY SYLLABUBS.—Stir gently one pint of scalded cream the same way until it becomes smooth and thick, but not to let it curdle, then add, while stirring, four ounces of loaf sugar rolled and sifted, the grated rind of one lemon, and the juice of two, two glasses of sherry wine, and, finally, the whites of three eggs beaten to a high froth with a small pine whisk. Fill your glasses, and, having left some syllabub in your bowl to raise the requisite froth for the tops of your filled glasses, begin and whisk it well, taking off every bubble, as it rises, with a teaspoon, placing it on the glass, and continuing to raise a pyramid of bubbles on each till enough to complete the light appearance. Syllabubs should be always made the day before they are to be eaten, and form a very pretty addition to the supper table.

TO MAKE ROCK CAKES.—Beat well two eggs, and then add one pound of crushed lump sugar, and let it stand for an hour; then add nine ounces of flour and a few drops of the essence of almonds. Bake in a slow oven.



THE FASHIONS
AND
PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

As the season opens in London, and the families of the aristocracy leave their homes in the country to take up their residence in town, it follows, as a natural consequence, that taste and fashion are under the necessity of calling up their best and most fanciful creations to meet the demands of the great world.

In selecting one of the newest and prettiest dresses of the season for illustration, we have been influenced by its simplicity of style and taste. To be appreciated it must be seen in contrast with those which are loaded with ornament. This dress is made in pink tarian; it has a double skirt—the upper one is looped up with

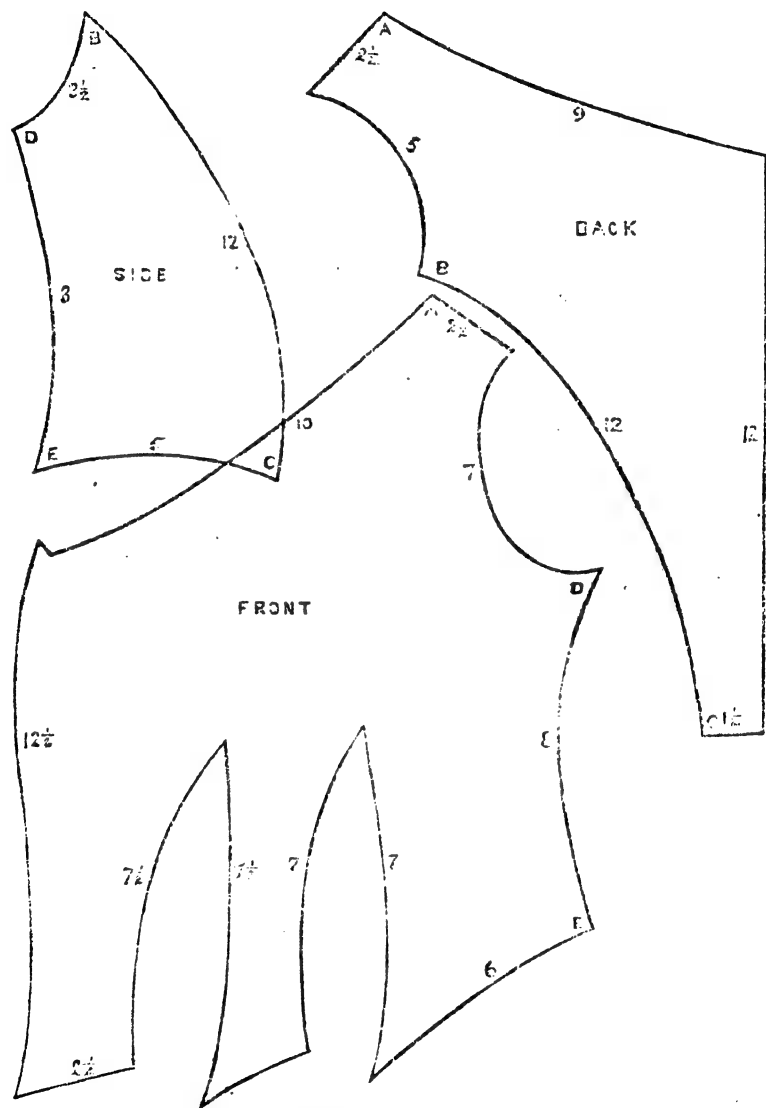


DIAGRAM OF DRESS.

large bows of black velvet ribbon. The body is made round at the bottom, and finished with a draping of folds at the top. The sleeve is peculiar; it consists of a broad fold of the tarian, plaited into the arm-hole, surmounted by an epaulette in black velvet, not compressed down to the arm, but adapting itself to the spread of the folds of the tarian. Under all is a short, full sleeve, of clear, white tarian, which produces the best effect by the relief which it affords. The same dress is also made in white tarian, having bows of white satin ribbon and white satin epaulette. This very pretty fabric has a peculiar advantage for evening wear, as it lights up remarkably well. Here, too, we may observe that satin is recovering all its former favour. Those ladies who are desirous to purchase substantial dresses cannot do better than decide on black satin; for richness and durability there are few materials that can bear comparison with this beautiful manufacture. Mantles of black satin will be worn by those ladies who are earliest in the field of fashion, and, by degrees, the adoption, or rather the restoration, of the material will become general.

The Empress of the French has lately made her appearance in a bonnet which, while commanding general admiration, is yet so simple in its elegance as to be quite suitable for any English lady for general wear. It is made of black velvet, having black satin strings, and being trimmed with rose-coloured satin on the outside. The same style of bonnet is also made in violet-coloured satin, trimmed with white satin. The inside is trimmed with a bandeau of violet and white satin, finishing with bows at the one end and a small white feather tipped with violet on the other, inclining downwards, with its curled end over the blonde cap. Another inside trimming, equally elegant, but not quite so marked, is the Eugene wreath, composed of white and purple violets alternately disposed.

As the season is fast approaching when that one event of life so interesting to friends and relatives, as well as to the parties most concerned, will be multiplied in every circle, we think a few hints on the subject of the most appropriate costume will not be unacceptable. We are, of course, speaking of matrimonial alliances, and our suggestions are in the service of the bridesmaids. Formerly four bridesmaids were considered the appropriate number, but now eight, and sometimes twelve, are required to grace the bridal ceremony. It has now become an established rule that these supporters of the bride should divide by four—for, as the whole number are expected to appear in dresses contributing to the general elegance of the arrangement, the calculation must be entered into accordingly. One of the dresses marked by the best taste for their use is an under-dress of white glacé silk, with an upper skirt of white tarian, having a broad hem inclosing a pale green satin ribbon, and looped up at intervals all round with clusters of snowdrops. Bonnets of either white tulle or white chip, also trimmed with snowdrops. White tarian scarf, having ribbon to match the skirt, inclosed within a broad hem, and a hood having bows of the same. The same dress must be worn by all the bridesmaids, with only this difference—namely, that four being distinguished by trimmings of green, four more must wear pink, and, if there are so many, four more must wear

mauve. Thus, while the dress of all maintains the general harmony, the decorations supply a variety most agreeable to the eye.

The under-sleeve is now chiefly worn with a turned-up cuff over a full sleeve, the cuff being made firm with an interlacing of velvet ribbon, either black or coloured. A shaded velvet in cerise has the best effect. The collar is also made to match, which is essential to good taste.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MARGUERITE ROGEE.

BAG IN VELVET AND SILK EMBROIDERY.

THE cheering sunshine is issuing the first invitations of the season for the pleasures of the promenade, and many will joyfully accept them. In the early spring there is a wakening up to new life in everything. London partakes of the influence, and displays it in the appearance of her shops, which are made attractive by every novelty of the manufacturer. It is the season for everything that is new. Every bright morning brings a golden harvest to shopkeepers, and ladies' purses are in great requisition. The necessity for some convenient receptacle for containing the purse, the card-case, &c., is felt by all ladies, as the pockets in the dresses have many drawbacks. They are very insecure, the white under-sleeve becomes speedily deranged, and the flow of the skirt is injured by the weight. Fashion has kindly come to the rescue, and has given her sanction to the introduction of the Bag, the adoption of which will, no doubt, become very general. It adds another to the list of ornamental novelties, either for a contribution to a fancy fair, or for presentation to a friend. We have given a design for one of these useful little articles, which is extremely pretty when completed. It is intended to be worked on velvet in silk embroidery, and allows some diversity in the arrangement of the colour. The group in the centre may be worked either in white silk or maize colour, on a velvet of crimson, green, violet, or blue. The scroll round is in gold braid, a double row of very narrow, or one row of the width given in the illustration. The filling in round the medallion may be with either silk or fine gold cord, and the spot worked in silk or a gold bead. Three tassels are required, one for each side and one for the bottom. These ought to be formed of silk the colour of the velvet, with a mixture of gold in them. This bag, when completed, is both elegant and useful.

It is necessary that we should add a suggestion on the Honiton lace sleeve of last month. As no dress is complete without having the collar and sleeves to match, the pattern given may easily be adapted for this purpose; two springs would form the half, which must be reversed to complete the collar. This arrangement makes a very elegant collar. The same cottons must be used, namely, Nos. 24 and 30 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfection; if the same makers' Persian thread is used instead of the No. 80 crochet, it is an improvement. This pattern may also be applied to form a very beautiful berthe.



BAG IN VELVET AND SILK EMBROIDERY.



FOUR DAYS WITH THE FAMILY AT VIOLET COTTAGE.

FOURTH AND LAST DAY.

A BRIGHT spring morning, as bright and more warm than that on which Violet first made her appearance at "The Cottage," is breaking over the village on the outskirts of which "the family" live. The sunbeams are dancing merrily on the tiled roofs of the old buildings composing the original straggling street—where is the inn, and the entrance to the market and the post-office—and on the neater slates of the two new streets, which, joining each other at a right angle, are named respectively "Paradise Place" and "Eden Row" (in that inconsistency of taste and with that incongruity of ideas which invariably calls the newest, pertest, trimmest, and most ostentatiously intrusive building, or collection of buildings, after some poetical idea, or actual locality, the oldest, the sublimest, the most shadowy, or the most remote), gilding the trees which overshadow the lane leading to the Misses Critchley's dwelling, the clear little river, over which the bridge leads to the brewery and the rope-walk, flooding the church spire, and the gables of the school-house, which stand on rather rising ground and settling quietly down on Violet Cottage peeping out from its veil of ivy and Indian creeper.

And among the first of the sleepers awakened by the increasing light is Mrs.

Martin, the baker's wife, who, after donning some of the most indispensable of her habiliments, proceeds to arouse her better-half by no very gentle push. "Tom, Tom, get up, get up; 'tis past four o'clock. You'll never have the Sally Lunn ready for the breakfast."

"Oh, bother, woman," replied Tom; who, not having retired to rest until after midnight, feels little inclined to rise after scarcely more than three hours' sleep.

"Bother, it may be," quoth Mrs. Martin; "but the Sally Lunn must be ready for Miss Violet's wedding-breakfast; you may sleep enough to-morrow. Now that our Lucy's settled, there'll be no one married again in this parish for many a long day, that you and I'll care so much for, Tom. Dear, dear, to recollect the day she was lying across my lap, and the poor dear prim ladies looking at her as I would look at a burnt batch of bread, with the shop empty, and no more dough made up. And now to think how she gave Susy her new Bible when she was married; and how she teaches your sister's two little girls every Sunday as ever comes; and bless her pretty face coming into the school; and the dear ladies themselves, and—Get up do," said the good woman, abruptly breaking off to administer another shove, as Tom re-

sponded to her harangue by a loud snore. And now, having thoroughly roused him, she flings open the shutters of her little window with an energy that expresses her determination that "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber" is out of the question for anybody that morning. A footstep below attracts her attention, and, raising the sash, she accosts a neat, pretty girl, who looks up to her with a pleasant smile.

"Good morning, Ellen Harris. You're early this morning, my girl."

"Good morning, Mrs. Martin, ma'am. I had to take Miss Bridget Critchley's dress home yesterday evening," she said, pointing to a neatly-folded parcel on her arm. "It wanted some alteration, so, as I should bring it back this morning, I promised to waken Betty early, and father called me when he was going out; he must be at Highfield by six, and it's a goodish distance."

"La, yes, sure; and you'll stay the day at the Cottage, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am; Betty must have me, so I put off Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Jones wanted her new cloak by Sunday, and Mrs. Smith was to have had her old green silk turned, for the dinner at Miss Cooke's on Friday, but I could not disappoint Betty or the ladies, so they must do without."

"And Betty has got a silk gown for certain, now?"

"Yes, indeed; Miss Critchley bought it, and Sarah Day and me sat up all Monday night to make it, we were so hurried, having all Miss Violet's things to get ready. But it isn't often I have to sit up o' nights, so I didn't heed it, though work is plenty enough, but I'd do anything for Miss Violet or the ladies."

"And Mary White is to live with Miss Violet, that is with Mrs. Allen, as will be?" said Mrs. Martin.

"Yes, I believe so, Mrs. Martin."

"Oh, for certain. Mrs. White told our Tommy last night when he went to the dairy. She was so busy getting her clothes ready she couldn't send the butter, and Tommy had to fetch it."

"And I'm thinking," growled Tom, senior, who had been struggling into his garments at this juncture; "I'm thinking you've enough to do yourself, without wasting of your time chatting out of window, instead of wakening of them boys

that'll sleep till the folk are coming home from church, if you lets 'em." A hint which cut short Mrs. Martin's gossip, and allowed Ellen Harris, the rosy, healthy, village dressmaker (how unlike her habitually over-worked sisters in great cities!) to proceed on her way, after a cheerful good bye.

And so there was to be a wedding at Violet Cottage. The fairest and sweetest flower in the Misses Critchley's home was to be transplanted to another. Unlike all interesting foundlings in general, nothing had been discovered of Violet's history. No one had come to claim her; no anonymous letters had been received, inclosing a sum of money and the "eternal gratitude of an adoring, but miserable parent," not even had there been an inquiry made in the most remote and cautious manner, "by a distinguished-looking but melancholy gentleman of foreign appearance and haughty bearing," or "a beautiful, though faded woman, of elegant address and winning manners, though with features saddened by deep grief." Nothing, with the exception of her introduction to Violet Cottage, could well be less romantic than Violet's life. She belonged completely to the kind ladies who had so readily devoted themselves to her. She was received by all their friends as "the Misses Critchley's young relative," although well aware that the relationship was only one of adoption, and by all the poorer neighbours she was "Miss Violet of the Cottage." Miss Critchley had exhibited her "baby" as a pattern of good care and good feeding; Miss Critchley had brought "our little girl" to church and to Sunday school in the neatest frocks and bonnets, the best got-up collars and frills, the most faultless shoes and stockings. The Misses Critchley had listened, with tears in their eyes, to her "superior answering," at the scriptural examination, which had procured her the "purple morocco Bible," which always lay on Miss Dorothy's own dressing table; her first sampler (the ladies stuck pertinaciously to "the good old custom") hung over the chimney-piece in their bed-room. Miss Dorothy still tied Violet's sash when she went out to tea, and Miss Bridget wrapped her up. And when the young village doctor, Henry Allen (Mr. Parker had retired from practice, to spend in farming the fortune he had

made by physicking), discovered that Violet was just the wife he wanted, and ascertained that she had come to the same conclusion, he had no one's consent to ask but Miss Critchley's.

And now, on this our last day at the Cottage, long before Ellen Harris's smart ring at the gate bell was heard, Miss Dorothy had been lying awake, with her gold watch, "no modern French or Geneva thing," but a good substantial old turnip-shaped repeater, on the pillow beside her, waiting until it was really time to awake Betty, without risk of a scolding from that functionary for calling her unnecessarily early. Betty's nerves had grown stronger with advancing years, so that a faint was now of rare occurrence, and the palpitation of her heart had long since been transferred to another member, which vibrated pretty freely whenever she was "put out," as she called it, so that Miss Dorothy was rather cautious of setting the pendulum in motion, and was not sorry on this occasion to hear the bell, which spared her from the necessity of ringing her own. And when she was satisfied that Ellen Harris had been let in, and that the civil little dressmaker, and Betty, and Betty's niece (who had slept at the cottage that night), were all in full activity below, she returned her watch to its accustomed pocket, and lay a little longer in pleasant contemplation and retrospection.

Very pleasant Miss Dorothy's thoughts were. She looked back, and there was much happiness, and but a few very gentle sorrows; she looked forward, and there was nothing to grieve or alarm. She was glad Violet was going to be married, and she was glad she was going to marry Henry Allen. The match had not been consented to without some "consideration" and a few "consultations," as of old, with Sister Bridget, but these had all ended in full approbation and complete pleasure. The ladies of Violet Cottage were, as some of their neighbours called them, a little "uppish" in their notions, and Henry Allen was only the village surgeon, not even an M.D., fellow of half a dozen learned societies, but merely a general practitioner, who dispensed as well as prescribed his medicines, and accepted a five-shilling fee, when his patients were too poor to pay a guinea. But the Misses

Critchley's "uppishness" was of the gentlest and least obtrusive nature; even in their days of quiet worldliness they had never humbled the meanest individual by any airs of superiority, nor repaid the rudeness of the most insolent but with calm dignity. They had civil words and courteous manners for every one, and were quoted by their acquaintance as examples of good-breeding. And now, when to the character of "thorough gentlewomen," was added that of "thorough Christians," when, beside civil words and polite manners, they had benevolence for the poor, sympathy for the afflicted, forgiveness for the erring, anxiety for the ignorant, and charity for all, it was not difficult to overcome any trifling prejudice, contracted unavoidably by persons of retired habits and limited knowledge of society. Their proper dislike to meanness, coarseness, or vulgarity they were happily not called upon to relinquish or suppress; such qualities would have been as distasteful to Violet as to themselves. There was but a very slight hesitation on the score of "difference of position," but a very short period of indecision on account of "business" and "family," but the faintest shade of reserve over their truly Christian community of feeling, but one momentary tinge of pride on their genuine humility to be done away with, and, before the gossips of the neighbourhood ceased to wonder how the good ladies "could be so ridiculous as to consider Henry Allen's situation any objection to his marrying Violet, who, good and pretty as she was, was only a foundling," Henry Allen had added the Misses Critchley's hearts to the conquest he had already made, and they were called upon to wonder the ladies would give "a girl whom, no doubt, they intended to leave all their little property to, to a young man who had nothing to depend on but his profession." And this they did quite as heartily as if they had never held the contrary opinion.

"He is really a most unexceptionable young gentleman," said Miss Dorothy, on the first evening he had walked home with the ladies from church, and stayed to tea afterwards; "he is quite everything we could wish, my dear Bridget. He never salutes a lady without lifting his hat, and I perceived he would not hurt your feel-

ings by refusing the preserved peaches, though they have—as you may remember I told you, my dear, when they were done—rather too much flavour of cloves.”

“That is quite altogether a fancy of Aunt Dorothy’s,” said Miss Bridget apart to Violet, and meaning, of course, her opinion of the peaches, not her opinion of Henry Allen, to whom she readily contributed her meed of approbation.

“He is, indeed, sister, very good indeed—as you say, so kind-hearted—very generous to the poor—and Mr. Neville, the curate, has the highest opinion of him. And you perceived, this evening, how he assisted Betty to put the urn on the table, because he perceived she was not very strong—and our urn is indeed very heavy—just as you remark, my dear Dorothy, he is exactly what one would like.”

“My dear sister, I was not speaking of the good feelings or right principles of Mr. Henry Allen. We have had no reason to dread that there should be any deficiency in that respect, and of course they are—that is, I am sure we should consider them of the most importance; but, in this instance, I only meant to say that I was pleased to perceive that, in point of fact, being prepared to esteem him for the qualities you have mentioned, I was gratified by observing that really his manner was quite superior to—that is, in all respects, exactly what we have been accustomed to consider essential in a gentleman; and what we should of course require in any one to whom we could consent to—to—” And here Miss Dorothy’s eloquence and stateliness broke down together, and she pulled out her handkerchief before adding, “give our darling child.”

“Very true, indeed, my dear sister,” replied Miss Bridget, wiping her own eyes, “just as you say. Dear Violet! no one has ever been rude or neglectful to her—and, indeed, she requires great attention. Even now, she would go out these sharp evenings without the silk handkerchief round her throat, which you, my dear sister, consider so indispensable, did I not always lay it folded beside her gloves on the little table.”

Henry Allen being thus elected to the position he wished for as the accepted lover of Violet, on the recommendation of

his good manners and his good looks (the latter being for Violet and the former for her “aunts,” not that she, as we have said, was indifferent on this point), Miss Dorothy, as we have seen, was indulging her pleasant reflections on the wedding morning, foremost among which was the consideration that there was to be no separation. The marriage was not to be followed by a parting. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were not to live with them, it was true; but it was to be nearly the same thing—not fifty yards off. Violet could always have the benefit of their experience in household, or, it might be, “family matters,” of which benefit no one could be more fully convinced than Violet herself. And she would be always at hand to step in and arrange Miss Dorothy’s knitting, or reckon the stitches in Miss Bridget’s carpet work, or arrange the flowers in the china vases in the drawing-room. Yes, really they should be nearly as much together as ever—and the same pew in church—and it was so kind of Henry Allen to buy curtains for Violet’s drawing-room the exact pattern of those at the Cottage, that her new residence might be the more like her old, and—and here Aunt Dorothy shook off the slumber which was creeping over her reveries, and stepped out of bed with as much haste as was consistent with sixty-four winters and a dignified “deportment.” For the wedding was yet to come; and if the “nursing” was a matter of much bustle at Violet Cottage, what was this not likely to be? If a pap-boat, and a cradle, and a baby’s robe, had been almost too much for the united energies of Miss Dorothy and Miss Bridget, what was to become of them under the anxieties consequent on “a breakfast,” a “trousseau,” and a “wedding tour?” This last was the worst—a journey to be undertaken by this nursing, who had scarcely ever crossed the threshold without being attended by one or the other of her “relatives!”

“I fear, really, I fear,” said Miss Dorothy, when her sister had been awakened by the accidental upsetting of a dressing-case—“indeed, I am apprehensive that the shawl dear Violet is to wear travelling is not warm enough. You know I should have preferred the blue, only you decided on the white.”

“We must make her wear her drab

cashmere with it, then," said Miss Bridget, "instead of her grey silk."

"And remind me, my dear, to impress on her the necessity of not walking late in the evening; the dews are so heavy," said Miss Dorothy.

"Here is Betty," said Miss Bridget, tying her dressing-gown, as she proceeded to open the door in answer to a rather peremptory tap.

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Harris has brought your gown, as she has taken up two inches in the skirt, as she says; which the body also is altered. And, if you please, ma'am, Mrs. Martin has just sent the pies, which look beautiful, and she's to be here in a minute with the Sally Lunns, and her son Tommy has come from Willow Grove with the flowers; and Mrs. Woodleigh has sent a 'bookee' special for Miss Violet; beside Billy Lee, which came half an hour ago with a basket of trout—and however they're to be done, with the large boiler on for the tea and coffee, and the oven that must be kept hot for the muffins. And the ham that was too brown last night looks lovely now. And we're ready to unpack the wedding-cake." And Betty bounced out of the room as abruptly as she had made her appearance.

But, notwithstanding the haste which these considerations induced the Misses Critchley to make with their toilets, Betty was for some time fuming at their non-appearance before they left their chamber; for the wedding was a serious as well as a bustling business; and very long the pious ladies remain on their knees, in deep thankfulness for the happiness of their beloved "child," and earnest prayers for her future welfare, spiritual and temporal.

Then they descended, rather more leisurely than was consonant with the hot haste of Betty, and for the next hour and a half Miss Dorothy vibrated between the parlour and the kitchen, albeit it was not her custom to bestow much of her presence in the latter place. But there are occasions on which people may descend without compromising their dignity; and Miss Bridget occupied herself in packing Violet's trunks, folding every article with a precision and tenderness belonging only to amiable maiden ladies, and very different from the bustle of a milliner's assistant, or the brisk consequence of a lady's-maid.

And then Violet appeared lovely and gentle, serious and happy, and at sight of all their preparation and activity, and remembrance of all their disinterested kindness, could not refrain, despite her happiness, from bursting into tears; so she had to be petted and comforted, and then snatched alternately from one "aunt" to the other to be embraced, and admired, and kissed, and smiled at, and wept over, until, at length, rescued by Betty, with loudly-expressed indignation at their "crumpling the bride's dress," and an unqualified opinion "that they didn't know what they were doing, they didn't, encouraging Miss Violet to cry that way, and make her eyes not fit to be seen."

We pass over the wedding ceremony and the wedding breakfast. Our friends were old-fashioned people; so the latter was really a breakfast—a thing of tea, coffee, tongue, ham, chicken pies, and hot cakes—instead of a *déjeuner* of ices, blanc-mange, pineapples, and champagne. The ceremony was, as it always is where there is piety and affection, more melancholy than triumphant—more serious than ostentatious.

The Misses Critchley, notwithstanding their unselfish natures, were sorry Violet was going to belong to any one but themselves; though thankful that they were giving her to a person of whose religious principles they had no doubt, and whose consistent conduct was sufficient guarantee for her happiness. And, for Violet's part, a young person must be callous indeed—encased in a double mail of selfishness—who could leave such a home as she had had with them without regret, and surely she was no such person. However, Violet knew that it was right towards Henry to appear, as she really was, confiding and hopeful; and the Misses Critchley restrained their grief by the consideration that "there would be time enough to cry after the wedding was over;" so everything went on very well.

"And you will be sure to write every day, love," said Miss Dorothy, as she was tenderly drawing Violet's shawl around her before allowing her to be handed to the carriage which was to convey the really "happy couple" on their wedding tour.

"I will, indeed, dear aunt, if God please."

"And we shall pray for you, pet, Bridget and I, that you may return safely and be happy in your own home."

"My dear old home!" said Violet, looking round, "it will be always as pleasant to me as any other."

"And Aunt Dorothy will go to the school every day until you return," said Miss Bridget, "so you need not be anxious about the little girls."

"And Aunt Bridget will make the soup every day herself for poor Fanny Green, and read to old Mrs. Green," said Aunt Dorothy.

"And I have put 'Elijah,' and 'Sacred Melodies,' between the folds of your lilac silk dress, dear," said Miss Bridget.

"And I have just slipped ten guineas into your new work-bag, love," said Miss Dorothy; "travelling is expensive, you know."

"I shall have my 'Troubadour' ready to be framed for your drawing-room by the time you come back, Violet," said Miss Bridget.

"And the antimacassars will be quite finished," said Miss Dorothy.

"And Betty shall rub the furniture quite bright," said Miss Bridget.

"That I will; and the stoves shall be like looking-glasses, miss—ma'am," said Betty.

"We shall be so glad to have you back again," said Miss Dorothy.

"You and Henry, love," said Miss Bridget.

"My dear, kind aunts!" said Violet.

"Thank you, my dear ladies," said Henry Allen.

"And one word more, love. Aunt Bridget will be so unhappy if you do not promise to walk every day," said Miss Dorothy.

"And Aunt Dorothy will be miserable if you do not say you never will sit out of doors, let the weather be ever so fine," said Aunt Bridget.

"And, my dear Mr. Allen, if you would be so kind as to take care that she always ties a handkerchief round her throat when she goes out of an evening," said Miss Dorothy. And then, with a parting embrace, they allowed the travellers to proceed on their way.

We have spent our last day at Violet Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Allen returned in due time, and we need not say they received a warm welcome. Violet is a grave matron, and Henry is a responsible looking "father of a family" now. For the comfort of our readers, we can speak confidently of their happiness, their harmony, their affection; of their dutiful gratitude to their aged and loving relatives; of the wise order and discipline of their household; of their benevolent kindness to their poorer neighbours, and consistent piety in social intercourse. We can inform them that they have had but few trials, and those few tempered by divine mercy and love, and borne with faithful resignation; that they have prospered in their temporal concerns sufficiently for their desires, and have lost no spiritual grace, no peace of conscience on their onward way; that they are older and wiser, without being gloomier, or more selfish; and less disengaged and irresponsible, without being less cheerful and hopeful.

There is only one point on which we are not prepared to speak with certainty—on which we have as yet no exact information. We really are not sure that Henry Allen's conduct has been quite satisfactory with regard to the "silk handkerchief" question. For our own part, we are inclined to the opinion (although, perhaps, the very little attention we have experienced ourselves, since we have been obliged to confess to a certain age, together with the now unpleasant recollection of tender "shawlings" and "cloakings" in our younger and more blooming spinsterhood, may have somewhat influenced our judgment), that, if Miss Dorothy's parting injunction was ever obeyed, a thoughtfulness so very uncommon in these degenerate days did not, at least, survive the honeymoon.

The "Family at Violet Cottage" has never been increased since by any permanently resident member; but, from various accounts we have received of the number and noise of the group occasionally collected round the Misses Critchley's tea-table, we are disposed to think that those good ladies have fully as much trouble as in the days of Cupid, Poll (who, by the way, died last year), Minnie, and her four kittens. As to Betty, it is scarcely visible now to make

her faint by any degree of noise; the slamming of doors, the knocking down of fire-irons, the jumping down flights of stairs, or over piles of cushions, have become such ordinary household sounds to her, that a palpitation of the heart is not to be produced upon any less momentous occasion than a cut finger, a bruised face, or a sprained ankle. She has, indeed, frequently been heard chiding Sarah White (when the latter has been reproving the children for turning Aunt Critchley's house into a bear garden), by telling her that she does not know how to manage children; how should she! she has not had the experience that she (Betty) and the ladies had. Miss Violet was never forbidden to play as much as she liked, and yet no one could say she was not well taken care of. Noise, indeed! as if it could be expected that they could live without noise—the very best possible thing for them.

We have just received a note from Miss Critchley, containing an account of a juvenile party at the Cottage, on the occasion of Miss Bridget's birthday; and a spirited sketch of that lady, taken on the spot by an artistical young "grand-nephew." We should have much pleasure in presenting them (the note and sketch) to our readers, but that the former is nearly illegible from the number of blots, leading us to suppose that some not very quiet person must have been in inconvenient contiguity to the writer's elbow; and that the juvenile artist has depicted Miss Bridget's cap so much awry, that it seems pretty evident she had been indulging in a previous game of romps, which rather injured the general effect of her appearance when sitting for her portrait.

A LAMENT.

O! DREARY, dreary is my lot,
My heart wif' grief is cold as snaw!
Nae kith or kindred hae I got;
I wish my life would speed awa'!
How gladly could I lay my head
Beneath yon drooping willow tree;
And there, wi' mony a lowly weed,
Repose in sweet obscurity.
My life is as a barren spot
Where fruit nor flower would ever grow;
And what am I? A worthless thought;
Should any even that bestow.
O! welcome, Death! thy grisly form
To me is lovely—passing fair;
'Tis thou alone can lay the storm
Which rends this bosom of despair. J. S.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. SCANDINAVIA.

THE mythology of the Northern nations of Europe, i.e., Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland, has been handed to us from time immemorial by their scalds or ancient minstrels, and was at first communicated from mouth to mouth, and afterwards written down in the sacred characters of the North, those Runic letters which the Scandinavians are said to have obtained from the seafaring Phœnicians.

The Scandinavians initiated our Saxon ancestors in the mysteries of their religion. After the conquest of the Saxons by Charlemagne, the worshippers of Odin withdrew to Iceland, carrying with them their sacred writings, where they remained till about 1100, when they were collected into one volume called the "Edda," which itself was concealed and forgotten for four hundred years, when Bishop Ivensen, in 1643, procured and published a fine copy, containing the original text, a Latin translation, and a dictionary of Northern mythology.

"The claim of Scandinavia upon our notice—her great prerogative—and what ought to commend its inhabitants beyond every people upon earth, is, that they afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe, that is, to almost all the liberty that is among men. The Goth Jormandez calls the North of Europe the forge of mankind.* I should rather call it the forge of those instruments which broke the fetters manufactured in the South. It was there those valiant nations were bred who left their native climes to destroy tyrants and slaves, and to teach men that, Nature having made them equal, no reason could be assigned for their becoming dependent but their mutual happiness."

A few plain, easy doctrines, the remnant of antediluvian traditions, seem to have comprised the whole of religion known to the first inhabitants of Europe. In process of time the Supreme Being, the idea of whom takes in all existence, was restrained to one particular province, and passed among the generality of the inhabitants for the God of War. No object, in their opinion, could be more worthy his atten-

* The Spirit of Laws.

tion, nor more proper to show forth his power. Odin is his representative in the North, and he is called "the terrible and severe god; the father of slaughter; he who giveth victory and reviveth courage in the conflict; who nameth those that are to be slain." The warriors who went to battle made a vow to send him a certain number of souls, which they consecrated to him. These souls were Odin's right; he received them in Valhalla, his ordinary place of residence, where he rewarded all

such as died sword in hand. There it was that he distributed to them praises and delight; there he received them at his table, where, in a continual feast, the pleasure of these heroes consisted.

The assistance of this deity was implored in every war that was undertaken, and it was believed that he often descended to intermix in the conflict himself, to inflame the fury of the combatants, to strike those who were to perish, and to carry their souls to his celestial abode. This



THE IDOL THOR

From Verstegen's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities. 1653."

terrible deity, who took so much pleasure in shedding the blood of men, was at the same time, with rare inconsistency, also considered their father and creator—so easily do gross and prejudiced minds reconcile the most glaring inconsistencies.

The principal goddess among the Scandinavians was Frigga, the wife of Odin. It was the opinion of many ancient nations, as well as of the first inhabitants of Greece, that the Supreme Being had united with the earth to produce the inferior divinities, man, and all other creatures. They called her Mother Earth, and Mother of the Gods.

Another celebrated goddess was Freyja, the Goddess of Love. It was she who was addressed in order to obtain happy marriages and easy child-births. She dispensed pleasures, enjoyments, and delights of all kinds. The "Edda" styles her the most favourable of the goddesses, but she went to war as well as Qdin, and divided with him the souls of the slain.

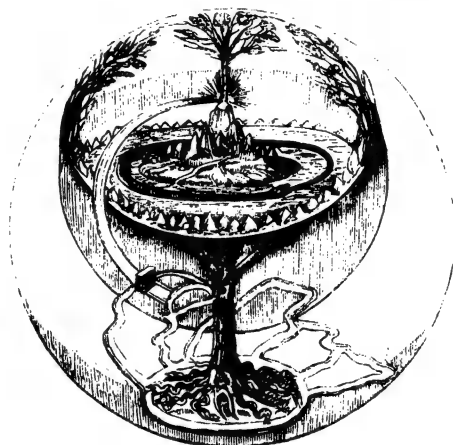
The second principal god was named Thor, and was no less known than Odin among the Teutonic nations. The "Edda" calls him expressly the most valiant of the sons of Odin. He was considered as the defender and avenger of the gods. He

always carried a mallet, which, as often as he discharged it, returned back of itself to his hand; he grasped it with gauntlets of iron, and was further possessed of a girdle which had the virtue to renew his strength as often as was needful. It was with these formidable arms that he overthrew to the ground the monsters and giants, when the gods sent him to oppose their enemies.

These deities were the principal deities of the Scandinavians, but they were not all agreed among themselves about the

preference which was due to each of them in particular. The Danes seem to have paid the highest honours to Odin; the inhabitants of Norway and Lapland appear to have been under the immediate protection of Thor.

The number and employment of the deities of the second order is very difficult to determine. The prose "Edda" reckons up twelve gods and as many goddesses to whom divine honours were due, and who, though they had all of them a certain



YGGDRASIL, THE MUNDANE TREE.
From the "Eddalæren" of Finn Magnussen. Pl. I.

power, were, nevertheless, obliged to obey Odin.

Njörd reigned over the sea and waves; the extent of his dominions rendered him very respectable, and we find in the North to this day traces of the veneration which was there paid him. Bragi presided over eloquence and poetry. His wife, Iduna, had the care of certain apples, which the gods tasted when they found themselves growing old, and which had the power of instantly restoring them to youth. Heimdall was their porter. The gods had made a bridge between heaven and earth; this bridge is the rainbow. Heimdall was employed to watch at one of the extremities

of this bridge, for fear the giants should make use of it to get into heaven. It was a difficult matter to surprise him, for the gods had given him the faculty of sleeping more lightly than a bird, and of discovering objects, by day or night, further than the distance of a hundred leagues. He had also an ear so fine that he could hear the very grass grow in the meadows, and the wool on the backs of the sheep. He carried in one hand a sword, and in the other a trumpet, the sound of which could be heard through all the worlds.

The evil principle among the Scandinavians was termed Loki; he was called the calumniator of the gods, the grand

contriver of deceit and fraud, the reproach of gods and men. He was beautiful in his figure, but his mind is evil and his inclinations inconstant. He surpassed all mortals in the arts of perfidy and craft. He had many children, besides three monsters who owe their birth to him, viz., the wolf *Feurir*, the serpent *Milgard*, and Death, or *Hela*. All three are enemies to the gods, who, after various struggles, have chained this wolf till the last day, when he shall break loose and rush against them. The serpent has been cast into the sea, where he shall remain till he is conquered by Thor. Death has been banished into the lower regions, where she has the government of nine worlds, into which she distributes those who are sent to her.

Besides Frigga and the twelve inferior goddesses, there are numerous virgins, called Valkyrior, in the *Valhalla*, or paradise of heroes. The court of the gods was ordinarily held under a great ash tree, and there they distributed justice. This ash was the greatest of all trees, its branches covered the surface of the earth, its top reached to the highest heavens; it was supported by three vast roots, one of which extended to the ninth world. An eagle, whose piercing eye discovers all things, perches upon its branches, a squirrel was continually running up and down it to bring news, while a parcel of serpents, fastened to the roots, endeavoured to destroy it. From under one of the roots runs a fountain, wherein Wisdom lies concealed. From a neighbouring spring (the fountain of past things) three virgins are continually drawing a precious water, with which they water the ash tree. This water keeps up the beauty of its foliage, and, after having refreshed its leaves, falls back again to the earth, where it forms the dew of which the bees make their honey. These three virgins always keep under the ash, and it is they who dispense the days and ages of men. Every man hath a destiny appropriated to himself, who determines the events and duration of his life; but the three destinies of more especial note are the past, the present, and the future.

One remark must not be omitted, which is, that this mythology expressly distinguishes two different abodes for the happy and as many for the culpable. The first of these abodes was called the *Valhalla*,

where Odin received all such as died in violent manner. The second, which, after the renovation of all things, is to be the eternal abode, was named *Gimli*, i. e. the palace covered with gold. The first place of punishment was termed *Niflheim*, and was only to continue to the renovation of the world; and the second that succeeded it, called *Náströnd*, or the shore of the dead, was to continue for ever.

The "Edda" declares that, in the hall of Odin, the heroes have every day the pleasure of arraying themselves, of passing in review, of arranging themselves in order of battle, and of cutting one another in pieces; but as soon as the hour of repast approaches, they return on horseback all safe and sound, and fall to eating and drinking. Though the number of them cannot be counted, the flesh of the boar *Saehrimnir* is sufficient for them all; every day it is served up at table, and every day it is renewed again entire. Their beverage is ale and mead; one single goat, whose milk is excellent mead, furnishes enough of that liquor to intoxicate all the heroes. Odin alone drinks wine for his entire liquor. A crowd of virgins wait upon the heroes at table, and fill their cups as fast as they empty them. Southey makes the heroes drink their ale out of the skulls of those they had slain in battle—

"They thought
One day from Ella's skull to quaff the mead,
Their valour's guerdon."

But, as Blackwell, in a note on this passage, remarks, a daily dinner, consisting solely of boiled pork, washed down with ale and an occasional draught of mead, was bad enough in all conscience, without making skulls serve for drinking cups.

Niflheim, to which we have already alluded, was a place consisting of nine worlds, reserved for those who died of disease or old age. *Hela*, or Death, there exercised her despotic power; her palace was Anguish, her table Famine, her waiters were Slowness and Delay, the threshold of her door was Precipice, her bed Care; she was livid and ghastly pale, and her very looks inspired horror.

Traces still remain of altars erected on the hills upon which the Scandinavians performed their religious ceremonies. Three long pieces of rock, set upright, serve for a basis to a great flat stone which forms the table of the altar. There is generally

pretty large cavity under this altar, which probably received the blood of the victims. In some parts of Norway grottoes have been employed for religious uses. By degrees temples were built and idols (we give a picture of Thor) introduced into their service, and Norway, Sweden, and Denmark vied with each other in erecting such buildings. But none was more famous than that of Upsal, in Sweden. It glittered on all sides with gold. A chain of the same metal (or, at least, gilded) ran round the roof, although the circumference was not less than nine hundred ells.

There were three great religious festivals in the year. The first was called Jul, and they called the night on which it was observed the Mother-night. This feast was held in honour of the sun; the second festival, held in honour of the earth, or of the goddess Goa, was to request her pleasures, fruitfulness and victory, and the last was instituted in honour of Odin.

Every nine months they offered sacrifices which lasted nine days, and every day they offered nine victims, whether of men or animals. The offerings every ninth year being particularly solemn and important, nine persons (captives in time of war, and slaves in time of peace) were immolated: and in times of trouble and distress, if the people thought they had some pretext to impute it to their king, they even sacrificed him, as the highest price with which they could purchase the divine favour. The first King of Vermland was so sacrificed, and Aun, King of Sweden, is said to have shed the blood of his nine sons in order that Odin should prolong his life. How true is the saying that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!"

The Scandinavian myth concerning the creation and formation of the earth is shown in the accompanying engraving. This ash Yggdrasil—this mundane tree—is represented as embracing with its three roots the whole universe; one being a super-terrestrial, another terrestrial, and the last the infernal root. In this plate, which is copied from the "Eddalæren," the centre part represents the earth as a disc in the middle of a vast ocean, encircled by Midgard, the great serpent, holding his tail in his mouth; and the outer shores of the ocean form the mountainous region of

Utgard. The rainbow, *Bifröst*, to which we have already alluded, is made to extend from the Scandinavian Olympus to Utgard, and from thence to the fountain of the Noms, with whose pure water the tree is sprinkled and refreshed.

There are many interpretations of this myth—probably the most correct is that which considers the tree as the symbol of ever-enduring time, ever-varying in its aspects, but subsisting throughout eternity. The principles of evil and destruction are in constant operation, but the three Noms continually sprinkle the tree with the renovating waters of life, and maintain it in everlasting verdure. We thus find that, even when all things are consumed and the gods themselves perish, Yggdrasil still stands,

And ever blooming will stand
O'er the Udar-fountain.

Under the root of this tree lived the dwarfs and elves, and there is the home of Sleep, who rises every night to seal the eyelids of mankind.

The idolatry of the Scandinavians, after the introduction of Thor, lasted between seven and eight centuries, when Denmark was happily converted to the Christian faith, and it is chiefly from the Icelandic "Edda" that any information can be derived concerning this poetical, if superstitious, idolatry.

M. S. R.

CAN WE LIVE ON £300 A-YEAR?

LIVE upon three hundred a-year? This is a question often discussed at the present day. Live—that is, eat and drink, pay rent, and taxes, and wages; provide clothes, and fuel, and furniture; and supply the requirements of health and the wants of sickness; education for the young, comfort for the middle-aged, something more for the old—out of the yearly income of 300*l*. Live, not as a bachelor gentleman or maiden lady, with an antiquated maid servant, a poodle, and a globe of gold fish; or a dinner at an inexpensive club, and an evening among old books and curiosities in a quiet lodging, as the cases vary; but live in a home, where there are young footsteps, young intellects, young forms, and young appetites—in a home where children are born, and live, and, perchance, die; where they are to be loved and cared

for, fed, clothed, and warmed, educated for life and trained for eternity. It is of such a home of such homes, that we are at present called on to think, and to think seriously, as the important consideration arises, Can all this be done for 300*l.* a-year?

Now we fear we must confess that the dissentients have hitherto had, for the most part, the best of the controversy—perhaps because the advocates for frugal marriages, having their feelings more warmly enlisted in the strife, have not been always careful to weigh their arguments, and so have been led into the error of endeavouring to prove more than the truth. And it seems necessary, therefore, to remind such well-meaning but illogical persons that, to overlook or ignore the fact that, at the present day, all people above the most indigent must have comforts, nay, refinements and elegances, not known to, or desired by, their ancestors (we will not say, not needed), is a very weak way of refuting the reasons urged by their opponents; and that to draw imaginary pictures of happy homes, where the outside is all sunshine and roses, white palings and new-mown grass, the inside all unsullied muslin and uncrumpled chintz, cannot convince practical men and women that a very limited income will not bring with it much anxiety and care, much difficulty, many troubles, and, if to be earned, unceasing toil of mind or body.

How, then, are we to answer the objections raised to frugal marriages? How are we to prove that, as there are thousands who *will* marry on 300*l.* a-year, or less, such thousands are not justly inimical to the censures of the wise or the sneers of the witty? Simply by opposing truth with truth; by admitting what we cannot deny, and denying what we must not and need not admit.

The advocates for the alternative of *rich* matrimony or celibacy, say, riches are in themselves a good. Granted. The time has gone by for believing that a hermit's cell, with

A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,

And water from the spring—

that moss-grown thatches, rushy couches, bare feet, sackcloth garments, and their necessary concomitants, dirt, idleness, and melancholy, are in themselves delightful, or unite to produce a state which is to be considered the climax of human happiness.

They say they are the means of procuring much that is good (also, of much evil, though that consideration is not necessary for their argument or ours). Granted. They will purchase for us, if rightly used, comfort, pleasure, learning, agreeable society, the world's esteem; nay, better, they will enable us to foster talent, to promote worth, to advance science and art, to relieve distress and misfortune. Granted. To come to merely domestic considerations, they will enable us to live without want, to procure for ourselves and for our families the *best* attendance in health, the *best* advice in sickness; they will enable us to procure the *best* food and the *best* clothing, the healthiest dwellings and the softest couches. They will enable us to eat good dinners, to purchase good furniture, good carriages, and good horses; and, if we are concerned about our souls, as we hope all are, they will even materially help us to good books and good sermons.

They will give us home literature and foreign, the manners and customs of our own nation and of strangers; they will improve our own minds and educate our children.

True; all most true. And true, also, that 300*l.* a-year is not the sum which can accomplish *all* this, and that those who are determined to *begin* life with it (for they need not end with it) must forego much of the good that has been mentioned.

What, then? Do rational human beings—do men and women—live only for comfort, for pleasure, or even for learning, pleasant society, or the world's esteem? Do creatures with immortal souls, with never-dying activities and energies, exist merely that they may wear purple and fine linen, tread on velvet, and repose on down? Or do they live to use their powers, to strengthen their faculties, to cultivate their virtues, to control their passions, and to eradicate their vices?

They say, also, *much* of what we have enumerated is not merely good in itself, but demanded, positively demanded, by the fact of advanced civilization, extended knowledge, and increased refinement. We admit this also; but what we must not admit is, that any item in the catalogue—actually, and in itself, a mere *unneeded* luxury—is necessary to respectability, to propriety, to comfort, nay, even to real

elegance and true refinement; or that any which are absolutely necessary to these are unprocurable by those who cannot compute their annual income by thousands. Of course this must be understood in a general sense; for no one acquainted with life can say or think that, in an establishment limited to a maid-of-all-work and a nurse, a crisis will not arise, by the abrupt departure of either of those useful functionaries, or the sudden sickening of two or three of the juvenile members with measles, which shall not derange for the nonce all the domestic economy. Nor can any person with truth aver that, even in the ordinary routine, such a number of assistants, with the most systematic mistress at their head, can possibly carry on all the necessary affairs of a household as well as ten, or even five, times their number. It is just this refusal to take the subject in all its bearings—to look at it in a general and comprehensive point of view—which has given erroneous impressions on it—impressions not confined to either side. For, on the one hand, we have pictures, ludicrous or lugubrious, of washing days, with steaming tubs and slatternly females in the foreground, cold mutton and sulky tires in the perspective; of squalling infants, of scolding wives, of discontented husbands, and inefficient servants; and, on the other, charming descriptions of little bijoux of drawing-rooms which are never untidy, darling cherubs who never dirty their pinafores, tumble their curls, or poke their well-sucked fingers into the coal-scuttle: amiable "little wives" whose dresses are never disordered or tempers ruffled by their endeavours to soothe a sick child or drill a refractory domestic; and husbands—but to these Socrates was a fool and a tyrant.

Now one party would do well to recollect that all days are not of necessity, even to families with the most scanty wardrobes, washing days; that all babies born into the world do not spend the first years of their existence squalling; that most healthy children, unless indeed, grossly mismanaged, are good-tempered; that all servants are not inefficient or slovenly; all wives slatternly or ill-tempered, and all husbands unable to bear a "ruffled rose-leaf" without grumbling and discontent.

And the other would do equally well to remember that things will be sometimes

out of place even in the tidiest house; that mamma will sometimes have been too busy to have everything in apple-pie order; too harassed to care that her hair is not braided in the most becoming style, and her dress not fitting to perfection; and that papa must sometimes go in quest of his own slippers, perhaps brush his own coat; and both together might with profit reflect that *general* comfort and happiness, nay, pleasure and enjoyment, do not entirely depend on all or any of these things.

In order, then, to arrive at a just conclusion, we had better consider fairly what can or cannot be done with 300*l.* a-year, and then see how much of the actual well-being of a family, moral or physical, depends on their possessing a larger income. And it would be as well, perhaps, to premise that we do not address those who *must* have splendour and magnificence, elegant equipages, costly raiment, and delicious fare (though all these things are good in themselves), because it would be simply absurd to do so; as well tell the ambitious conqueror of nations he would be happier as a plough-boy. But we speak to those who are, in sober earnestness, inquiring, Can I live a life useful, happy, and respected—a life above the mere sordid anxiety, "what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed"—on an income which a portion of society seems to have placed as the lowest on which we can have anything beyond mere existence?

In the first place, then, for what it will do. We suppose it must be admitted that food, raiment, and shelter are at least to be obtained by the unfortunate possessors of this minimum of worldly gear, as they are certainly enjoyed by those who (admitting the correctness of the calculation) have no worldly gear at all. And it cannot be denied that if the food, raiment, and shelter be wholesome, sufficient, and complete, however plain and simple, they will answer every purpose of sustaining life and preserving health. Secondly, it cannot be disputed that at least an ordinary cultivation of the mental faculties is within the power of persons in such circumstances, and that a sound mind as well as a sound body may be theirs. And, thirdly, it must be granted that of not one attribute of our moral or physical nature does the lack of

riches deprive any human being. To come to homely language, we may be healthy, intelligent, well-informed (if we choose to take the trouble), witty, wise, and handsome (if Nature has made us so), on 300*l.* a-year. We may eat a healthy meal, sit by a comfortable fire, have our roofs watertight, and our floors sound; we can walk, and read, and think; we can sing, if we be musical; we can moralize, if we be philosophical; we can versify, if we be poetical; and we can recollect that, if we be not any of these, three or thirty thousand a-year would not make us so.

For what it will not do. It will certainly not give the extensive power for good or evil that a larger income will. It will not give the wide field for usefulness; it will not, except with a great amount of toil and privation, give equal means of self-culture, or equal opportunities of conferring happiness.

Now for how far this affects the well-being of a family obliged to live, or choosing to live, on this sum. Suppose the case of a healthy, intelligent, industrious young couple, placed by the *certainty* of such an income beyond the dread of absolute want. The husband, indeed, in such a case, cannot keep hunters, or drive a *spicy* turn-out; he cannot frequent an expensive club; he cannot, or at least he ought not, have a betting book, or a shooting box, or a yacht. The wife cannot have a pony carriage or a set of diamonds; she cannot wear Brussels lace; or purchase *Sèvres china*. Their children cannot be clothed in velvet, or fed off plate. Indeed, we must allow that a gentleman (and there are gentlemen in such circumstances) must deny himself other things beside those mentioned, and that a lady (and there are some ladies so placed) must suffer other privations beside what we have enumerated. But look it boldly in the face.

You want, good sir, to purchase a valuable book—that is, you desire it, for your tastes are literary, and you cannot do so because the butcher's bill must be paid. Or you want—that is, you wish, to travel, for you are an admirer of Nature, or an interested observer of society and character; and this pleasure, also, you must deny yourself, because the house-rent must be provided for, and the olive branches clothed and educated.

You wish to invite your old friends, Smith and Johnson, to dine, and this your finances are equal to; but it must not be thought of at present, for baby has a teething fit, which keeps mamma a prisoner in the nursery; and "the servant" is laid up with toothache and swelled face; and you may count yourself rather fortunate if the charwoman, supplying her place, gives you—you, the lord and master—any dinner at all. As to poor mamma, who was awake all night, and has not yet changed her morning gown, she was only too glad to get a cup of coffee, two hours ago, by the nursery fire.

Well! are you going to sit sulking over the fire bemoaning your hard fate? Do you seriously think that these are trials sufficient to make a reasonable man consider such a life intolerable, or do you take them as merely the common lot of all human beings, who must endure annoyances and vexations, though the vexations and their causes are different? Why, you know that Lord A—— could not purchase that picture he so much wished for, because the price was as much above his means as Professor E——'s works are above yours. You know that Mr. C—— cannot take his usual summer tour, because he is laid up with a fit of the gout; and that Sir D—— E—— was obliged to postpone his parliamentary dinner, in consequence of his lady's serious indisposition, caused by grief at the loss of all her valuable *Cochin-China* fowls down at Dorkington Manor.

Will you not (if you are anything beyond a puling hypochondriac, who cannot bear the slam of a door or Master Billy's shouts)—will you not consider that you have health, sense, love, peace, and liberty?—that you are not a hopeless cripple, a helpless idiot, a fettered slave, or, with riches, rank, and power, a brutal tyrant, hateful and hating? What though your neighbour dines off turtle and venison, with French *entrées*, and you off mutton, not even always "South Down" nor *invariably* very well cooked—does the whole happiness of your life depend upon that? And you, too, my dear lady, you want—that is, you wish for—a new silk dress. Well, a most virtuous wish; and I am sorry you cannot have it, because I think that "brocade" or that "tartan" would look quite as well, if not better, on you

lian on the scraggy old Countess of —, or the fat Lady H—. But are you going to put your handkerchief to your eyes and sob like a baby for the noon, because the price it would cost must pay Master Bobby's school bill? We grow hot, if you have *common sense*. Consult your confidential friend, Mrs. Saveall, concerning the possibility of turning your "puce lutestring," and, if she volunteers to help you, I daresay you will have a very merry day together among the shreds and clippings, with Miss Polly in the back-ground industriously sewing papa's stockings, put out to air, into a ball. And if your husband be a "good man," in the real sense of the word, we think he will forgive the necessity of moving the "shreds and clippings" to the other end of the table to make room for the tea-board, and will not be very materially put out of his way by the unpleasant smell a bit of silk makes when it gets under the grate.

In a word, persons who would live on £300 a-year must beware, on starting, of forming any fanciful pictures of the homes which such an income will procure, on the one hand, and, on the other, of being appalled by ludicrous representations of what real life is to be. Boy and girl notions of an every-day attire of spotless cambric and delicate ribbons, of never disarranged curls, and a diet of spring lamb, and strawberries, and cream (pity spring and strawberries don't last conjointly all the year), so generally end in beggary and ruin, even where the income is more than £300; and end, also, in dissatisfaction and indifference, if not hatred, because they are begun on a wrong principle, although with every *desire* to do right. If things would always remain in their places, if linen would never soil and ribbons never fade, and lamb and fruit be always in season, these people would do very well; they are not extravagant, they are not unreasonably ill-tempered, they are not vicious. Dear Alfred or Augustus only likes his cigar (of the best quality) and his morning paper in peace, and thinks it unpleasant not to have fish every day; and darling Julia or Arabella likes apricot tarts and a sufficient number of pairs of delicate kid gloves; for these things, we take it, represent the strawberries and cream of modern "love in a cottage;" and so, when

these cannot be had, or, worse, when they have been had and cannot be paid for, come misery and woe.

The expectations of rational men and women tend to a life of honourable toil, which need not be all weary labour and sordid care; to a home where the arrangements are not always quite faultless (mind, there need be neither dirt, discomfort, nor mismanagement); where there are occasional muddy or dusty footprints, now and then a smash among the crockery or the juveniles—the juveniles, who will soil their pinafores, begrime their hands and faces, tear their clothes, and wear out their own shoes and their friends' patience, and are springing up out of the parlours littered with toys and schoolbooks to be our future statesmen, generals, poets, and philosophers.

Jones, at his club, drinking "dry Curaçoa," thinks it "deuced jolly to live on £300 a-year;" and his friend Smith enjoys his picture of "myself fetching the dinner from the baker's;" while honest Brown writes the pamphlet or the article which is to show up the dishonest party in Church or State (of course, all parties but our own are dishonest), with Janey and Tommy teaching the kittens to climb into his pockets; and, perhaps, Brown is not the least happy of the two. Or Brown's wife is writing a sonnet, with her foot on the cradle, and baby's frock, half braided, hanging over the back of her chair; but there is not, perhaps, as much difference in the relative enjoyment of life between her and the duchess who is dressing for a breakfast at four o'clock as one might suppose.

Crushing, wearing poverty is one thing, and no one but a fool will voluntarily risk it. The necessity for exertion is another, and few really wise people would wish to be quite without it. Where it does not exist we make it, if we have sense; we work for society—for national prosperity—for reputation—for popularity—for the mere love of working. What, then, can be so dreadful in the prospect of having to lead a life of employment? If philanthropic men occupy their time and exert their energies in reformatories and model prisons, they may, surely, take as much trouble to make their sons wise and virtuous. If charitable women teach in ragged schools, they may, surely, hear their daughters read. Every well-ordered middle-class

home is, in itself, the centre of a system of social regeneration, and the greater number of such the land contains the fewer will there be of social outcasts, for whose restoration wisdom and wealth seem taxed in vain.

Admitting that we are not sick, hungry, or in debt, we must confess we cannot discover the supreme personal enjoyment which riches can bestow on ourselves or on our families. The gilding, the polish, the velvet, the brocade, are so confessedly sacrificed to the world's consideration, to appearances, that we can understand their being held in estimation by those who acknowledge that to sacrifice to appearances, to the world's esteem, is the object of their lives.

But we have of late permitted this view of the subject to be blinked (if one may use the expression), and these things to be spoken of as if they were an essential portion of true happiness. For physical comfort, light, air, cleanliness, warmth, and food are sufficient. For mental recreation, our books give us no less pleasure because they are cheaply bound; for what is really worth purchasing from the world? Wealth and all its appliances cannot compete with genius and talent, though ever so poor; nay, even with goodness and honesty, though these are considered more common attributes. For it is a right-judging world still, and, however it runs after its own idols, it is not so illiberal as to deny that there be other deities worth sacrificing to. Depend upon it, my dear readers of the male sex, that earning 300*l.* a-year in buying and selling, in teaching, in writing, &c., is not much more tiresome or less pleasant than making up a betting-book or swearing at a groom, or even than lounging at a club and "killing time." And be sure, my dear ladies, that you could grow just as wearied over a piece of worsted work as over the darning of a stocking or the hemming of a set of table-cloths.

Nevertheless, if you have the good fortune to possess the three thousand or the thirty thousand, we do not counsel you to take the pilgrim's staff and wallet, but settle yourself more completely into your arm-chair, and consider how you may best use it for the benefit of yourself and society.

A SURGEON'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS

ON THE REARING, MANAGEMENT, AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

SCARLATINA, OR SCARLET FEVER.

THOUGH professional accuracy has divided this disease into several forms, we shall keep to the one disease most generally met with, the common or simple scarlet fever, which, in all cases, is characterized by an excessive heat on the skin, sore throat, and a peculiar speckled appearance of the tongue.

Symptoms.—Cold chills, shivering, nausea, thirst, hot skin, quick pulse, with difficulty of swallowing; the tongue is coated, presenting through its fur innumerable specks, the elevated papilla of the tongue, which gives it the speckled character, that, if not the invariable sign of scarlet fever, is only met with in cases closely analogous to that disease. Between the *second* and *third* day, but most frequently on the *third*, a bright red efflorescence breaks out in patches on the face, neck, and back, from which it extends over the trunk and extremities, always showing thicker and deeper in colour wherever there is any pressure, such as the elbows, back, and lips; when the eruption is well out, the skin presenting the appearance of a boiled lobster-shell. At first, the skin is smooth, but, as the disease advances, perceptible roughness is apparent, from the elevation of the rash, or, more properly, the pores of the skin. On the *fifth* and *sixth* days the eruption begins to decline, and by the *eighth* has generally entirely disappeared. During the whole of this period, there is, more or less, constant sore throat.

The treatment of scarlet fever is, in general, very simple. Where the heat is great, and the eruption comes out with difficulty, or recedes as soon as it appears, the body should be sponged with cold vinegar and water, or tepid water, as in measles, poured over the chest and body, the patient being, as in that disease, wrapped in a blanket and put to bed, and the same powders and mixture ordered in measles administered, with the addition of a constant hot bran poultice round the throat, and which should be continued from the first symptom till a day or two after the declension of the rash. The same low diet and cooling drink, with

the same general instructions, are to be obeyed in this as in the former disease.

When the fever runs high in the first stage, and there is much nausea before employing the effusions of water, give the patient an emetic, in equal parts, of ipecacuanha and antimonial wine, in doses of from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to age. By these means, nine out of every ten cases of scarlatina may be safely and expeditiously cured, especially if the temperature of the patient's room is kept at an even standard of about sixty degrees.

HOOPING-COUGH.

This is purely a spasmodic disease, and is only infectious through the faculty of imitation, a habit that all children are remarkably apt to fall into; and even where adults have contracted whooping-cough, it has been from the same cause, and is as readily accounted for, on the principle of imitation, as that the gaping-gone person will excite or predispose a whole party to follow the same spasmodic example. If any one associates for a few days with a person who stammers badly, he will find, when released from his company, that the sequence of his articulation and the fluency of his speech are gone, and it will be a matter of constant vigilance and some difficulty to overcome the evil of so short an association. The manner in which a number of school-girls will, one after another, fall into a fit on beholding one of their number attacked with epilepsy, must be familiar to many. These several facts lead us to a juster notion of how to treat this spasmodic disease. Every effort should, therefore, be directed, mentally and physically, to break the chain of nervous action, on which the continuance of the cough depends.

Symptoms.—Whooping-cough comes on with a slight oppression of breathing, thirst, quick pulse, hoarseness, and a hard, dry cough. This state may exist without any change from one to two or three weeks before the peculiar feature of the disease—the *hoop*—sets in. As the characteristics of this cough are known to all, it is unnecessary to enter here, physiologically, on the subject. We shall, therefore, merely remark that the frequent vomiting and bleeding at the mouth or nose are favourable signs, and proceed to the

Treatment, which should consist in keeping up a state of nausea and vomiting. For this purpose, give the child doses of ipecacuanha and antimonial wines, in equal parts, and quantities varying from half to one-and-a-half teaspoonful once a day, or, when the expectoration is hard and difficult of expulsion, giving the following cough mixture every four hours:—

Take of

Syrup of Squills . . .	1 an ounce.
Antimonial wine . . .	1 ounce.
Laudanum . . .	15 drops.
Syrup of Tolou . . .	2 drachms.
Water . . .	1½ ounce.

Mix. The dose is from half a spoonful to a dessertspoonful. When the cough is urgent, the warm bath is to be used, and either one or two leeches applied over the breast-bone, or else a small blister laid on the lower part of the throat.

Such is the medical treatment of whooping-cough; but there is a moral regimen, based on the nature of the disease, which should never be omitted. And, on the principle that a sudden start or diversion of the mind will arrest a person in the act of sneezing or gaping, so the like means should be adopted with the whooping-cough patient; and, in the first stage, before the *whooping* has been added, the parent should endeavour to break the paroxysm of the cough by abruptly attracting the patient's attention, and thus, if possible, preventing the cough from reaching that height when the ingulph of air gives the hoop or crow that marks the disease; but when once that symptom has set in, it becomes still more necessary to endeavour, by even measures of intimidation, to break the spasmodic chain of the cough. Exercise in the open air, when dry, is also requisite, and change of scene and air in all cases is of absolute necessity, and may be adopted at any stage of the disease.

CROUP.

This is by far the most formidable and fatal of all the diseases to which infancy and childhood are liable, and is purely an inflammatory affection, attacking that portion of the mucous membrane lining the windpipe and bronchial tubes, and from the effect of which a false or loose membrane is formed along the windpipe, resembling in appearance the finger of a glove suspended in

the passage, and, consequently, terminating the life of the patient by suffocation; for, as the lower end grows together and becomes closed, no air can enter the lungs, and the child dies choked. All dull, fat, and heavy children are peculiarly predisposed to this disease, and those with short necks and who make a wheezing noise in their natural breathing. Croup is always sudden in its attack and rapid in its career, usually proving fatal within three days; most frequently commences in the night, and generally attacking children between the ages of three and ten years. Mothers should therefore be on their guard who have children predisposed to this disease, and immediately resort to the means hereafter advised.

Symptoms.—Languor and restlessness, hoarseness, wheezing, and short, dry cough, with occasional rattling in the throat during sleep, the child often plucking at its throat with its fingers; difficulty of breathing, which quickly becomes hard and laboured, causing great anxiety of the countenance, and the veins of the neck to swell and become knotted; the voice in speaking acquires a sharp, crowing, or croupy sound, while the inspirations have a harsh, metallic intonation. After a few hours a quantity of thick, ropy mucous is thrown out, hanging about the mouth, and causing suffocating fits of coughing to expel.

Treatment.—Place the child immediately in a hot bath up to the throat; and, on removal from the water, give an emetic of the antimonial or ipecacuanha wine, and when the vomiting has subsided, lay a long blister down the front of the throat, and administer one of the following powders every twenty minutes to a child from three to six years of age.

Take of calomel twelve grains; tartar emetic, two grains; lump sugar, thirty grains. Mix accurately and divide into twelve powders. For a child from six to twelve years, divide into six powders, and give one every half-hour.

Should the symptoms remain unabated after a few hours, apply one or two leeches to the throat, and put mustard poultices to the feet and thighs, retaining them about eight minutes; and, in extreme cases, a mustard poultice to the spine between the shoulders, and at the same time rub mercurial ointment into the arm-pits and the angles of the jaws.

Such is a vigorous and reliable system of treatment in severe cases of croup; but, in the milder and more general form, the following abridgment will, in all probability, be all that will be required:—First, the hot bath; second, the emetic; third, a mustard plaster round the throat for five minutes; fourth, the powders; fifth, another emetic in six hours, if needed, and the powders continued without intermission while the urgency of the symptoms continues. When relief has been obtained, these are to be discontinued, and a dose of senna tea given to act on the bowels.

DIARRHŒA.

The diarrhœa with which children are so frequently affected, especially in infancy, should demand the nurse's immediate attention, and when the secretion, from its clayey colour, indicates an absence of bile, a powder composed of three grains of grey powder and one grain of rhubarb should be given twice, with an interval of four hours between each dose, to a child from one to two years, and, a day or two afterwards, an aperient powder containing the same ingredients and quantities, with the addition of two or three grains of scammony. For the relaxation consequent on an overloaded stomach or acidity in the bowels, a little magnesia dissolved in milk should be employed two or three times a-day.

When much griping and pain attend the diarrhœa half a teaspoonful of Dalby's Carminative (the best of all patent medicines) should be given, either with or without a small quantity of castor oil to carry off the exciting cause.

For any form of diarrhœa that, by excessive action, demands a speedy correction, the most efficacious remedy that can be employed in all ages and conditions of childhood is the tincture of Eino, of which from ten to thirty drops, mixed with a little sugar and water in a spoon, are to be given every two or three hours till the undue action has been checked. Often the change of diet to rice, milk, eggs, or the substitution of animal for vegetable food, or *vice versâ*, will correct an unpleasant and almost chronic state of diarrhœa.

A very excellent carminative powder for flatulent infants may be kept in the house and employed with advantage whenever

the child is in pain or griped, by dropping five grains of oil of aniseed and two of peppermint on half an ounce of lump sugar, and rubbing it in a mortar, with a drachm of magnesia, into a fine powder. A small-quantity of this may be given in a little water at any time, and always with benefit.

SCALDS AND BURNS.

As instant exclusion from the air is the only means necessary to cure the worst form of injury from either fire or water, every mother should be provided with a few sheets of the best *wadding*, placed in such a position that, in case of accident, all in the house may know at once where to find so necessary a remedy. Immediately on the receipt of the injury, whether a burn or scald, cover the entire part with a layer of wadding cut to the size of the burn, laying the flock side next to the skin. Having placed this smoothly on, fold a larger piece three or four times double, and lay it over the first, and with a bandage keep them all safely, but not tightly, on the part.

The pain, when the air is excluded, will soon cease unless the injury should be over an important organ, when it may be necessary to give a few drops of laudanum, according to the age of the patient. But the wadding is on no account to be removed till the healing process has been fairly established, when, if the cotton should adhere to the sore, a poultice should be first applied to soften and remove it, any matter that may exude taken up by a strip of lint, the surface covered with violet powder, a piece of fresh cotton placed over the powder, and the whole secured as before. Fresh powder is to be added every day, removing the cake formed, when it becomes too heavy, by a poultice, and beginning as before till the new cuticle is formed and the cure effected. When wadding is not attainable, use the first convenient substance at hand to exclude the air. Of ordinary means, the best and readiest is a good coat of flour from the dredging-box; violet powder, finely-powdered chalk, starch, bark, or any subtle and inert powder, all of which are to be applied and kept on in the manner described for wadding.

For trivial burns on the hands or fingers apply a piece of lint or linen well wetted with the *extract of lead*, and secure it on

the part. In an hour the burn will be healed.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.

Many children, especially those of a sanguineous temperament, are subject to sudden discharges of blood from some part of the body; and as all such fluxes are in general the result of an effort of Nature to relieve the system from some overload or pressure, such discharges, unless in excess, and when likely to produce debility, should not be rashly or too abruptly checked. In general, these discharges are confined to the summer or spring months of the year, and follow pains in the head, a sense of drowsiness, languor, or oppression; and, as such symptoms are relieved by the loss of blood, the hæmorrhage should, to a certain extent, be encouraged. When, however, the bleeding is excessive, or returns too frequently, it becomes necessary to apply means to subdue or mitigate the amount. For this purpose the sudden and unexpected application of cold is itself sufficient, in most cases, to arrest the most active hæmorrhage. A wet towel laid suddenly on the back, between the shoulders, and placing the child in a recumbent posture, is often sufficient to effect the object; where, however, the effusion resists such simple means, napkins wrung out of cold water must be laid across the forehead and nose, the hands dipped in cold water, and a bottle of hot water applied to the feet. If, in spite of these means, the bleeding continues, a little fine wool or a few folds of lint, tied together by a piece of thread, must be pushed up the nostril from which the blood flows, to act as a plug and pressure on the bleeding vessel. When the discharge has entirely ceased, the plug is to be pulled out by means of the thread. To prevent a repetition of the hæmorrhage, the body should be sponged every morning with cold water, and the child put under a course of steel wine, have open-air exercise, and, if possible, salt-water bathing.

BRUISES, LACERATIONS, AND CUTS.

Wherever the bruise may be, or however swollen or discoloured the skin may become, two or three applications of the *extract of lead*, kept to the part by means of lint, will, in an hour or little more, remove all pain, swelling, and tenderness. Simple or clean cuts only require the edges

of the wound to be placed in their exact situation, drawn close together, and secured there by one or two slips of adhesive plaster. When the wound, however, is jagged, the flesh or cuticle lacerated, the parts are to be laid as smooth and regular as possible, and a piece of lint, wetted in the *extract of lead*, laid upon the wound, a piece of greased lint placed above it to prevent the dressing sticking, the whole covered over to protect from injury, and the part dressed in the same manner once a-day till the cure is effected.

BATHS AND FOMENTATIONS.

All fluid applications to the body are exhibited either in a hot or cold form, and the object for which they are administered is to produce a stimulating effect over the entire, or a part of the system; for the effect, though differently obtained, and varying in degree, is the same in principle, whether procured by hot or cold water.

Heat.—There are three forms in which heat is universally applied to the body—that of the tepid, warm, and vapour bath; but as the first is too inert to be worth notice, and the last dangerous and inapplicable, except in public institutions, we shall confine our remarks to the really efficacious and always attainable one—the

Warm and Hot Bath.—These baths are used whenever there is congestion, or accumulation of blood in the internal organs, causing pain, difficulty of breathing, or stupor, and are employed, by their stimulating property, to cause a rush of blood to the surface, and, by unloading the great organs, produce a temporary inflammation in the skin, and so equalise the circulation. The effect of the hot bath is to increase the fulness of the pulse, accelerate respiration, and excite perspiration. In all inflammations of the stomach and bowels, the hot bath is of the utmost consequence; the temperature of the warm bath varies from 92 deg. to 100 deg., and may be obtained by those who have no thermometer to test the exact heat, by mixing one measure of boiling with two of cold water.

Fomentations are generally used to effect in a part the benefit produced on the whole body by the bath; to which a sedative action is occasionally given by the use of roots, herbs, or other ingredients—the object being to relieve the internal organ, as

the throat, or muscles round a joint, by exciting a greater flow of blood to the skin over the affected part. As the real agent of relief is heat, the fomentation should always be as hot as it can comfortably be borne, and, to insure effect, should be repeated every half hour.

Cold, when applied in excess to the body, drives the blood from the surface to the centre, reduces the pulse, makes the breathing hard and difficult, produces coma, and, if long-continued, death. But when medicinally used, it excites a reaction on the surface equivalent to a stimulating effect; as in some cases of fever, when the body has been sponged with cold water, it excites, by reaction, increased circulation on the skin. Cold is sometimes used to keep up a repellant action, as, when local inflammation takes place, a remedy is applied which, by its benumbing and astringent effect, causes the blood, or the excess of it in the part, to recede, and, by contracting the vessels, prevents the return of any undue quantity, till the affected part recovers its tone; such remedies are called *Lotions*, and should, when used, be applied with the same persistency as the fomentation; for, as the latter should be renewed as often as the heat passes off, so the former should be applied as often as the heat from the skin deprives the application of its cold.

NOTICE.

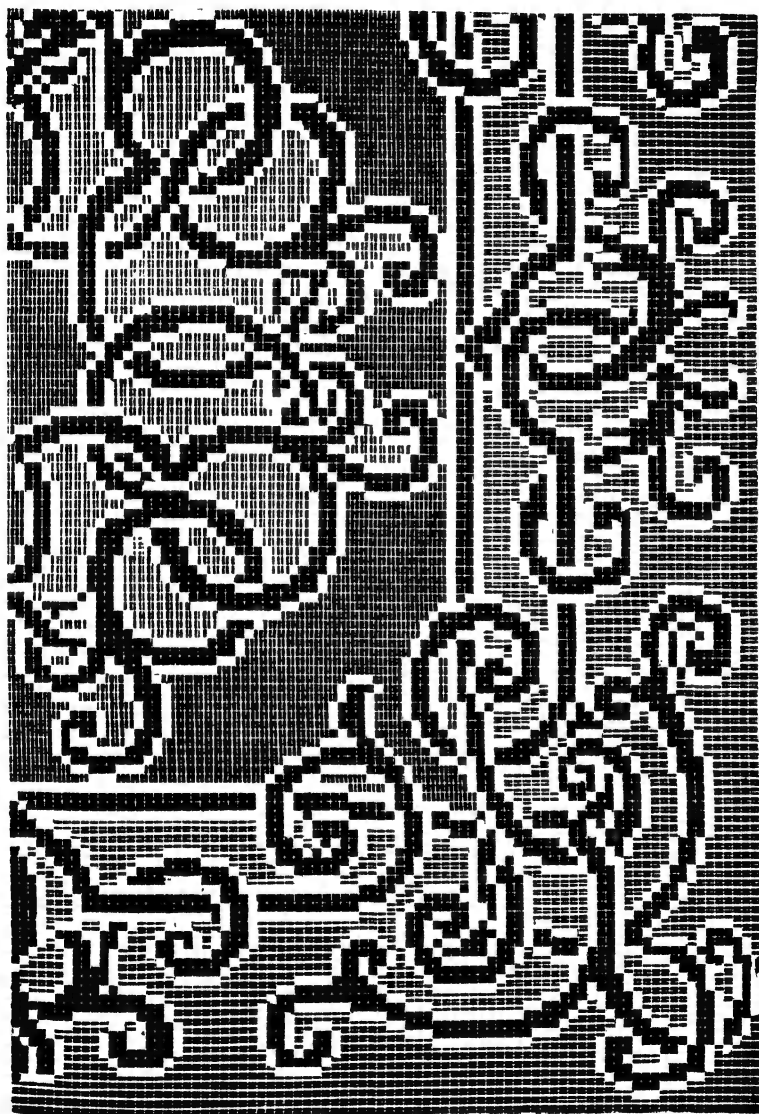
The termination of the volume has necessitated the abrupt closing of these papers, but we shall take an early opportunity, in a future number of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN*, to complete the series, by the promised chapter on "Nurses;" and possibly, from time to time, give such other medical information as we may consider likely to be useful.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

CUSHION IN BEADS AND WOOL-WORK.

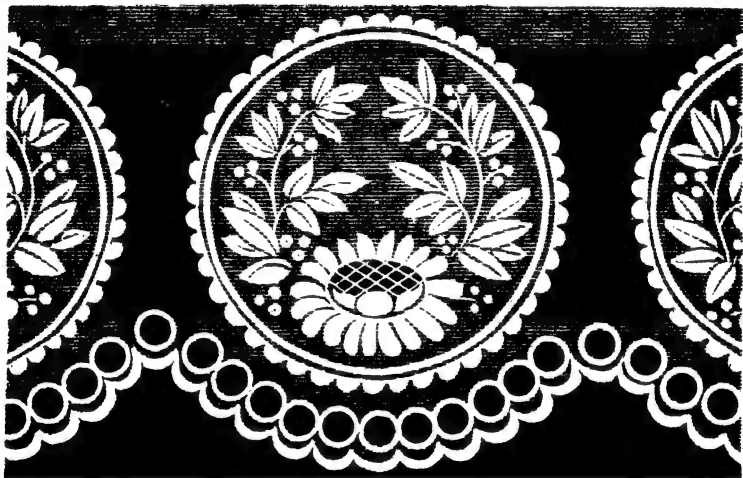
THE changing seasons bring with them new interests and fresh pursuits. It is especially so with the beautiful season of Spring. The bright sunshine revives the human heart as much as it does the earth; our cares and anxieties are lightened, happier feelings are awakened, and every glorious sunrise seems to spread its brightness over life. The heart longs to enter into partnership with Nature in her joyous activity to make this world happy. She gives us so many loving examples that we must be blind indeed if we cannot read her lessons. Home is the little



CUSHION IN BEADS AND WOOL-WORK.

world of the heart, where the moral sunbeams of affection and interest ought to shine, under the influence of which true joys and real pleasures would always spring up in constant succession. The power of diffusing a happy atmosphere over home is a gift intrusted most especially to feminine hearts and hands, and no country in the world is so purely domestic as England. This proves the value of the gift, and also, we hope, that it is duly appreciated by English ladies. We feel, then, that we cannot advocate too strongly every elegant pursuit which produces such a result. Wool-work is always a pleasant amusement, from its capability of producing very beautiful articles for home decoration. An additional richness has been imparted to it by the introduction of beads, which contribute much to the effect when the whole is completed. We give this month a design

for a cushion to be worked in the present style, which is in great favour, and which will be found very handsome. In commencing this cushion, the beads ought to be chosen to suit in size the canvas, as, if they are either too large or too small the beauty of the work is destroyed. The outline of the design is intended to be in steel beads, and filled in with crystal. The centre of the ground is to be bright scarlet wool. The ground beyond the centre scroll, up to the border scroll, in darker scarlet, and the ground on which the border is placed in two shades of a brilliant green, the darkest shade towards the outer edge. These colours may, of course, be changed for others if they do not contrast well with the general tone of the apartment for which the cushion is intended, but these have a very pretty effect. A cord composed of the same colours, and tassels to match,



must finish this cushion when it is made up. In working the beads care should be taken that a strong thread be used for the purpose; No. 16 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Patent Glacé Thread is the best that can be used.

MEDALLION FOR COLLAR AND CUFF IN EMBROIDERY.

Owing to the present prevailing fashion of medallions being used for collars, &c., we give one this month, knowing a design for the purpose will be acceptable to many of our subscribers, as they are not easily obtainable in this form, and are equally as available for use as if the whole collar were given. Seven of these will form a very handsome collar. They must be arranged according to any approved shape. Between each medallion a ribbon velvet is inserted of some bright colour, which shows off the work to great advantage. The embroidery is in well-raised satin stitch on a clear muslin. The spots in the

scallop look more effective when worked as solid spots, than when formed into holes. The centre of each flower must be filled in with either a lace stitch or net. The cuffs to turn over a full sleeve must be arranged to correspond (they require three of the medallions). The proper cottons are 20 and 24 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionné. When the set is completed they will be found to possess extreme elegance.

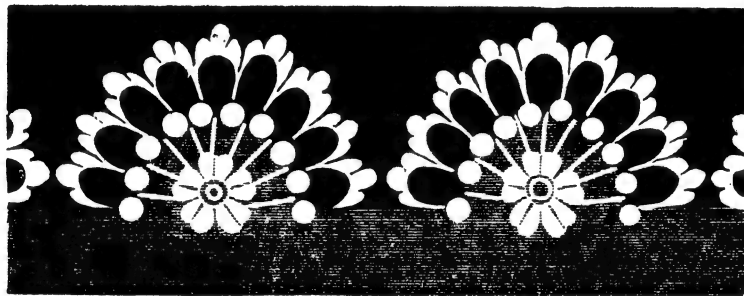
EMBROIDERY BORDER.

One great object in designs for embroidery ought to be to produce the prettiest effects with the least expenditure of labour when the work is executed. This result is often obtained with the most simple patterns, when they have been designed with a suitable knowledge of this branch of fancy work. We give an extremely pretty little border which unites these two advantages. The centre flower is worked in satin stitch; the holes are cut out and worked round in button-

hole stitch, between which and the centre the gimpure threads are inserted. The interior of the scallop is cut out, and the scallop itself is well raised in button-hole stitch. It has a light as well as a rich effect, and is very ornamental for any purpose where a border is required.

IMBLED.—The very pretty hanging baskets respecting which you inquire are made in many ways, and give excellent opportunities for ladies to exercise varieties of taste. They are not difficult; and we are happy to give a few simple instructions, such as our limits will allow. The steel wires now in use for the under-skirt make an excellent foundation. Take a length of twenty-two inches; fasten the ends securely together by over-wrapping and a few stitches of strong thread, and cover it with white ribbon carried round and round. Cover this with a string of beads, also carried round and round, until the whole is en-

tirely concealed by the beads. Make another circle of eighteen inches, precisely in the same way. These form the upper and lower circles of the basket, and must be connected together by crossed strings of beads producing diamonds. The bottom is formed by strings of beads connected in the centre, and terminated by a handsome tassel in beads. From the upper circle festoons of beads are suspended, which look the more handsome if they have a tassel placed between each. The baskets are suspended by three chains of beads. No. 10 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s knitting-cotton is the best material for threading the beads, as, being both soft and strong, it allows them to hang both securely and gracefully. The beads are those known by the name of the O. P. beads. The greater proportion should be clear white, but a brilliant green, introduced with taste, relieves them admirably, and produces a very pleasing effect.



Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

AN esteemed correspondent has sent us the following:—The *Times* having recommended English ladies to learn making potato cakes, you may, perhaps, like a few recipes for the same, learnt during my long residence in Germany, where they are very common. Grate two or three (according to size) raw potatoes, pound to flour; the same of cold boiled ones. Mix together smooth with a tablespoonful of milk and a teaspoonful of salt. Press down into a well-buttered mould, put small bits of butter on the top, dredge with flour very lightly, and bake in a brisk oven. Turn out of mould on a dish for table.

ANOTHER SORT, FOR FIXING.—Prepare the same as above. Add in the smoothing, which is best done in a mortar, a little pepper, the yolk of an egg, well beaten, and a tablespoonful of flour. Make it into a paste, adding another tablespoonful of flour as you knead; roll it out, cut in slices or not as you choose, lay the pieces into a well-warmed pan with boiling butter or dripping, as for fish. Fry to a light brown, and serve on a cloth or strainer.

ANOTHER WAY, TO BOIL.—Prepare as before, only mixing in with the *cooked* potato meal the same quantity of flour as you have of the *cooked* potato, half that quantity of grated bread, two

eggs, well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Make into dumplings, and boil in a cloth. These may be eaten either sweet or savoury—to serve as vegetables or pudding.

POTATO SOUP.—Have ready two quarts of boiling water. Cut up three or four potatoes, well pared, a thick slice or two of bread, six or eight leeks, well peeled and cut, as far as the white extends, into thin slices. Turn the whole into the water, which *must* be boiling at the time, cover, and let it come to a brisk boil after the ingredients are added, then throw in a teacupful (not a *breakfast-cup*) of rice, a spoonful of salt, and half that of pepper. Boil slowly for an hour, or till all the ingredients amalgamate. Serve. This is a savoury and cheap soup, very common in France and Germany. Cabbage soup is made in the same way, omitting the rice. Onion soup the same, omitting the potatoes and substituting bread.

SOUP A LA MINUTE.—Three pints of boiling water. Mix with cold water two tablespoonfuls of flour *thin*, stir it in, and, when well mixed, add salt, three eggs, well beaten, put in by degrees and stir all the time. Serve with thin bread sippets laid in the bottom of the tureen. If the soup does not attain a proper soup consistency, it must be thickened by the addition of flour mixed as above and added gradually. This soup is fit to serve in twenty minutes or half an hour, according to the

fire. Some add a little chopped parsley or a cup of milk.

A GOOD SOUP.—Put into a stew-mug a leg or neck of mutton, with carrots, turnips, and one or two onions, a bunch of parsley, marjoram, and two or three quarts of water. Place the mug before the fire and let it remain there the whole day, turning it occasionally. The next day put the whole of it in a pan, and place it on a brisk fire. When it commences to boil, take the pan off the fire and put it on the hob to simmer until the meat is done. When ready for use, take out the meat, dish it up with carrots and turnips, and send it to table. Pass the soup through a sieve, skim off the fat, and put it on the fire with a little powdered arrowroot to thicken it. When it is sufficiently thick, pour in a little sherry wine, and season to your taste.

TO COOK ASPARAGUS.—Cut the white stalks off about six inches from the head, soak them in cold water, tie them in thick bundles, and boil them rather quickly. Be careful not to overboil them, as the heads will then be broken. Toast a slice of bread brown on both sides, dip it in the water, and lay it in the dish. When the asparagus is done, lay it upon the toast, leaving the white ends outwards each way. Pour melted butter over the toast and green parts of asparagus.

TO COOK TOMATOES AS A VEGETABLE.—Cut as many tomatoes in half as will make a dish. Put them into a baking dish, with a lump of butter and some pepper and salt. Bake them until soft, and then dish up hot.

TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.—Cut the cabbage across in very thin slices, lay it on a large dish, sprinkle a great deal of salt over it, and cover with another dish. Let it stand twenty-four hours, put it to drain, then put it into a jar. Take vinegar sufficient to cover it, a little mace, cloves, and black peppercorns bruised, also cochineal bruised fine. Boil up together, let it stand till cold, and then put over the cabbage, and tie the jars down with leather or skin.

EXCELLENT SHORT CRUST FOR SWEET PASTRY.—Crumble down very lightly half a pound of butter into a pound of flour, breaking it quite small. Mix well with these a slight pinch of salt and two ounces of sifted sugar, and add sufficient milk to make them up into a very smooth and somewhat firm paste. Bake this slowly, and keep

it pale. It will be found an admirable crust if lightly handled, and will answer for many dishes much better than puff paste. It will rise in the oven and be extremely light. Ten ounces will make it very rich, but eight are sufficient for general purposes.

DIET CAKE.—Quarter of a pound of flour, dried; half a pound of loaf sugar, sifted; lemon-peel, grated, to flavour; four eggs, beaten for half an hour. Bake in a tin, with buttered paper on the top.

ROCK BISCUITS.—Five yolks and two whites of eggs, beat half an hour with a wooden spoon; add one pound of lump sugar, bruised, not very fine, and beat with the eggs; then add one pound of flour and a few caraway seeds. Mix all well together. Put it with a fork on the tins, making it look as rough as possible. Bake them in a quick oven.

LIGHT BUNS.—Two drachms three scruples of tartaric acid, three drachms and two scruples of bi-carbonate of soda, one pound of flour. Rub all together through a hair sieve; then add two ounces of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, with a few caraway seeds. Rub all into the flour; then make a hole in the middle, and pour in half a pint of cold new milk, with one egg. Mix quickly. Set them with a fork on to baking tins. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. For cake in tin, bake one hour and a half. The same quantity of flour, soda, and tartaric acid, with half a pint of milk and a little salt, will make either bread or tea-cakes, if wanted quickly.

TO PRESERVE APPLES IN QUARTERS, IN IMITATION OF GINGER.—The proportions are three pounds of apples to two of pounded loaf sugar. Peel, core, and quarter the apples. Put a layer of sugar and fruit alternately with a quarter of a pound of best white ginger into a wide-mouthed jar. Next day, infuse an ounce of bruised ginger in half a pint of boiling water. Cover it close; and on the day following put the apples (which have now been two days in the sugar) into a preserving jar, with the water strained from the ginger. Boil till the apples look clear and the syrup rich. An hour is about the time. Throw in the peel of a lemon before it has quite finished boiling. Care must be taken not to break the apples put in the jars, &c.

END OF VOL. VII.

**THE TREATY WITH FRANCE AND THE REMISSION
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